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Professional Development

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It was on a Tuesday during the meeting after school when someone asked what we were most proud of since it all began—since March of 2020, a year and several months at that point gone—what went well in spite of everything that conspired against us, between us, inside us, in the heart and mind and the body and the lungs. How does one answer the dangerous rhetoric of hope?

All day I’d been wondering if the hosta I saw that morning coming from the ground as new as a child from the womb would be enough to feed the new deer that burst from its mother’s body ripe and clean and sad and brilliant as the first deer on the first day of the new green earth.

Pride is empty. I am proud of being empty. Is it enough for one thing to give its life up for another, to be empty? Every moment, empty—a tender thread that ties and pulls and carries us from life to death and hope and back again.