

## If We Must Make Judgements About What This All Means

You said it feels presumptuous  
even to be alive and conscious,  
that it's arrogant  
to believe in a divine kindness.  
That faith, like pavement,  
is eventually eaten up by the wilderness,  
crumbled.

But my faith isn't concrete;  
it's wild flowers.  
Violets and black-eyed susan,  
mountain laurel and bluebells.  
Slender greenery rips through driveways,  
tears up sidewalks.  
I would rather err on the side of hope,  
the divine melody that spins the earth  
around the sun and knit our cells together  
in the dampness of the womb.  
The emerald river hops over pebbles,  
monsoons replenish the soil,  
lavender blankets hillsides,  
and a solar ball of fire dances  
colorfully in morning rain.

Instead of convincing ourselves  
that none of this matters,  
why not surrender to the wind,  
the strong tide, the warm sun,  
the great wonder of being?