

Beyond Where We're At

by Sean Chard

I stroll from St. John the Baptist's Cathedral
towards St. Giles on the hill.
Sunlight walks with me.
North Farm is a thousand miles from
these moments of transient
white clouds, clear blue sky.

On Grapes Hill, below the
footbridge, two arteries flow with
endless desires and expectations;
such hypertension on the highway.
For some, not all,
work is a suffering, not a calling.

On the pavement a broken young man
nudges a hat littered with small coins.
His eyes speak of corrupted identity:
'I am PTSD, I am violence,
I am depression, I am addiction,
I am regret, I am shame'.

His unwashed hands tremor in aftershock.
I put down my bag, sit next to him,
talk about the incalculable worth of human life:
'You are valued, you are change,
you are potentiality, you are good,
you are possibilities, you are precious'.

Beside him on the sidewalk
I realise what it means to be a victim,

to wander aimlessly, oblivious of
our self-created world, identifying with negativity,
when, despite appearances, we are, all of us,
without exception, quite remarkable.