

Let It Not Be

She solicits
new poems from me
but asks why I write
and so helps me stop
after so long overdoing
and now must start also
to meet her request

She is liberator:
 lightning bolt insight
 snap of fingers ease
 eyes on infinity
to watch strangers eat

She is captor:
 smiling whip cracker
 mirror at Medusa
 saber-toothed truther
that dentist faints

Her voice sounds
like I'm thinking aloud
in a thick French accent
as I wait to be born

I tell her soul
 I will catch
 you as you
 precede me
once stumble
 unpredictably feel

But a poem too?
That's another story.
Another STORY.
Not another one please!

She says, "Let it not be."