5/15/21

Maybe I'll turn through this sidewalk crack

slip, slip, slip

like my documents in the mail chute dark

To be picked up

Read

Assessed and,

separated from my kin, be placed

And assigned by another

Feel stamps and address sorters

Lost, rerouted, returned to sender

Now what?

Maybe I'll lift off from the slabs

Up, up, up

like a banner pulled by a force unknown

To announce upheld

Read

Proclaim and,

reunited with myself, be sure

And choose assuredly

Feel trade wind and horsewind

Adventuring, detouring, finding a way

Now.

Yes, maybe I will.

Elizabeth Crump