

Empathy's Masterpiece

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all great masterpieces are created with a vibrant array of colors

but even colors remain separated by hue and value

So how can she and I understand each other? her skin is a beautiful ebony

her skin is the same ivory color as those who disrupted the peace of my people

I long to bridge the gap of Separation carved deeply by those who shared my hue and value

how can someone like her understand my pain?

how can someone like her let me share in her pain?

but I take a chance and I begin to tell my story

Her pain paints sharp lines where my paints soft, but the sound of the hurt in her voice sounds familiar.

I remember the day I lost my children and the sorrow returns. Can she see it?

I don't know what it feels like to lose a child, but I too show the fadeness of lose on my surface.

in her eyes I see understanding so I continue

Her words pain horrific pictures of the cuttings

I lift my arms to show jagged scars that tell the story of how I protected myself. Will she feel it?

how can I understand such pain? I have no visible scars but at this moment I feel 100 throbbing cuts from those who hurt me when I was young

As tears well in my eyes, I can no longer see the barrier of our color that once stood between us

my tears whirl together the contrasting hues until they are beautiful, unified one

The colors of my own skin and pain somehow blend with hers

**Both the sharp lines, and soft strokes somehow compliment one another. How could the
be understood apart?**

We are different yet we are one.

Together we will show the world the beautiful Masterpiece of a shared story