

**Sincerely, Poet**  
**Rebecca Zseder**

To the universe that taught me how to see,  
I used to blink in blank spaces,  
looking over the unknown as unworthy of discovery,  
thinking that lessons not taught in a classroom were languages never meant to be understood.  
Thank you for making Earth an artist.  
Thank you for calligraphy written leaf veins and for barren branches teaching about abandon.  
You took a story lover's heart and created a never ending storybook.  
You wrote an entire series so that each person could then play with their own plot line.  
People call it a talent, I call it a lens for clarity,  
because sometimes waves just roll and time just ticks but if the sunlight shines right then ocean  
waves are caught in a forever waltz and time has always known how to tango.  
Thank you for aiming your arrow at my sight.  
It lit aflame on the way and settled still into my heart.  
To the universe that taught me how to rise from the ashes.  
Help me hold the hands of those that don't see, help me tell them that sometimes languages  
aren't meant to be spoken but instead understood.  
Help me explain that sometimes the best images are created on canvases of the  
misunderstood.  
Help me take this arrow and burn doubt to the ground.  
Maybe then more will listen to the colours, see the sounds, speak in the stillness, and  
manufacture movement out of the inching of the ink.  
The beauty of the universe never meant to select only a few,  
but thank you, teacher.  
I will speak for you.  
We will all speak for you  
To the universe that taught us how to be,  
Thank you for all that you let us see.