

Continuance

i turn then to see myself, passing, as a shadow on a cement wall—

my tangibility anything but fixed.

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In the presence of tortuous memorabilia

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i am reminded of the therapeutic process:

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The grueling staircase that, once ending, is

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situated at a door where it

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finds itself once again. And i, infinitesimal

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in respect to my helixed journey, have been carried

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a long way. If i make it, I will dance

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along the rooftops so that the stars may recognize

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me as one of their own. If i do not, i will open

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the nearest window, so that i may be dispersed

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into the wind where i can start anew.

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When the weather turns, so do i; i , turning rotten ,

turning downward, finding homes in trap doors

and solace in fleeting 'nothings',

ephemeral emotions, exquisite love...

moments of veiled mortality...

stalling me from climbing the next step

upwards — hindering me from locating

The Key. That, when turned, will unlock

the final door, the obscured compromise.