

“Rio”

When that first refugee Olympic team took to the streets of Rio in 2016... Global reception was warm. With no national anthem prepared for the podium, I wonder if the athletes would have just... closed their eyes and... sang their favorite song.... Outside looking in, they already won.

1916... That’s the year my great-grandmother was born. Bordering one country North of those same summer games is Guyana. It’s where both sides of my family’s from. Her name is Hyacinth Bourne.

And even Bolts hundred-yard dash can’t compare to the hundred years crossed... last November. So many memorable stories to share but I’ll hold on cuz... this poem would be too long... and... I don’t like people lookin’ at me like, “Are you done?!”

She’s no refugee but... the similar sentiments got me thinkin’ about legacy... and milestones... and how important it is to celebrate checkpoints of accomplishment... coupled with flowers for those still alive to smell’em.

Although magic moments seem to be seldom, consider this: That... Olympic team of ten competed in track... and Judo... and swimming... treading water, running, and fighting are behaviors fitting of those fleeing war torn countries. Turning tragedy to triumph requires resilience... Mentally accepting delayed gratification and the kind of brilliance becoming of my granny.

Though surgeries were multiple and major, she’d still memorize every mother and dogs phone number... and their neighbors... brain sharp like lasers. Faith... in God got family fused... from the old school, but look: Rumor has it, granny be on Facebook. Posting inspirational quotes from DJ Khaled...

Can you imagine... what it would be like to survive a hundred.

Or to go from refugee camp to running in the 800, this is about legacy!

We all have a race to run... on a world stage and it looks different for everyone. Let me paraphrase Einstein before I’m done. “If you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing it is dumb” Or somehow less.... This isn’t about what you can’t do my friends... It’s a question of how you function best!... And what... if not who were you designed to bless.

Between birth and death dates, legacy is built upon the dashes! It’s custom made... maybe memorable... definitely matchless. Run!

Let the breeze brush off the heat of the sun... Add to that legacy... make it a great one... mark every milestone to the sound of an angelic chorus and if you ever get discouraged... while running long distances... remember... to reflect on the legends who blazed trails, cracked, and shattered glass ceilings... who are seated... before us.

Poem by: Shawn Welcome
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