

Like a Fallen Feather

What if the ableism
heaped higher
the sicker we become,
figments of a
poisoned imagination
suffocating our own,
this anchor of shame
not ours to carry,
what if
– for even just this moment –
we released it completely?

What if we could hold
the disabled parts of ourselves
in our own two hands
the way one holds a fallen feather?

Its soft, delicate lightness
born on this wing to rise or
when wounded to rest
in the warm shelter of the nest
as long as need be, dreaming
of the demise of a culture
that wishes, quickens our own,
reborn as a community of care,
where pain is seen and tended,
not hidden and held alone,
where the body is not a tool
but a keeper of wisdom
not meant to die
untold, unheard.