

All I Have to Offer

After "I Am Offering this Poem" written by Jimmy Santiago Baca

My deep pockets hold nothing but these eager ambitions.

There is no change jangling along clumps of lint,
no paper clip waiting to hold together the pages of my best work,
no key made to unlock barred doors that seem to appear from thin air,
not even an old receipt to scribble this poem on the back of.

All I have to offer is the palm of my hand,
in it I'll hold your face when your
head droops between your shoulders.

The lines peeking through my skin
confess complex star patterns that reside
in the night sky,
let them guide you when you've strayed
from your path.

Thank you, for everything.

I can offer my own ears,
my eyes,
my shoulder, if needed.

It's not much,
my little loving body isn't made of steel
but I can hold you steady when
the ground rattles under your feet.

Thank you, for everything.

All I have to offer is a dimly lit wick,
it may not be bright enough to illuminate
the way in all directions
like the sun's splashing light
but the warmth will comfort your soul
and relax your icy fingertips.

All I have to offer is this peach pit,
bury it beneath a patch of cool soil,
it'll blossom when the time is right.

Thank you, for everything.

All I have to offer is a pen
with spotty ink,
I've already written miles with this one

but here

- you can have it.

What's a knight without a sword, right?

Thank you, for everything.

All I have to offer is this very thought,

a simple wish of prosperity,

a declaration of righteous intent.

When the world gets dark

let this thought find you

in good health.

Let it kiss your forehead

like your grandmother used to.

Let it calm your aching bones.

Thank you, for everything.