

Love Letter to a Wilting Rose

Dedicated to the Unseen & Uncelebrated: I Love You

By Teajai Travis

I love my community

My beautiful, resilient, colourful, intelligent
innovative, loving, caring, supportive,
welcoming, community.

My dearest community

For better or worse community
Honest even if it hurts community

I love you
But my heart hurts

I am pained by the violence that tucks itself away in dark corners
Dances in the footsteps of sidewalks
Lingers in the shattered heart of shadows
Poisons the water and sucks life from the wind

My heart hurts for

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends, lovers
Robbed the opportunity to say goodbye to
loved ones stolen beneath moonlight

We are losing each other

When will this dis-ease stop.
When will we link our arms, raise our hearts, open our ears

When will we remember to love.

We are a community of builders but we have broken so much

We are a community of healers but we have buried our medicine in the same fields as our missing daughters and I am sad

But I still love you

I love you
the same way you love me

With the force of a majestic sun rising over a swaying river

The muscle of Windsor city weeds bursting through concrete to climb the side of glass towers and pray at the feet of sky

We are rooted to a deep love that throbs beneath a scarred landscape of deconstructed truths and far away dreams.

We are so much better than what we have been conditioned to believe.

You are beautiful and I love you.

When was the last time you allowed the city to whisper gentle hope into your ears?

When was the last time you dug your feet into earth and lifted your voice to the stars?

When was the last time you buried your fingerprints into the poetry of possibility?

Loved your city?
Hugged your city?
Repped your city?

Our carousel of nations city

Let's reach our hand into this city

Not to bury our shame but to reveal and uplift the legacy of our ancestors

Let's do better than we've done.

Let's be better and move forward together.

I love this city

My heart beats for this city

This is my community.

My beautiful, resilient, colourful, intelligent

innovative, loving, caring, supportive, welcoming, community

My dear community

For better or worse community

Honest even if it hurts community

I have a heart that breaks for you

Break for the beautiful faces that have had their gentle, delicate smiles pick
pocketed away

I see you and you see me

My beautiful city

I rep so hard for my city

but my city can be so hard

Still

I love you

And you love me

My home built upon the backs of ancestors, over the bones of ancestors
Where the water bends and always remembers the sins of a city
The dreams of a city
The heartbeat of a city

It is where love conquers all
and ego is obsessed with trust, transparency, cooperation, compassion

Where grandmothers carry stories in the twinkles of their eye's and children
laugh and smile whiles dancing with concrete bears and flying horses

Where the river carries angels upon its back, and washes injustice out to sea

Where roses settle in tapestries of tenderness and music deconstructs the
illusion of borders

We are one and I am still in love with my home, my community, my city of
broken glass and Carolinian gardens

But for the sake of all that is good

Let us strive to love a little harder
Care a little more
Lead with kindness and
Pass along an inheritance of hope

Let us gently and courageously collect of our broken pieces
to put back together the heart of this city

Because we love it
And it loves us