

What Village? (Poem)
By Jaime Posa Cornell

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I lived once, in a village.
The true kind. Where
Doors are always open.
You say hi to every neighbor.
And there's always a table someone will invite you to sit at
When you have no grist left for the mill.

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In a village
Many hands make light work.
And what goes around comes around.
So, it's less about taking and giving...
Not even so much about lending a helping hand
As it is about
Living Together.

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today my village is hard to find
and hard to define.
it takes work to create.
It almost takes
Convincing
Of myself-
Now so many months...years living in socially accepted seclusion
And of others-
In denial that
It takes a village.
In denial
Of deserving.

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So
I try to do it on my own
As if it's something I must prove
As if it makes me more worthy
As if it might make me a better
Mother.

...
Yet
All alone in this fortress
I find my little ones always yearning for milk
From a mama
who often can't find time to feed herself.