

Everything is Different

*--For Memorial to Honor Victims and First Responders of the January 2026 Tragedy,
Monday, June 1, 2026*

Everything is different now, the stream
of sunlight reaching through sprouting
branches. The touch of breeze, the chirp
of the cardinals, now a string
of lamentations.

I bring the golden honeysuckle to my lips, try
to taste what joy was, in that other world—
the one that knew you, whose air we breathed
together.

For a moment, a cloud passes before the sun
and I have rest here in the shade. One day,
I may be ready to hear this strange new breeze,
to let the sunrays alight a moment on my cheek—
not yet.

One day, I may find our old world glittering
there in fields of dandelions, and blow a wish
for you. Everything is different now, but
I will sense your being there and feel
a bloom of joy for you.

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