

# That Which Binds Us

It begins with prayer. Or ends that way. I'm still not sure which I believe. Perhaps both. Somewhere, maybe California, a blue Chevy winds along the coastal highway. The exhaust corrupts the breeze, warms the seas. A new word—superstorm

—bears down. Ravages New Orleans and New York. Now Tacloban. A man sits on a Filipino beach, or what's left of one, alone. Wearing only socks on his feet. Blue. Same shade as the Chevy back in Cali. He prays, but he knows not for what. A new beginning. Or an end to the suffering. Are they the same, he wonders. Me, too.

all that's left  
of hopes and dreams,  
new hopes, dreams

