



Pouring Glow

The world is an unpolished globe
in need of splashes of glow,
patient in its waiting for a renewed face.
The heat of our youth ignites,
curious at the call,
and your mind is a suitcase stuffed with ideas.
But each time it dares to open, fear
tries to padlock it shut.
Calls it too small, or too large,
douses excuses on it makes it too slippery
to be held.
The trees shake their head in disapproval
and ask the wind to whistle a song to soothe you.
On a ripe day look up and watch birds glide
across the sky, stretching their wings,
and learn that there are many
ways to make your own wings for flight,
the lists as endless as the lines on our thumbprint.
You, a suitcase of ideas, unpack them and discover:
you can carve wings into existence, draw wings
into existence, sing wings into existence, code wings
into existence, dance wings into existence, write wings
into existence in a pulsing poem, the words gliding
around the page until it curves
into working wings that flap around the corners of the world
pouring glow over rust.

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