

Our Work Together

written for the Third Annual Fall for the Arts Gala & Auction 2025

If art is the body  
remembering, then  
all shining  
within this night

is evocation to return.

We grew  
together once,  
before we were separate,  
before fear  
and scarcity and conquest  
cultivated us.  
As long as

our hands  
are fists,  
we won't  
do our work.

It's time.  
Bury the bones in the garden,

and let Earth turn  
our grief  
to carnival. Look! The dahlias

in spite of  
our failure to love

have arrived  
in full costume,  
improbable color,  
an affirmation of aliveness.  
Let us, too,

remember and be  
re-membered in foolish,  
off-kilter,  
open-throated awe.

Let us

open with bold  
response—our  
artists in their fullness  
provoke us  
to where love moves.

Together, let us  
spill joy like wine,

and dance.