

AN EGREGIOUS DISPLAY OF VIOLENCE

Dear Heather Heyer,

I do not know your beginning or middle.

If you were clever or funny or liked
old movies. If you wore expensive
perfume or went jogging.

If you met a flight of stairs
stoically or methodically or with
a two-at-a-time leap and bound
like an Amazon.

Or if you made snow angels in winter.

Or went surfing in summer.

Or if you carved pumpkins in the fall.

If you fell in love in springtime.

I do not know.

None of these things remain now.

Because when someone said,
all it takes is for good people to do nothing,
you listened.

While we trudged life's commute
and dared keystrokes in the shadows,
while we napped through life,
you stood up.

So I only know your ending.

But know this:

you showed that,

even in the depths of night,

a single candle flame can

push back the darkness.

A single ending can ignite

a thousand new beginnings.