

I see, I know

I see a black skin, different from mine, and I think I know the difference.

But do I?

Is this person really different from me?
Or does focusing on skin colour
get in the way of our common humanity?

I see disability, a body functioning differently from mine, and I think I know the difference.

But do I?

Is this person really different from me?
Or does my failure to accept varied abilities
get in the way of our acceptance of one another?

I see behaviour, different from mine, and I think I know the difference.

But do I?

Is this person really different from me?
Or does my lack of understanding of their circumstances get in the way
of tolerance?

I see someone differently labelled, living with a disease, and I think I know the difference.

But do I?

Is this person really different from me?
Or do I need to see them as they are,
me, in them – or am I getting in the way?

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