

Orchid

1.

The first map of the new world.

2.

There are some paths that lead straight to where you are heading.

The path home from school.

The path from fourth grade to first love.

The path from filmmaking to poetry.

The path where strangers turn into friends,
and friends become estranged.

The paths we are mired in,
a circuitous maze in an ancient garden
 where ivy grows over stone walls.

How did we come to call a day our day?

And who decides that the other days
belong to someone else.

What if, in that moment when
the ones we love, leave,
our parents die,

our home resembles a motel
and our work turns into a job.

What if then, we held the moment to light,
blew off the layer of dust,
polished with the side of our sleeve,
its patina, shining as we
hold it close to our ear,
and wait ...

remembering it was born from love.

The path to ourselves
we make each morning.

Rising as the dream fades,
sitting before the doing begins,
and listening for the *alignment*.

It was distant once.

It is stronger now,
more distinct than the music
of swallows, maples,
car horns and the city.

It is stronger than duty or
Lorca's *duende*.

Water this rare orchid
and it will bloom,
moment by moment,
singing of wondrous and holy sights.

for Sarah Golet Cross

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