

Oasis

Like dragonflies drawn to water,
We are drawn to each other.
In this city, we converge,
Dust and sweat and grime.
We grocery shop, we small talk.
We are raw, exposed,
And in the ugly truth, lies beauty.
We are real.
We are ripped apart and stitched back together.
In this city, we dance and make art (and make hate).
We come alive each night
And die each morning.
In the chaos, there is peace.
In uncertainty, lies security,
And in this tangle of humanity,
In this absolute anonymity,
I find my oasis.