



5-1-2017

The Care Map

Robert Sam Lackey

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Recommended Citation

Lackey, Robert Sam (2017) "The Care Map," *Westview*: Vol. 33 : Iss. 1 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol33/iss1/28>

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The Care Map

by Robert Sam Lackey

When endless anger and neglect
Are spread by bitterness
That joins with mindless lust
To spread deep numbness
To the cells . . . all turning in,
To back away from this
Assault.

The loving Gardener first
Must sweep away the splinters
And the shards so gently that they
Slide out harmless
To the edge,
Then safely well beyond.

And since it is the person
Head to toe that bore these blows,
From head to toe
The Gardener proceeds
With loving touch to reassure each cell
That peace has come
And they can turn
And safely listen
To a song of simple joy.

No other goal than welcoming
All of those hiding,
While the bombs rained down
And sirens screamed of new waves
Coming in.

Once coaxed out from the dark,
The Gardener moves on,
Until the last leaf turns toward the sun.
His job is clear, to cover everything,
And nothing else.
No hidden shards still buried
Just beneath the skin.
No scars grown numb from searing looks.

Just every inch awakened and assured
The time has come.
To grow within a love that
Loves that growth,
Far more
Than anything.