

Twenty-three.

Never thought I would be one to
nail jello to a wall but
I certainly tried, tempted my
heart with promises of
something sturdy
just one more throw of my hammer
reach towards the sky as if a cloud would
come down. Why speak of heaven
if angels don't sing? Search a parade of
loud voices
for a single whisper, "You are enough,"
but the tambourine clamored before
I had the chance to hear my purpose..
Walk slow
slow
slow into the ever unknown
I was told it's supposed to feel like this
but then why do I still count
every star as if I'm missing something?
Corrupted by predictable patterns, elegant
frames covered in dust from days past
perhaps my story has yet to
meet the page. Stubborn age
patience with progress never seemed so
riddled with mystery I question
if my eyes have known true light before now
still squinting at the sun
beaming from my finger tips to the
ends of my hair.
Tomorrow,
I
I am not fully formulated
yet..

m.h