

A House Called Tomorrow by Alberto Ríos

You are not fifteen, or twelve, or seventeen—
You are a hundred wild centuries

And fifteen, bringing with you
In every breath and in every step

Everyone who has come before you,
All the yous that you have been,

The mothers of your mother,
The fathers of your father.

If someone in your family tree was trouble,
A hundred were not:

The bad do not win—not finally,
No matter how loud they are.

We simply would not be here
If that were so.

You are made, fundamentally, from the good.
With this knowledge, you never march alone.

You are the breaking news of the century.
You are the good who has come forward

Through it all, even if so many days
Feel otherwise. But think:

When you as a child learned to speak,
It's not that you didn't know words—

It's that, from the centuries, you knew so many,
And it's hard to choose the words that will be
your own.

From those centuries we human beings bring
with us
The simple solutions and songs,

The river bridges and star charts and song
harmonies

All in service to a simple idea:

That we can make a house called tomorrow.
What we bring, finally, into the new day, every
day,

Is ourselves.
And that's all we need
To start. That's everything we require to keep
going.

Look back only for as long as you must,
Then go forward into the history you will make.

Be good, then better. Write books. Cure disease.
Make us proud. Make yourself proud.

And those who came before you? When you hear
thunder,

Hear it as their applause.

Against Panic by Molly Fisk

You recall those times, I know you do, when the sun lifted its weight over a small rise to warm your face, when a parched day finally broke open, real rain sluicing down the sidewalk, rattling city maples and you so sure the end was here, life a house of cards tipped over, falling, hope's last breath extinguished in a bitter wind. Oh, friend, search your memory again — beauty and relief are still there, only sleeping.

Calling to you by Steve Garnaas-Holmes

Sit before the ocean and take in how it reaches out to you over and over. Notice how the wind moves around you, making space for you.

The silence of the morning includes you. The wildflowers in the pasture welcome your looking. The evening breeze moves in and out of you with comfortable familiarity.

Strangers in the street carry their wounds and dreams in heavy plastic bags, not knowing what they're waiting for.

Beyond the wall are broken hearts with room for you.

The noise of the city is not mindless but pleading.

Hear the world calling to you, neither an emperor nor a beggar but a lover, a spouse, calling you to come home, to complete what longs to be whole.