

What You Won't Hear On Cable News

I want to tell you
What you won't hear on cable news.
About a young woman in the airport
Who was so exhausted and harried
By hours of delay
And wrangling an overtired toddler
That when her little boy
Finally and completely
Melted down
And planted himself on the floor,
She sat down beside him
And started to cry.

I want to tell you about five random women
Who immediately flowed in from all directions.
One pulled out a little toy from her purse,
One offered a snack or to go get something to drink,
One who called the child "Honey"
Wiped his nose with a tissue
And offered another one to the grateful mother.
And the one who asked if it was alright
To walk hand in hand with the child
Right there at the gate,
Close by and always, always in sight.
I want to tell you about a man
Who makes soup and bread
And then gives it away.
And the nurse who held his hand
When he was breathless and afraid.

I want to tell you about my neighbor
Who drives around all winter
With snow chains in his car
Just in case someone needs help.

I want to tell you about all the people I meet
Who keep extending themselves,
And braving the risk
Of being told
It's none of their business.
Who offer a hand,
Or a bit of encouragement,
Or a couple of bucks.
Who will walk a fussy child around the gate.
Because it is the kind thing to do.

I want to tell you the world still turns
Every single day
On an axis of goodness
And unexpected grace
That shows up without fanfare
And often where we least expect to find it.

By Carrie Newcomer

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