

map and compass

the space between
what binds
and separates us
is not easily
navigated

picking our way
through joy and sorrow
a path beset with obstacles
we'd never discern
no matter how wise

we are all
and nothing
in equal measure
leaning into contradictions
as if we had a choice

we're interdependent
yet stand apart
connecting when
and where we can

shared experiences
span the gap of years
we feel more keenly now
than at any other time

we do so much right
it gives me hope
this journey
is far from over
there are treasures yet to find

pondering the ills of the world
I want people to recognise
the simple truth
that love binds
reaching dark corners
where light has never shone

to those anchored
to their feelings
hard stuck in their perception
of the world I say

you are not the map
but the compass
it is never too late
to find true north