

# Humanitarian Aid

dear world,

if i'm just a walking sac of chemicals,  
then there's no such thing as miracles  
and caring isn't caring; just synapses  
flaring—so tell me, why should i care?

movies end happily, but i can't for the life of me  
understand—if God is dead, what's the hurry?  
why this cumbersome worry?  
there's no referent and nothing is definite;  
so do as you please; forget  
poverty, education, disease.

please tell me why should I care; pack my bags  
and go over there; pay plane, bus and taxi fare?  
so what if children don't eat and people can't walk  
down the street without rape, AIDS, pregnancy to meet?

i get the green thing. i have to live in this space with all  
the rest of this evolving race. but there's no Telos  
so Darwin tells us—no meaning in our beginning;  
no meaning in our end—so why should i care?

because apparently, we ain't goin' nowhere.

so dear world,

i decided i don't care. but i can't. i mean, just listen to  
this rant.

there's care there.

care's there from the start, presupposing Science and Art;  
care recessed, repressed in my bleeding heart.

things aren't the way they're supposed to be,  
and the Story of Biology is not sufficient—  
they say we're here on accident... but i need more.

i need more in order to account for this life  
as we live it. look around and see people caring,  
friend and neighbor sharing—poverty and injustice repairing.  
there's care there... but, from where?

people don't love wholly right—even when striving  
with all our light. we withhold, we withdraw, we fight.  
we harbor anger; we brandish pride; we've all of us  
murdered and lied; selfishly denied truth, justice, mercy.

and yet... there's Care there. it echoes in our tomes,  
recalling to our breath and bones our Original Shimmering  
Start,  
pulsating, all along, in our heart.

Originally published at Renea's [blog](#).

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