

Jane Fernandez

What makes us human?

What makes us human?

We ask,
Without asking

For places to hide

Choosing and not choosing

It comes to us
Like a slither of moonlight on a dark night
It comes to us—

Light the Struggle!

But by the window
It burns softly to Nothingness

Maya
The Sacrifice
Oil for Nothing

And you and I
We stand separate and close
Like twin towers
Held together
By nothing more
Than a strand of hair
Burning with shame
Twinkling with desire.

We stand
So close
Afraid to touch
Till something crashes into us
And we collapse,
Collide and collude
Surprised
By the unexpected
Which knows more
Than our knowing.
We are not man or woman,
Not heathen or believer,
Not bound or free
We are the beautiful, tragic, resilient
Witnesses of our witnessing.