

# COLLECTIVE poetry

## CONSTELLATIONS OF CHANGE

Image by David Wojnarowicz titled  
*Something from Sleep III*, 1989

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# CONSTELLATIONS OF CHANGE

## PART 1

**In the spaces  
between us  
there is magic.**

We search the stars shining  
through the night,  
all of us particles of a much  
greater constellation.  
And the universe lives  
within each of us.  
**Love and light**, visions of inspiration  
in our collective **interconnectedness**.

But in looking for those stars,  
through the microscope,  
our telescope,  
we are hit with our pasts' scars  
as our **bodies become the heavens**,  
burning out slowly for  
another to **shine** brightly.

Each one unique in its power.

A power, like our **infinite energy**  
sourced at the core of our souls  
birthing us into a world that  
consumes it, us, like a black hole.

To use as the stars, evolve,  
as the **sum of one is change**.

I see the change in me,  
as I look at the change in you.

Because we come into this life to **dance**,  
reweave the story of our lineage -  
our **interconnectedness**.

Why then does change happen so slowly?  
Is it because like the stars, it's far away?

It's in the microscopic particles of **hope**,  
where the **constellation  
of change** transforms  
the tiny particles of universe  
into summits of **resiliency**.

Like scientists working in the dark,  
searching for a **sea of lights**, bright,  
the majesty and wonder of the unknown,  
full of **opportunities**, vast **possibilities**,  
beyond our world!

Worlds within; worlds without,  
in which we are the universe  
and **the universe is us**.

We are the **energy**.  
We are the **light**.  
We are **large**.

During this time when things are tough,  
let us be, you and me –  
**a million little stars**  
sprinkled and sparkled  
spelling out our future.

# CONSTELLATIONS OF CHANGE

## PART 2

### I am tired, my love -

tired from all the noise and hate  
abundant and rampant  
like the **endless stars in the sky**;  
all aligning but for different reasons.

I am sitting at home, my love  
feeling **alone** in the dark.  
This universe, the unknown, the fear.  
And in it all, I can't help but wonder,  
does anyone see me?

Because after all, I'm just a person  
with HIV and a keyboard –  
looking away from myself  
to find **answers**.

But today I tell myself to **stand up**!  
I've been sitting much too long -  
my promise unexplored.

Because the pain and suffering  
of today is **temporary**.  
There's a slow, slow train comin' up  
around the bend,  
looking for hope in everyday things,  
the kind that **gazing at stars** can bring;

Celestial and optimistic.  
Love and light.  
Excitement and liberty.

Every time I see it I know we will survive.

Our bodies are the science  
that holds the tiniest bits of **life**.  
Discovery, at our reach,  
the **purpose** in this spiritual path, we  
are learning, growing, expanding.

And knitted together,  
not just stars, but a **constellation** of  
small specks of different colored lights that  
compel us to look deeper into the **tunnel**  
of **endless colors** that we paint  
into a work of art.

And the deeper we dive into ourselves,  
our tunnel, the more we realize the  
**interconnectedness** between  
us and the **cosmos**.

To succeed, live,  
and fight for another day  
we must sync up; we must sing;  
we must dance.  
All along watering our seeds of transition,  
letting our fruit be visible.

Because truths evolve,  
swirling in the **Constellations of Change**.

So **bright**, yet so **dark**. So **large**, yet so **small**.

We won't rest, we won't give up –  
because **we can be the light in the darkness**.

You are me, we are they, and they are us.  
**We all are stars** in constant collusion,  
constant **renewal**. It can't be contested;  
we are irrefutably meant to be a  
small part of a **vast universe** soaring  
and **connected for billions of light years**.