

Yours

Courage is never a lonely flower, blooming
in isolation. Its radiant spectrum stands instead,
head to head, with darkness, fear, & danger.

What color is courage when the loon screams
at the eagle's approach, but black & white,
flying into the sunrise to face another day—

I watch you let go of tiny delicate things,
choose to be emptied of dreams, sucked dry
for love. Yours is the cool blue & purple-
bruised courage of loss. I hear you weep
in your dark room, then choose the smooth
yellow-gold courage of friendship with those
who know your history, but not its particles
embedded in every cell of your new body.

Yours is not the blaze of fiery-red that runs
toward risk & tragedy. Nor the hot pink sting
that speaks into the face of hate. But yours
is a courage I wish you didn't need. A flower
flourishing in a dappled field.