

we were happy

by Cleo Wade

there is a poem by Hafiz hanging in my house that reads,

5 *ever since happiness heard your name, it has been running through the streets trying to find you.*

it breaks my heart a little every time I look at it.
it makes me think about who we were when we were young
10 before things
started getting
explained to us.
things like
gender, race, religion, and sexuality.
15 things like fear, rejection, and shame.
before that we were happy
because we hadn't been taught (yet)
not to accept others.
we were happy
20 because we hadn't been taught (yet)
not to accept ourselves.

every
day
25 I work to get back to that place
the place where there are no walls between you and me.
the place where
vulnerability is real and beautiful.
the place where
30 I am happy and you are happy too.

I hear it calling our names.