

If we believe
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If we believe
In a sun-drenched field, an emerald carpet spread,
Beneath a sky of ceaseless azure—
Then must we also grant the grime:
The fractured glass on concrete, the slow,
Persistent seep of murk and sorrow?

If we must trust
The whispered words of love and care,
Can we deny the cry that shattered air,
The despair hoarded in a silent stare?

If we believe
What, then, shall we hold true?

Nature: a meadow's vibrant breath,
Or the plastic tide of a synthetic death?
Sky: an endless, boundless blue,
Or the pall of smoke where a childhood tree once grew?
Ocean: a sapphire, sprawling dream,
Or a grave for rivers, choked by our silent scheme?

If we believe
We must believe the knot of joy and rue,
The light defined by shadow, birthing all we know.
For even in the deepest night, a single ember glows,
A stubborn promise burning through.

If we believe, then let it be
To love the flawed, yet wondrous world.