

Strength

by Jill Chan

Where does my strength
come from?
From the way so many lives
live on, just like that.
From the way buildings
stand.
From the way the sky
stays the colour of so much
so little.
From the way your hand
touches the bread of full mornings,
far distances.
From the way danger
lurks in the corner
never forgiven.
From the way water
brings the boats into sea,
into hunger.
From the way people
take and take again,
ever alive in the bringing.
From the way ways
love and die
from the hurt,
from the dream
of an ache.

