

## **DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION**

David Sparenberg

Not everyone comes wearing  
a red dress.  
Many are content with  
white shirts, plaid skirts, blue jeans.  
The wounded are wearing  
overcoats,  
because for them  
the world is prematurely cold.  
The silly and the cleverest  
are dressed as clowns.  
And the angels are  
naked, between the eyelashes  
of our setting sun.

Not everyone comes wearing  
the reminder of black,  
although pain is everywhere  
and loss attends us.  
Those who are painted in blood  
have wept in the wasting of war.  
And those who are  
painted with light  
are here to heal us.

Friend,  
even if I came to you  
in the rags of weariness,  
the cloak of invisibility or  
dust of neglect, the  
web of a spider,  
would you offer me a drink of water  
seeing thirst,  
and help to decide  
a way, at the crossroads of life?  
If I look into your  
hands, what will I find:  
a golden thread,  
the strength of beauty,  
a loaf of bread?



Drawing: Evgueni Bosyatski