



could we

Who might we be  
from kitchen to workplace to classroom to street  
behind wailing guitars, pleading violins  
waiting in the silence of library shelves  
in the eyes of horses  
in this whirlwind of Stars, Planets. Wishes.

Who might they be  
the children in favelas  
fawn and doe in forest nook  
bees in toxic meadows  
polar bears, song birds, frogs  
ancient grapevines, wheat fields, olive orchards  
come now to our hands

Hands that speak, write, create  
build, nurture, cultivate, inform, heal  
lit the orb, mapped the night sky  
lightly bound at this time by Chains of Signifiers  
and pleasure grounds  
of feathered nests, games and fantasies

Who is it we're imagining in our Storytelling  
What will bring the World we long for  
oh happy Hamlet sleep,  
to think in a fleeting moment last,  
or in a remembering for eternity,  
to have left Earth closer to that dream