



Philadelphia Yearly Meeting 2020 Poem



Am I a little Quaker child
like my ancestors?
Am I a different Quaker now?

“Give the Police Departments to
the Grandmothers”
give the meetings to the young people

I found empty spray cans on the side of the road
dancing in a pearly reflection of the sky.

And there beside it the brilliant color of yearning
etched graffiti

Black lives matter
will they listen
will we listen

will I listen
this time.

Some of us have always lived and found
Spirit in the shadows.
Some of us are just learning the shadows exist.

Much ugliness has been exposed
shadows protect fear, partly.

We want it carefully, guarded.
We invite worry and loneliness to reside with us
in darkness.
Our fear is us and our anger

is us and
we fight light.

We fight until community breaks in, entering to
dispel, bring light, in spite of our fear.

A different narrative is possible.
Imagination is the key to make us new.

Leaning out of the shadows I can see the light
light that blinds and warms.

In the shadows things are clearer and cooler
the outline of a shape you didn't know
was there.
Grounding your feet to the earth.

In the shadow's dark matter,
wait to be illuminated,

Distant spirit of newborn stars,
Voices struggle to speak,
truth.

Faith is the bird that sings for the dawn,
While it is still dark out.

It is dark out, is it not?
Wait... what's that I see on the horizon...?

All of Creation, has its rightful place on
Mother Earth,
with a story - glory, acknowledgement, apology;
joyfully, lovingly, simply being, where
one belongs.

Being faithful means turning away from the
shadows to the Light.
resting in the shadow of a threshold full
of pause.

Hands all around lifting holding guiding
suspending waiting pushing
saying: you will know

Listen in the doorway
feel the fullness of liminal space

welcome the uncertainty
faithful is in this place too.

Lighting a candle chases away darkness,
but you must tend its flame steadfastly

so the wind
doesn't blow it out.

Zenaida Peterson