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Lines

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Resiliency rides along many vectors, takes many forms, and offers shades of hope. Lines is a snapshot of micro-resiliency in the midst of a global pandemic. A poem that offers a glimpse into how one small child and one exhausted parent move forward. We bounce between theory, anger, dancing, and an undercurrent of resignation that we are here and moving forward in the face of systemic failure. Lines offers a frame of how this systemic failure forces resiliency and changes our patterns of living, from collage to lines.

There just needs to be some kind of order. A pattern. Lines intersecting as we zoom gesture in meetings about diversity and inclusion.

As those words are turned into cement like Ahmed warned us about.

I paint the lines at night while I cry because I yelled at my daughter to please just put away her plate because please I have this meeting where I have to zoom gesture again.

It's been her and I dancing in this small house for months. Her with her meet gestures and math questions and smart answers that are drowned out by boys calling out. And I get mad for her. "Tell me, peanut." "Read it to me, my girl." "Let's take a break and dance, my favorite."

We dance in the living room to Savage Love (the clean remix) and I forget for a minute about how trapped I feel in this small house. About how I hear myself screaming inside myself. How I know I need help, but don't we all? I can't find the words. And I feel the cement hardening.

I paint these lines while I cry at night because I feel so much for her. And what she's lost. And what she needs that I can't give her. I'm always saying no to things. "I don't want to hike again, Mommy. I want to play with my friends." And my heart shatters a thousand times over.

The shards are the lines. The patterns. I used to make collages and now I draw lines.

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