

Manifest

We want the basics, but the
basics by themselves are
not enough.

Meat and bread are fine but
we want more than that. We
want to know there will be
meat when we need meat, but
we need other things
besides.

We want there to be beauty
in our lives, beautiful
things to see, the thrill we
feel when something is
perfect,

the first moment you know
you are in love and nothing
in this world could be
improved.

Even more we want allowance
for not being beautiful. How
great if being the way we are
- imperfect, naked,
ourselves - were OK.

We want the warmth and the
light of the sun on our
faces.

We want the feeling of
surprise,
when suddenly things are
not what we expect,

the shock of our meticulous
plans leaping from their
track and sailing away.

We want the glint of
recognition when we see and
know the child in one
another, and we step
gingerly out to play.

We want company and
laughter and that drunken
feeling of feeling itself,
just closing our eyes and
feeling.

We want instructive
journeys into our own
hearts,

where we learn who we are
and why we are this way and
come to understand our own
struggles.

We want another chance to
tell people what we really
meant. What we were trying
to say to them all this time.

We want to join hands with
those we have hurt or
insulted and say how very
sorry we are.

We want to stop being afraid
of the dark, and stop being
afraid of the light.

We want to welcome the
alien and celebrate the
other.

Whatever is unknown should
become OK as a point of
curiosity, and of
hospitality

We want to tell the secrets
that have been choking us
for years, we want to blurt
them out where their power
can no longer hurt us.

We want explanations, we
want to be shown, with
arrows and diagrams, why
things happened
the way they happened and
how it is better this way.

We want to be gods but we
will settle for angels - we
would even settle to be
ourselves at our best.

We want the feeling of
winning not just once but
completely, the instant of
victory that heals the scars
of a hundred beatings.

We want to be forgiven for
the careless bullets we pump
into each other, as if they
were only words, words we
saw coming but didn't care
enough to stop.

We want to die and be born
and live, and die and be
born again.

We want to stop being
bastards and bitches and be
the children we were born to
be, in love with justice,
enthralled by what is right.

We want to sit at the knees
of those we treasure and
hear their stories into the
night, applauding all the
best parts.

We want to see and taste
and hear and feel and touch.

We want the calm warmth of
the sleeping body
banked against us.

We want to kiss and kiss
and kiss and kiss and kiss.

and to say thank you, thank
you, a thousand thousand
times.

More than anything we want
to be known by the stars,
by our name, by our
sunshiny faces.

Let the stars see us
trembling in our moment of
flesh, and be glad for the
breath that is in us.

Written by Pat Eldritch
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