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Trixie's

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Trixie's

A boy is standing with his arms outstretched,
His eyes are closed and heart is open. The sun shines down warming his face.
Once a great brick wall stood here,
No longer.

Grass intermingles with the fallen stone and green stems shoot up toward the light.
The boy with the outstretched arms looks up while his friend looks down, kicks a
stone.

"Here I am! I exist!" he proclaims, while, at the same time, questioning,
"Here I am! *Why* do I exist?" He looks through young eyes
But he has an old soul.

He has seen hatred and he has seen love, and although he is wise,
He is innocent. His friend wonders what is for dinner,
The boy with the outstretched arms feels alive.

Across the ocean exists a man with long, rainbow dreads.
His clothes are tattered and held together by
His crooked grin.
He walks out of the cold and into the light. He's a friend here.
Artists, lovers, writers, liars, sinners, friends, homemade flutes, guitars
All are greeted with outstretched arms.
He calls himself "Psychild." He walks up to the microphone,
He cracks a joke and his eyes sparkle.
He plays and the room stands still.
He tells stories through his music. He sings and his soul breaks free.
He heals the audience's wounds when he plays.
He makes them feel alive.
He finishes, pauses, tells another joke, begins again
And I smile.

— Alicia Banaszewski