

## *Hyphen*

It is brave to gather strangers  
And to ask them who they are  
To seek to know what moves them  
And to know where they are from  
- not on maps but in dreams

It is a brave thing to find bruises  
And to zoom in on their shapes  
To aggravate and probe them  
And to ask what they might say  
- not in words but in pictures

It is a brave thing to draw hyphens  
And to erase them too,  
To learn that each connection  
May in time be overruled  
- not in graphite but in silence

It is a brave thing to share wisdom  
And to choose to let it rest  
To entrust it to eight strangers  
And to see what they do next  
- not here but tomorrow