

Making Spaces – by Melina Magdalena

Of them all,
my grandmother –
forever running away from
(on the other hand
running towards)
- was the only one
who saw me
for who I am.

Of my friends and family,
only she
dared give voice
to question my place
along the continuum,
and in voicing, she
allowed me
to take my place.

Of those who condemn
my grandmother
for darting about,
discarding past treasures
in favour of new ideas,
none held her broad outlook
none possessed the courage
to look me in the heart.

In my grandmother's world
both nothing and everything
is sacred.
Having had her world
torn to shreds
cast up in smoke
the possible
is all that remains.

There is room for me
in my grandmother's world.
She made sure of that
in perfect knowledge
that for her
there are no safe quarters,
just the illusion
of security.

Funny how it happens
she moved between worlds

she moves between times
maybe it's jealousy
that makes the others
hate her, hold her,
turn in dismay as she once more
slips through their fingers.

We are two of a kind
my grandmother and I.
Elusive and stubborn,
ever in pursuit;
ever pursued.
We stand in our own spaces
within one circle of love
and mutual acceptance.

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