

# Wilderness

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Poetry Prayers by Sarah Are

## The Wilderness is a Place of Distruption

My grandfather was a good man,  
But he believed  
That wilderness emotions  
Were not to be seen.  
Cry with the door closed,  
Don't dwell on the negative.  
Chin up, kid,  
We've been here before.

My grandfather was a good man,  
But I'd like to say—  
The wilderness is here to interrupt your  
previously-scheduled programming.

Like water in the desert  
And setting the slaves free,  
The wilderness might be  
The very thing we need,  
The very thing we dream,  
The very thing we plead  
For.

I guess what I'm trying to say is—  
It never seems appealing to let a bird  
in the house,  
But if you do,  
Then you might as well  
Open every window and door.

And if you do,  
Then you just might find yourself  
Basking in the light,  
Dancing in the breeze,  
Overwhelmed with the beauty  
That an open door brings.

So I'm opening my door  
And inviting in the wind,  
To rustle up my heart  
And start over again.  
For sweeping the truth under the rug Has  
never gotten us far.

So may the wilderness be like a  
Bird in your house.  
Throw open your doors.  
The truth must come out.