**Introductions**

Let’s not say our names  
or what we do for a living.  
If we are married  
and how many times.  
Single, gay, or vegan.

Let’s not mention  
how far we got in school.  
Who we know,  
what we’re good at  
or no good at, at all.

Let’s not hint at  
how much money we have  
or how little.  
Where we go to church  
or that we don’t.  
What our Sun Sign is  
our Enneagram number  
our personality type according to Jung  
or whether we’ve ever been  
Rolfed, arrested, psychoanalyzed,  
or artificially suntanned.

Let’s refrain, too, from stating any ills.  
What meds we’re on  
including probiotics.  
How many surgeries we’ve survived  
or our children’s children’s problems.  
And, please—  
let’s not mention  
who we voted for  
in the last election.

Let’s do this instead:  
Let’s start by telling  
just one small thing  
that costs us nothing  
but our attention.

Something simple  
that nourishes  
the soul of our bones.  
How it was this morning  
stooping to pet the sleeping dog’s muzzle  
before going off to work.

Or  
yesterday,  
walking in the woods  
spotting that fungus on the stump  
of a maple  
so astonishingly orange  
it glowed like a lamp.

Or just now,  
the sound  
of your  
own breath  
rising  
or sinking  
at the end  
of this  
sentence.

-        Susan Glassmeyer