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Beloved Community

Allyson Sawtell, 9/18/19

There is something of life in beloved communities of hope and hard work.
They help us recognize life still real
 beneath parched, empty grasses,
 even as we stand in the wind-kicked barren dust, the dirt blowing over bare hills.

Life still real.

Even the grief
 the pain that wrenches at the throat, the tears behind the eyes –
 even and because of its ripping sorrow –
it bears witness to the touch of love, the caress of life beneath the parched, empty grass, the
 wind-kicked and barren ground.

It takes all of us to gently rake among the stiff stalks, to free the ground from the dross that
 would suffocate.

It takes all of us to imagine something beyond the emptiness, to anchor ourselves in something
 that might be hope.

It takes all of us to believe the life our eyes do not yet see.

This is Beloved Community:

 To take turns holding up the vision when hearts grow weary.

 To proclaim the life that others cannot yet see, and to hear that same promise ourselves when
 it's beyond our perception.

It takes all of us to refrain from simply wiping away each other's tears
 but instead,

to collect them in our hands,
hold them for a time, then gently water the earth.

This is Beloved Community.

It's where we grieve and imagine,
 organize and hope,
 laugh and shake our fists
 stand up and speak out, sit still and take it in

This is Beloved Community.



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