

Escape

I am constricted by walls,
bent under the weight
of ceilings
in the shut rooms of your
expectation. Dutifully
following two paces behind
I polish your mistakes
away, iron out difficulties
not of my making.
I can wait.
(Though the garden is having
a party and wants me to come).
The sky is tapping to gain
my attention.
One day you'll forget.
You'll leave a window open
and I'll be gone.
Flying up, and higher.

GLEND A FAWKES