

Respite

a judgement free space where anything and everything
goes,
comes
stays,

without question, inquiry, a slight glance of
suspicious eyes caught in clammy palms or breathy
comments swallowed whole. a space to show up fully,
unapologetically, without restraint or one's guard
getting in the way - she can step aside and rest now
so the version of the self most messy and raw can come
out to scream as loudly as they need. take up space
baby, it is yours to destroy. release, ease, being.
Communion.

where one's addictions, one's past, one's scorned and
wrinkled, marked and uniquely broken, beautiful face,
body, soul, can be nurtured and loved
for free.

where the coming together of folks from walks of all
sorts brings a profound experience of sitting on
concrete steps, smoking shared cigarettes.

a mouse runs by,

the walls have been tattooed with a question:

Where are you?

and where are we? does it matter?