

## MEIA GEDDES

### *GIFTS FOR THE CRANE LADY*

Sitting at a booth and standing on the street,  
Handing out little paper cranes to passersby,  
Feeling like I was handing out little bits of myself,  
I did not know I would receive so much in return.

I have been the lucky recipient of  
A mooncake, banana, flower, coffee, and tea.  
I have been gifted a selfish wish, a guidebook, newspapers, magazines.  
I've met Doctor Tea and sung "Stand By Me" for the first time busking.

I don't know what I'll do with some of my gifts,  
Like the yellow sunglasses (hashtag #WeWillWin on the side),  
But I tucked away the custom superhero sketch, charcoal portrait,  
Wikipedia articles, business cards, and advice.

I even memorized that belly stab wound,  
And still recall the Harvard Kennedy professor  
Who donated \$20 with the request  
That I give a string of cranes away to a deserving little girl.

I don't recall how to make clothing waterproof,  
And those Fado renditions of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"  
Are fading in and out like the chess games we played,  
But I will try to remember what I learned,  
That a stranger friend will always come along.