

On the Brink of Something Beautiful

Everything inside me is waiting
To take off
Like
I've gathered up all my goose feathers and I'm Perched
On the brink of something beautiful.

I am understood only
By the stars
Who burn and yearn
To
Fall
So we may wish beneath them.
I wish for wings
And receive whispers,
Beckoning,
From my radiant sisters
Inspiring the dreams
Before my dreams
Pulling me into
White, silent space
Where possibility dwells in the
Moonlight illuminating my bed sheet
Like a blank page
Like the open sky where
I dare
To fold my wings easily like a paper crane
And suddenly,
Forget to obey gravity
Forget all the endings I wrote in every story
And just begin and begin and Remember

Feathers falling from a blue heaven decorate my dreams
They surrender to the wind
Swirling down on the earth like snowflakes
Changing the color of the world
To birth it anew
Into the day
The world is fresh when I awake
The page has been turned
And my pen is poised for flight
A sound rising within me . . .
My whole soul sings
With every song that speaks of wings
And Everything inside me
Is underneath this suffocating ceiling
Staring through the skylight
Wondering
What am I doing here?

What am I waiting for?