

of my shoes, made a symphony of walking
away from everything that did not
want my life

25

to sing.

Felt a love for myself so consistent
metronomes tried to copyright
my heartbeat.

30

Finally understood I am the conductor
of my own life and will be even after I die.
I, like the trees, will decide what I become:

porch swing?

Church pew?

35

An envelope that must be licked
to be closed?

Kinky choice, but
I didn't close.

I opened
and opened

40

until I could imagine the pain
was the sensation of my spirit
not breaking,

that my mind was a parachute
that could always open
in time,

45

that I could wear my heart
on my sleeve and never grow
out of that shirt.

50

That every falling leaf is a tiny kite
with a string too small to see, held

by the part of me in charge
of making beauty
out of grief.

2021



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