

The Ceiling and the Sky

By Marla J. Deaton

In my innocence I was brave...
And knew no fear,
No boundaries, no limits, no doubts;
Unable to imagine my spirit contained.

The sky was open...
Then came that ceiling,
That flattened the top of my head;
And crowded my dreams with fear.

The ceiling was clear...
You can see right through,
Unwavering and unmovable it sat;
Intending to crush my dreams, so dear.

I pretended I was free...
But it wouldn't be ignored,
With a heaviness that just said no;
That would follow wherever I'd go.

I had just enough faith...
To touch my sword to the sky,
And from a small crack came down...light;
And I basked in its warm glow.

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