

***MOVEMENTS;***  
*By Aleksandr Beaudoin*

Withstanding,  
dancing, with resilience.  
Movements of your own. Histories  
reacting to time.  
Sharp imprints that evolve with the weathering.  
Yet degraded to silhouettes.  
Stepped on and over, passed by and through.  
You can't hurt something that isn't recognized.

But I stop and  
observe the black,  
and know there is color in you too.  
Shades not permitted to see,  
not to me.  
I am not a shadow.  
I am a structure,  
gifted the three G's.  
A shape fully formed.

But only by you.  
There before the invention of light.  
Highlighting the features of facades,  
powerless and flat in your absence.  
Attached to every framework.  
So I wonder then,  
why do not  
more people see?

Without dark  
there does not exist light.  
Without shadow  
there is no dimensionality.  
They give shape to. And  
they can hurt.  
Shadows hurt.  
As does anything unseen  
in the light of day.  
Yet through the disregard,  
there you are.

Remaining,  
standing,  
dancing, with life.  
And I long to love you,  
though shy at how.



Perhaps until now.  
Crafted from the heart,  
is it enough  
to use art?

Am I doing  
my part?

