

Building our Better

by Liesl Garner

Where does the first spark
come from – the first vision
for something better?

The long days, long nights,
not making ends meet; so tired,
drained of everything
but the desire for better...
and day dreams become dreams
that wake us up at night
with a plan, or a hope,
of the better we can build.

Our mothers, our fathers kissed our foreheads
and wished blessings upon us. Our friends
and families have linked arms with us to walk
to the better we dream and build toward.

Woman to woman we break it down,
we get real and talk about the ups and downs,
those first few years clawing our way to our better,
when it feels like going back would be so nice,
so easy, so good. We sigh. We feel that lump in our throat
because our dreams no longer fit in the box
of our old good – nice and easy. Our dreams demand
that we plunge forward to our bold and brilliant better.

We stand close and smile when we feel like falling,
knowing the women on either side will keep us standing,
will help us be brave to make it to our best,
where we can reach out a hand
and keep an eye on the women
coming up in the next wave
breaking molds
as they burst bubbles
to find their better.

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