

TO KYASA, LITTLE BROTHER

Sometimes we can find  
no reflection of the light,  
fear to have lost our way,  
doubt our tortured planting at dawn  
will ever bear fruit.  
We stagger in the violet hour,  
wish for a hand extended from the shadows.  
We cannot see ourselves,  
or the road beneath us  
in this fog.  
But little brothers see  
where older eyes grope,  
dance behind us on the path,  
feet sure where ours find sliding stones.

For this dance of faith, we thank them,  
and walk with new confidence.

October 9, 1983

From *Rainrituals*, Broadside Press, Detroit, 1989.