

We've no choice but to swim against the tide

by Randle Loeb

On a clear day you can see forever, perhaps
if you stand on the summit of a precipice overlooking the wide vista to the horizon, or
you're on the edge of the universe looking back at the underpinnings of energy and matter,
But our vista is not pristine
We stand on bare ground beneath our feet waiting reluctantly for a place to sit and rest
We stand where we have more promise of not being disturbed
We are forgotten and overlooked
We are seldom found by anyone, much less, loved ones
We live out our days in rituals of survival and repetitious ceremonies of struggle
Our lives are fractured by painful memories of loss and heartbreak
We stand on teetering feet often losing our balance and crashing
Downward we fall for ages that have known suffering and want for as long as memory serves.

This time of the year is a stark reminder of what we have that we can be thankful for.
These holiday gatherings of family and friends are seldom felt by anyone who lives outside
the boundaries of common housing and a warm place that is our home
Most of us are thankful to be inside at a banquet that we share with countless members of our
community
We languish on the desires to reach out to family and relationships that have long
disappeared.
Many of our neighbors and family members have died or have forgotten that we once sat at
the dining room table.
We are whispered about and leftover thoughts of those who are comforted by family.
Many of us have never had a celebration of thanksgiving and spirit.
We've never been at ease at home when there was a place for us all.
We are grateful for the possibility that we have to overcome the darkness and raise our heads
in the dying embers of the flames that carry away the spirits of our loved ones who have died
long ago, long before we knew.