

## Thoughtful

Marta thought to herself  
how the stone monuments  
we build to aid  
our memories fade with time  
just as memory itself.  
It merely takes a bit longer.

Samuel wondered why this one dead leaf  
clung to the tree throughout winter  
when all the others had  
abandoned their branches.

Chandra could not see any difference  
between the ground on which  
her left foot rested, in Virginia,  
and that beneath her right,  
which someone once and forever  
decreed to be part of North Carolina.

Martin stopped, with the fork  
half way to his mouth,  
and considered how this chicken breast  
he was eating because he needed  
something quick and easy tonight,  
would be a special celebration—  
perhaps once a year,  
perhaps once a lifetime—  
for so many in the world.

Jo-Li came to the conclusion  
that despite the popularity of songs  
about love—or maybe not despite this  
at all—a lot of people  
were just as lonely as she.

Jesus had a revelation,  
while listening to mass,  
that all the other religions of the world  
give just as much comfort  
to those who believe.

Maria walked across the road  
from the inn where she was staying  
to place a spray of wild daisies  
on a grave in the old country churchyard  
of someone she had never known.

Abdul stopped to watch the woods  
on the edge of springtime,  
full to bursting with reddish  
and greenish buds.

Lisa passed the unshaven men  
gathered around the flaming trash can,  
and heard them talking about solutions  
for Palestine and Israel. "Wow, these  
are human beings too!" she realized.

\* \* \* \* \*

And yet not one of them  
was bold enough to write a song,  
or a poem, or tell a single soul, and so  
you and I will never know.