

“Threshold”
by Shannon Sullivan
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On the threshold,
at the doorway,
of something new;

We meet our threshold
for what once was acceptable
but no longer applies
in this new world.

At the threshold,
Waiting to take flight,
to lift off and alight into the blue sky.

The pain of the old way
bubbles up to the surface
until our threshold for pain is exceeded

No more tolerance for
hate, greed, discrimination,
violence or blame.

Now we stand at the threshold
pushed into something new
and wonderful
despite the pain we feel inside.

The Threshold,
a doorway,
a step over
and into
a brand new
way of being.

