

Ode to Being Alive
for Occupy Wall Street

You are more
than flesh and bone, more
than circulating protons and neurons, more

than a mass of ganglia and corpuscles
rushing through your trembling heart
on your urgent mission

to join the expressway
of restless multitudes
on subways

in the daily crunch
to sit behind desks,
push buttons,

work copy machines
for the landlord,
electric company,

banks and latest fashions.
You are more
than that heap of bills to be paid, more

than your collection of lifeless objects,
european furniture, flat-screen tv,
cell phone and laptop, more

than your hoard of books
on endless shelves
waiting to be embraced.

You are much more
than the greedy war machines
that plow the earth,

ruin the rainforests,
hydrofracking the water
to drain the global life force

for profit and gain.
There is a part of you that is greater,
that cannot be seen, touched,

bought or sold, collected
by any bank or sales company.
The essence of you

cannot be owned or enslaved.
Your eternal spirit,
fragile and precious, is a gift

housed within you,
the real treasure of you
that blossoms and wilts

from the darkness of self,
that connects one to another
like a grain of sand

in the vast ocean of being
or a star in the constellations
of galaxies adrift in cosmic space.

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