She Speaks

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STACY COLOMBO

SHE SPEAKS

I am the words on the page
that captures your interest
with its context.

I am the fickle lilac
that blossoms in only early May.

I am the aged Red Wood-a canopy for many days.

I am the purring kitten
harmonizing to love's touch.

I am the chilled breeze
wisping away the hair across your face.

I am the stars on a dark, foggy night.

I am the clapping thunder
amid the rolling winds
of the storm.

I am the heavy door,
the hinge, and the bolted lock.

I am the pesky weed
that grows unwanted in the fruitful garden
of soft, jade grass.

I am the blurry silhouette
in your dream when
you wish to never wake-up.