

GROWING PAINS

Barbara Berner

I sat to write some verse—and worse
The words around me swirled
Both words and phrases I tried to catch
and held tightly the key—but where
 was the latch?

Some words I held, but they slipped
 through my fingers
The phrases they did fly
I tried to hold them, but they
 flew too high—much, much too high
And slowly, so slowly came down
I climbed the fence and the bush
I even tried to push, push, push

I chased them quickly down the block
As they ran swiftly to the dock
And dove into the water as if to a slaughter
I thought they'd never come up
They surely were dead—or was that
 all in my head?

I turned around, kept my feet
 to the ground
When from a distance, I heard a sound
Words and phrases called softly to me
New ones, old ones I thought lost forever
Slowly encircled me, light as a feather

Cliches and trite phrases I could restrain
They put up no fight—there was no pain
But those words less traveled—they
 were the struggle
For they do exist in a very large bubble
Radiant and subtle spectrums from dark
 to light
I must water and nurture lest they
 again take flight.