

# Manifesto

And if we can't save the world,  
and who says we can't, then  
let us try anyway. Perhaps  
we have no superhuman powers—  
can't see through buildings,  
can't fly, can't bend the bars of cages—  
but we have human powers—  
can listen, can stand up to,  
can stand up for, can cradle.  
And if we can't imagine  
a world of peace, and who  
says we can't, then let us  
try anyway. Perhaps we start  
tonight—on a Wednesday.  
Thursday works, too. Or Friday.  
Doesn't much matter the day.  
All that matters is the choice  
to meet this moment exactly  
as it is, with no dream of being  
anyone else but our flawed  
and fabulous very self—  
and then, wholly present,  
bringing this self to the world,  
touching again and again what is true.  
What if we do? And if we can't  
save ourselves, and who  
says we can't, let's try anyway.  
There was a time I thought  
I could never be healed. That  
was only because it hadn't happened yet,  
so I decided it wasn't possible.  
Healing happened anyway.  
What have we decided isn't possible?  
What if we stopped believing  
that limit? What if, right now,  
we used our human powers  
of compassion, clarity, gratitude,  
praise? What if we did it together—  
opened all those closed doors inside  
us? What if we let the opening do  
what opening does?

—Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer