

In The Aftermath

We're stunned.
Hurting – oh, yes.
We're scared, and angry.

Like scared animals, we want to flee.
To hide, and lick our wounds.
Or to show fangs.

Then we look around
And we remember:
I am not alone.

So we flock
Getting a sense of support
From doing things together.



We huddle
Feeling the warmth and support
Of being a tribe.



We feel the energy
That radiates
As we get connected.



The energy
That we create together
Binds us like a candle or a campfire.



There will a time to remember
That our tribe is not just
This small tribe:

We are part of a nation.
Part of mankind.
Connected to all sentient beings.

What will give us the strength
To go beyond our petty limitations
Is this sense of connection.

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