



Trust

The boy talked about juvenile detention.
He once knocked a kid down, bare knuckles.
Peace has to be balanced by war, he said.
He was gentle, but alluded to his ability to fight.
He asked about martial arts.
Diego had a camera, a fancy Canon.
Walking up the mountainside, the boy was curious.
Diego handed him the camera, "Here, take some pictures."
Hesitant but not able to resist, he accepted the camera.
The boy took pictures, careful with the camera.
All the way up to the lookout, he took pictures.
At the end of the day, the boy said he found peace.
Back home he never felt balance, but now it was different.
"Diego," I said on the drive home, "that was trusting the kid."
Diego and I smiled all the way home.

