

PASTIME

Moriah Arnold
Department of Religious Studies
University of Colorado Boulder

It's elusive.

And in our attempts to gently caress it we find our heroism
and yet, how splendid it is when that heroism is revealed in a flurry of words
Landing as softly as our careful understanding.

It's elusive.

and so we keep striving for the finest of understandings, ethereal and slipping away. So fine, that
we must not dare speak directly
or reveal that concrete moment where I, too, was screaming "mother!" and falling to the feet of
something very much not my own.

And yet, it's so honest, isn't it?

So stable in its power
a brick that lingers by the grasp of a single rope
waiting for the wind to have an agenda.

Yes, it is honest.

Only seconds away from being trampled to the ground in all of its humilities.
While the world makes subtle commentaries on genocide.

And, yet, too elusive to explain.

As if the responsibility of a definition would suddenly be more weight than we can bear.
And all of the paper would crumble
before we ever had a chance to look anyone in the eyes.