

A love letter, a solemn vow
by Kara Dunford

The world looks different now.
Say out loud:
a requiem for all that was.

I am imbalanced.
I am empty.
I am unsure.

Silhouettes of days past
startle me awake,
cast into the cold embrace of a
moon that illuminates my
deepest sorrows.

I am shaken.
I am scared.

And yet.

I am here,
set before a future
beautifully unknowable,
so much promise still aching
skin to bone.

For the memories of then
call me to move decidedly toward awe
and take giant steps from fear,
anxious I may forget today
is all I have,
anxious I may forget yesterday
on myself I did not give up.

That we are designed for this,
for wonder,
for joy,
for amazement:
exhilarating.

There are so many ways to say *progress*,
and here are two:
letting these days break my heart,
and wanting to put it back together again.



These are the things that carry us.
The things we carry with us.

And as I resist the pull of my past to
draw me back, to draw me in,
I hear faith whisper at every turn:
you'll dream all kinds of things
you can't even imagine yet.

Here is hope, bountiful.

