

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 enclasp
in hands

A decoration of our lives

a ribbon of pearls strung loosely and lightly

A gift Adorned affectionately around her neck

