

“Life”

I stubbed my toe this morning,
as the sun danced its light on me.
To remind me that I’m small,
or maybe — to remind me that I’m poetry.

My heart beats with the waltz,
that decorates the Breeze.
My lungs squeeze with a flutter,
that matches with the trees.

I see it in the lines,
that lay beneath my ink.
I see it in the cold,
when my knuckles fall soft pink.

That life is a dance,
whether we are on or off the stage.
And the story will keep going
even when we’re stuck upon a page.

I see it when I’m tired,
as the rain falls on me.
Not to keep me down,
but to remind me that I’m poetry.