

# 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

