

2.9.25

In honor of Black History Month, today's reading is an excerpt of a piece by poet Bianca Lynne Spriggs:

To the woman I saw today who wept in her car
Woman, I get it. We are strangers, but I know the heart is a hive
and someone has knocked yours from its high branch in your chest
and it lays cracked and splayed, spilling honey all over the ground floor
of your gut and the bees inside that you've trained over the days and years
to stay put, swarm the terrain of your organs, yes, right here in traffic, while we
wait for the light to change...

Or, maybe today was just a tough day and the sunlight and warm
weather and blossoming limbs and smiling pedestrians waiting
for their turn to cross are much too much to take when you
think of all that's left to do, and here you are, a reed stuck
in the mud of a rush hour intersection, with so very many hours
left to go...

I know this place too. I get it.
But because we are strangers, because you did not see me see you,
my gaze has no more effect than a phantom that stares at the living.
And yet, I want you to know that today, in the hive of my heart,
there is room enough for you.

