

Cobwebbed Walls

I stow past lessons into my memory's attic
Until unfurled by a newly found passion. . . .
What part of my soul clings to the old . . . self
And fears the evolutionary cycle of change?

I dream of a different world free of pain and fear . . .
Fear of myself and the emotions tucked away within.
What happens if I let go of control and float,
Float into the soft white clouds above my head?

I see a blurred door with a tiny keyhole for escape
And the scent of another world oozes through the hole!
It arouses a desire for things outside of my space,
Yet, I am left clinging to the cobwebbed walls within.

I hear whispers of ancient cries and pleas for freedom;
The freedom roar rumbles and seeps into my being.
It nudges my body and soul, and stirs me to move,
But I am tangled in a silky mess of *should have done*.

Marie Lowe ©
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