

This Home

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Home of my heart

Home of my hope

This pain

Pain of the crying child,

that is refusing to accept the suffering of the world as normal.

Pain of the woman,

who is willing to feel the suffering of the world existing.

Cry of the warrior who raises her hands for change.

Who raises her heart.

You give your life for us to see it.

And after the deep night that makes us forget

In the morning you wake up before the sun rises

You pick up your brush and paint hope all new again.

Every day.

You offer a remembering of a circle that has always been there.

You ask questions that many don't ask.

You take your time.

You wait until the answer comes with the silence of the desert.

You sing the song of 1000 loving voices.

You hold the vessel for pain and joy to meet, to move closer, to become one another.

So much life in your hand.

This old human face, that I will never forget.