

## Reverence

I have searched every inch of this skin looking for something permanent

Something familiar

a relic or a treasure (history) has tucked away on a rainy day

and forgotten about

something I can bow my head to in reverence

but things in motion are always fleeting

hard to define

and imperfect

we are imperfect

The roads in this city are always under construction

there are always new buildings being built

there are always old building being torn down

the air is more filled with their ashes

than sunshine

this is the only memorial they will ever get

things are changing

things are breaking down

even the sidewalks in this city that I love have cracks in them

and on bad days

they are just that

cracks in cement

but sometimes  
on good days  
they are battle scars  
and on the best of days they are remnants of a story  
we have all been writing for centuries

let us write  
let us embark  
let us destroy  
and recreate without worry of the impermanence of flesh and mortar

I am learning the importance of all that is fading  
Learning how to cradle things that are dying in my chest and things that are living in my hands  
I have made a border-town of my ribcage

I will not mourn all that is temporary  
I will not search for anything tangible  
Instead I will be bold and courageous with the knowledge that  
That there is nothing built around us that cannot be reduced to rubble  
And re-built again  
and again  
And again  
We can be rebuilt again  
and again and again

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