



the trouble with trauma

will we remember where we were
when the streets were emptied
and the faces were sheathed
in patterned cloth
like we remember where we were
when the towers fell
when shots were fired
on our campus, or when
our mother yelled and slammed the door
threw the cup at his feet
shattered across the floor
to corners not easily swept
under the rug
we watch, we panic, we try to put it to rest
our heavy hearts sick with worry
our heavy eyes thick with sleep
but our minds are racing
back to the towers, to the classroom,
to our childhood home
with nothing to do but sit and wait
to hope and love, keep our children safe
we will come out stronger than before
maybe so, if we are the lucky ones
who can center ourselves
amidst the unrest, stripped of
it all
finding peace in our bodies
and learning to share
our stories so we don't forget
where we were