

Anticipatory Innovation -
Capitalizing on Change in
Turbulent Times

 KYLEMORE
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Fierce Life

I first realized I was lost
the day the bully tore the dog tag
from my neck, the one I wore
for my fallen father,
whose name I bore,
a hero's insignia.


But I was not mean enough, strong, brave
or daring enough to fight him—
less like my father than I wished—
and that injury lingered like an equation
of unknown value. What name is mine?

For life lived, unlived, the best of it passing,
the worst coming, like a bully stealing someone
in search of a name.

Those old haunting threats return
in dreams of failures, regretful meanderings,
still searching to know the truth of himself,
the choices made, the passing faces
of those loved. With the birth of fatherhood,

the slow melding of wisdom begins a new habit
of the heart, knowing the courage necessary
to be truly with another in their uncertainty,
in their rage, in their longing to know,
in their searching for a name.

I am in this present moment the priest
who was the keeper of swords, who laid them aside
for a clay chalice made of dust collected from an army
of dead heroes who fought for peace.



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I am their memory of what matters most,
what is worthy of life, what cannot be taken
nor borrowed, only lived.

You may ask who am I? Go then
to the wall of names found in graveyards
and memorial parks; search for my name there,
and know I am etched in the cold stone,
engraved onto the walls of sacrifice,
mingled among the grains of sand,
the fading image you try to read
on old gravestones.

Do not hold me in your thoughts.
Hold instead all the children of all the wars,
especially those you are about to wage.
Place around their necks the name
that tells them how precious they are
and the fierce life they must live
in search of a name.