

And this small event, this small shift in how I perceived my life, changed me. My dissertation, which was not being written, suddenly began to breathe again in my mind. I found a local library where I could find research materials and I began to make time to write it. Poems began to stop fluttering like kites, and to land thick and hard in my brain so that I could no longer ignore them. I was not only living my complicated life, I was writing it. All of it. The sweet smiling faces of my children and their sticky hands and the enormity of my heart now that it contained them. In the space of that commute, I discovered an island inside myself. A rocky island, where hope surrounded everything blue as the sea.



KEVIN DENSLEY

FOR THE SAKE OF BALANCE

next to the island of Haiti
there should be another one
called 'Lovey'.