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Standing on the Edge of Community

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Standing on the Edge of Community

Nicole Walker

From the edge I stand, to turn and look inwards.
Aware of where I've found myself; feet securely placed.
Aware of my speech, of my skin, of my eyes.
Aware of what separates, aware of what is shared.
From the edge I stand, to share and to stretch.

I share time, I share space, I share heart.
From where I stand, I share in work.
Many hands, together seeking.
Many hands, together serving.
All hands presently sharing, presently stretching.

From one hand to the next hand, a coffee finds a safe landing.
From my hand to their hand, a small meal completes the day.
From this space to that space, we wander, buckets full.
From our shelves to their shelves, a child's book finds its next home.

A warm meal, new bed sheets, a wooden night stand,
A cold glass of water, a piece of pie, simply a lending hand.
What can I share? What do we share? What moves in this space between?
I think, I feel, I've seen . . .
The spirit of community, in this place, of many hands.

What I seek, what they seek, what we seek.
Community of many hands.
Community of what can be shared.
Community, on the edge, where I stand.