

Flamboyant: Lois Walker

What floats your boat
May not float mine
I'm pondering such thoughts
Is that such a crime?

To be a hermit one minute
Crawling into a hole
Only to discover
This is not how I roll!

So I get up, I'm ready
To dance and to sing
Throw on a new scarf
Mismatched socks are my thing.

Whoever told you
'Be quiet, sit still'
Was obviously not thinking
This girl's got some will!

And one day she will find
Those years held her back
Only to confirm
'My life's out of whack!'

So the quiet and stillness
Is now being seen
As one foot in the ocean
Please don't let me scream.

It's only one half of the story you see
There's so much I'm learning,
Exploring that's me.

I'm not tipsy or turvy
Nor run of the mill
I'm louder than most
Oh, please humour me still.

I'm finding my feet

Footloose, fancy free
Would describe me in seasons
Could this be the key?

Is it romance or crime
Perhaps historical fiction?
I'll read them all
And choose with conviction.

As I dabble and dabble
Enjoying each bite
The fact that I'm choosing will make it alright.

If I could boil it all down
To one word and not three
That one word to describe it?
FLAMBOYANT, that's me.

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