

If Old Me Wrote Poems

There have been days
when I questioned if my
fingertips
could touch a gentle soul
or if my passion would burn up
on atmosphere,
I set my sights on beauty
but I forgot to relish
the now.
Ask me how I see myself
in fifty years
I couldn't tell tomorrow
from a blade of grass
Don't ask me these things
for they tempt my soul
into tiny boxes
perfectly symmetrical ideas
of what my life should be
but it could be so much more
for the angels can't sit still long
enough to write my fate in the
stars, scars remind me
of my past
but bring character to
an ordinary life
Look forward
but not too far
for the journey is here
and the journey
is now.

m.h