

mySHELTERING SKY

by 2019 Oregon

Poet Laureate

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While many have been locked down at home, what's it like to be young and homeless, to watch the already fragile future dissolve, your landmarks of support and certainty vanish? Here's a poem for anyone feeling adrift in the face of change. I hope you can join pear's momentum empowering homeless youth.

When I was born, when I was helpless, there were stars
Above me blue in their midnight galaxy.
When I was hurt, there were scars no one could see.
When I was growing, the sun was dimmed for me
By killing silence where there should have been a song.

Did you hear a song when you were young,
A chorus that sang your name with love?
How many little ways were you reminded of
Your worth, your chance, your path to rise above
Your struggles, a way to feel that you belong?

One night by the river when I couldn't sleep
For streetlights glittering the water dark,
I looked above my troubles where I saw a spark,
Another world, a guide, a star to mark
My destination far beyond my pain.

On that shore I felt there was fatal door
I could step through into waters cold
To quench my life before I got too old
In sorrows, hard tomorrows, I could fold
My arms and plunge into the deep.

But then I looked above it all and saw
My shelter, my sky where stars were calling
And I felt that I was falling up instead of down,
And I wore some kind of crown
That gave me my ticket to the dawn.

Now I find there's work, and worth, and wonder.
Though I know my sorrows won't be gone,
Someone helped me carry on and find
A wealth in heart and mind
That helps me know I finally belong.

For I looked above it all and saw
My shelter, my sky where stars were calling
And I felt that I was falling up instead of down,
And I wore some kind of crown
That gave me my ticket to the dawn.