

# Meticulous Mayhem

*What a paradoxical phrase to wake up with!  
And yet, there it was this morning,  
begging to be put to use;  
but I had no idea how.*

This evening, an assignment I've chosen;  
learning history, politics, spirituality,  
violence inflicted by country and church  
on indigenous brothers and sisters;  
stories gut-wrenching and hard,  
but white woman's tears serve no purpose here;  
my job is to *open*, listen and learn.

This requires intentionality,  
discipline for difficult conversations,  
a conscientious, principled approach  
*...one could even say it's **meticulous**...*  
causing such chaos within,  
dismantling, destroying faulty brain pathways  
to become a force of reconciliation  
*...one could even call it **mayhem**...*

*Somehow my waking self knew,  
this work of  
decolonizing my heart  
would be nothing less than  
“meticulous mayhem”.*

Karla Winham, 2021