

The Road Beneath Our Feet

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How A Poem Begins

It's a little thing. Could be
 the long o's in Kosovo, or
 a woman
 alone in the street
 after the hurricane
 sweeping Honduras.
 Perhaps we tell of a child
 beneath the flood
 in New Orleans, or
 feet bloody from
 walking the rubble
 of Afghanistan.
 They say poetry is
 Insignificant,
 such a tiny voice
 no one can hear.
 sometimes it says
 "I can't breathe."
 That's why we write of such
 little things, insignificant things.

— *Grace Cavalieri*



This arrow was created leaving the arrow frame at the original size



On the 2nd arrow, the right side of the frame was pulled to the arrow's edge.

