

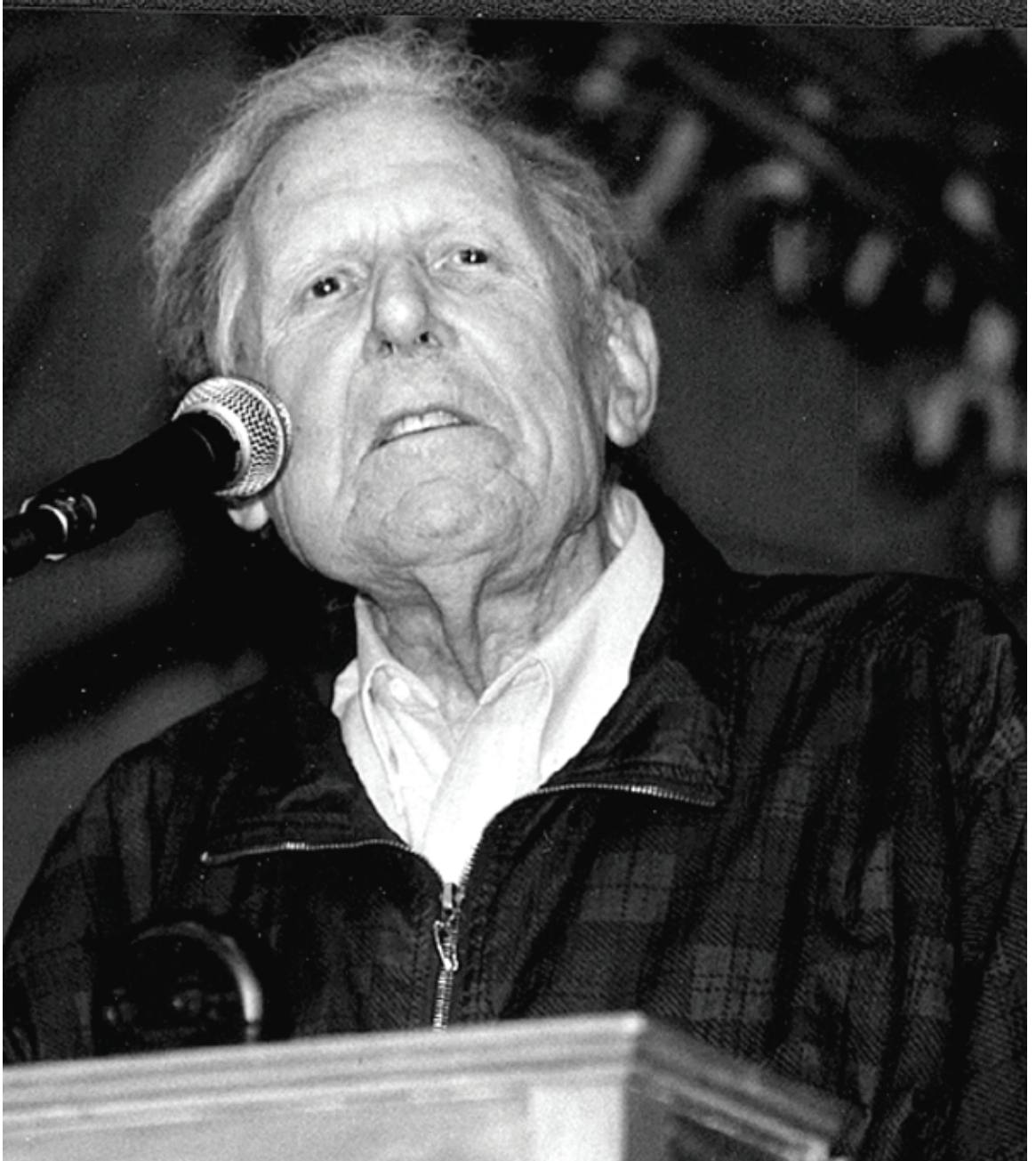
Intersubjectivity

Theodore Richards

Dedicated to Brian Swimme and Thomas Berry

I walk on a cloudy day,
Like a black and white photograph
Through a city
Frozen in time
Passers by
Pass me by
Without a pause
In their cars
Steel boxes
They have mistaken
For themselves
As they scream and curse
At the other containers
Of their separate
Disparate souls
I *drive*, say the Cartesians, therefore *I think I am...*
Alone.

I stop to eat
At a delightfully dingy café
A tired old woman
Pours me some more coffee—
Neither kindly, nor cruelly—
For which I have not asked.
It is a gift I can never repay,
(Even with a generous tip.)
She has poured her life into mine,
And neither I nor my descendents
Will live another day
Without some subtle memory
Of this moment.



Thomas Berry speaking at the Cosmological Imagination Conference in Berkeley, CA, November 2002. Photo by Caroline Webb.