An African proverb says, When an old man dies A library burns to the ground.

And when an old woman dies, I say,
A school burns to the ground.

And when a child dies, Well, A church, a synagogue, a mosque, All burn down to the ground.

And when anyone utters the truth,
Speaks out for the poor, the powerless,
The forgotten,
For those too tired, too tattered, to care (anymore)
It's a symphony,
A great clap of thunder,
A thousand voices chanting their own favorite word.

And when justice gets tipped into balance, And the sky opens, So that even the rain feels so cool and pure,

Then we all sigh Like birds of paradise, Our souls ablaze Our tongues on fire And no one dies.

No one ever tweets true love
No one cries in email time—
No one faces the facts on Facebook.
We sing,
We enchant.
We touch each other.

Like waiters doing the best they know,
We say, justice is served—
But what?
A good meal?
A rich dessert?
She is blind, after all—
What can she taste?

We mean:
Look—the books, they're back in the library

School's back in session A new mission opens its doors Justice can see again.

We mean:
Look—in the deep hollow of the dark
Night,
Through the fires,
Justice extends a hand
Singed and slightly scarred,
But a hand clearly extended;
Through the flames and the ashes
A hand,
And we can do nothing
At times,

Nothing But grab, Grab that oh so steady, Oh so blinded hand.

We mean: Look closely—in the smallest cracks In the meanest streets, Grass roots grow.

We are all lost.
We are all homeless.
We all stand uncommon
In the chat of the commons.
We hold out hands
To hold out hope.

Sometimes,
Just sometimes
Help is not a four-letter word
But means what it means to say:

Give Take Soul Gift Play Sing Care

Feel Love

Nick

Fish.