

Humanitarian Aid

Renea McKenzie
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.

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