

## Traces

I was eighteen when I met them,

And my world split open.

The value of things, and people and education-

Totally different.

My skin and hair collecting glances, and touches and praises-

Totally undeserving.

Realising that I was a player, in a corrupted value system -

Totally revolting.

Still, I carry them with me:

Each story line;

Every interaction;

Every silent face.

Their genuine horror and genuine joy:

Experiences of life lived in a so called 'third world'.

Altering how I engage in the consumerist western culture.

Their traces drew themselves into the outline of myself.

Traces, now burrowing into my core.

Traces, wishing I did more.

Traces, changing how I see, and serve and expect.

Each moment, each movement;

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Also a shadow of those who welcomed me,  
And demonstrated life - pure and unrestrained.

But still, Sometimes the pull of a busy life

A comfortable life-

It blinkers me.

And makes me overlook my privilege.

*I hate that.*

Because I don't want to forget.

Or take for granted.

Or join in mindlessly.

It's not always comfortable-

This tension place, and necessarily so.

But only in the being changed,

Might we also-

Be change?