

*art would not redeem*

When we first discovered art,  
we were invincible;  
there was no ache that  
art would not redeem,  
no void where  
art could not find meaning.

We sought the raw materials of life, and  
art set them on fire.

Now, I'm starting to believe that  
art may be a smaller and more  
desperate flame –  
not heaven-sent, not  
inexhaustible, it craves  
our tending and  
our poetry,  
our willingness  
to look each other in the eyes.

Short of the salvation we had hoped for,  
art gives us just the light we need  
to see the world as  
more forgivable.