PASTIME

Moriah Arnold

University of Colorado Boulder, ma.brightness@gmail.com

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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.