

Unconditional Unbroken

by Michael Tusa

We have no choice
But to bow to the sun
The sun has no choice but to cast shadows in the wake of its light
It's fingers lead seeds
It's hands numerous and without boundary
Carry all things in all ways toward it
It's house has seen every day and every night
From its windows stars are born and die
And even if our own significance is unknown to it
Even if in ignorance we grow in secret silence beneath it
We will find ourselves reaching up
Daring taller and taller
Collecting small pieces of a love too big to hold
A love that will inevitably consume us
And so
We steal a ladder
Rungs of moments some small steps
Like little links of rain
Buried beneath boundless blades of grass hands enclaspd in
hands
A decoration of our lives
a ribbon of pearls strung loosely and lightly
A gift Adorned affectionately around her neck

