

The Poet. Pt. 2

by Deborah Oster Pannell

With a heart so heavy
her breaths are backed up against one another
like cars on a rush hour expressway,
she relives each moment of the past 24 hours
each misstep
each mistaken choice
each wrong turn
as if to say, this is me, I am cracked
and there is no way out of this broken world
but to continue down the crowded road of ruin.
If only that were the whole story,
then there would be no need to go on.
But somewhere deep inside,
she knows that the inevitable fluctuations
will take over
and she will no longer need that crutch of familiar failure,
for the rush of longing
and brush with flight
that is her imagination
will surely lift her above the traffic,
and against all evidence to the contrary
she will attempt to rewrite
the story,
one phrase
one fragmented
thought
one narrative strand
at a time
exploring
the possibility
of happiness
contained

in a single nod
of recognition

