

## On Any Day

8:50 AM and I'm shedding tears for a man I've never met.

It occurred to me as I listened to my brother's memories of his father, what a cruel and meaningless existence this is. But I found something.

It is our purpose as a species to support each other in this struggle, to watch the backs of our brothers and sisters, to find a way to carry on, as one, and to strive to make this existence bearable; with a hand outreached and a cigarette for the meek beggar on the street. We must be what is perfectly described by one word: Solidarity.

I can only do what I can, but I am damned if I don't do at least that. My friend and brother, anything you can use, any part of me that would help; you need only ask. If my ear can bring forth what you need to feel, if my time can create acceptance, my part is played, my meaning, justified. And it is your pain that I will live to squelch until you find your way...  
and thrive.