

**A Bridge of Hope**

**For Susi (Karen Kunkel, Oct. 10, 2020, Bellingham Farmers Market)**

When we come to the abyss  
Snakes fire midnight hole nightmares  
whatever  
down below  
We know  
We KNOW we MUST sing the old refrain  
of hope  
it is only by singing out we are heard  
it is the raising of the voice that changes  
the singer  
We must be brave enough to be changed  
for in the speaking we are changed  
in the trying to name  
we are discovered  
It is the taking of the step  
that calls  
It is the taking of the step that calls  
the earth to rise to rise to meet it  
what needs to be found can only be built  
stone by stone  
pebble by pebble  
hope by hope  
word by word many speakers many singers  
many builders  
waiting to be told what to do  
but what is needed has never been done before  
we all must be the blind leaders in the dark  
mouths dry and singing prayers off key  
our hands full of dust and pebbles and our  
grandmothers' seeds be the mad woman leading the way  
trust your love and trust this path will change you  
trust others will join you  
the only way off the crumbling cliff is to build this bridge  
as you go go every day to the edge of what  
you know of yourself and then go beyond  
there you will find others singing a familiar song  
becoming a new way together there will be no name  
for this new place until long after we are gone  
but you feel it calling praying you into being  
go fly do it now  
I will join you

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