

Resistance

I sleep with fear
then step into the morning sun,
light rays of expectation
melting away the night's terrors

and I feel a quickening of my heart
brain cells firing on pistons of wonder
and excitement—
for today there is a promise.

But by afternoon, the promise is forgotten,
wrapped in brown paper
and boxed up for another day.
Resistance has wound its silken threads
around the offering.

Then the warmth of a friendship
either human
or not
draws me back to the dimly lit room
where I unwrap the promise
and gaze on it once more
before gently returning it to its slumber place
until tomorrow.

