AMERICA'S LOVE PROJECT

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America's love is not simple or sweet---

it is an intricate, infinite quilt

master-pieced

by hands that move at the behest

of all who cry out—and answer:

I am yours to bring you comfort,

I am yours to keep you warm.

America's love is not delicate,

but determined to meet

the demands of the day with a courage that slays

any dragon-faced lie that keeps us arguing

instead of listening around the table of welcome.

America's love is not naïve,

it is the slow-growing pearl

of wisdom born from suffering,

from war, from hunger, from poverty—

from the slow and unfinished march

to gain our sacred, human rights—rights

we earned because we were born and

holy as any other person who breathes.

America's love is no neat melody,

but a ramshackle symphony

of beauty and brawn making love,

composing chords that forever recreate

a song of healing and hope.

America's love is not colorless,

but a blaze of all colors—we proclaim

the living essence of every red apple,

blue sky, white cloud,

every brown and golden tree,

every midnight black and beautiful

every purple sunset and shimmering green leaf

is essential to our body politic!

And yet, America's love is no thing,

but an ever-flowing river of actions

that spring from the remembering

that they ways we treat even the least

among our sisters and brothers—

those with less power, less money, fewer stamps of public esteem—

are the ways we relate to our Creator—and to ourselves

in the network of our mutual destiny.

Therefore, America, let us come together in love,

allow the magic to multiply, surrender our hearts to become

prisms through which the Great Love

can pour its light into the multitude,

one streaming beam of heaven at a time…

one soul looking into the eyes of one another

and understanding beyond understanding--

that although we are many,

in America, we are one.