

POSSIBILITIES

Lydia Kurtz

Aching, aching for the feeling of freedom.
What is freedom but the chance to love with abandon?
To feel, deep within, the motions uninhibited, the seas balancing,
The sky preparing for none other than dawn.
Who are we but pinpoints, pinpoints of hope peering into
The abyss of the present?

Together, together with our strength, our hope, our conviction,
We might achieve the impossible.
The impossibility of possible love, of possible weights lifted,
Of the crushing waves to recede to mere laps.
Are we ready to be without the death, the horror, of the present?

To feel, really feel, the depth of emotion, of the human experience,
Without contradictory externalities clouding the waking, the dreaming moments,
Who are we to believe in such a possibility?
We are human, a force only reeled in by ourselves, a constant evolution
Of Spirit.

Let us lighten the Spirit, lighten the day, the night, to the source.
The source of our love, our hope, our dream, is within us, the orb
Of light blackened by the few waiting to be uplifted by the many.
We are waiting, waiting for ourselves to realize the immense
Power of Us. Recognize this power, feel this power,
This communal reach for the impossible will not be faltered,
For we are many, and they are few. Believe in the
Possibility of impossibility.