

Survival

by Deborah Oster Pannell

When nothing's coming in
All I have are fragments
Cloudy memories
Uncompleted projects
Disappointments loom large and threaten to define me
I am only as good as what I produce
And now I feel empty
So how do I shine
How do I find the spark that powers me forward
I know I can't depend on anyone else
And yet I crave the touch of a gentle lover
Strong arms around me, rocking me
I have everything in my bite
I have nothing to lose
I have enough tears to cry away your pain
I have more love than I even understand
I am on fire
Roaming the back halls of my own brain
I pick up signals from far away and
There's no way to translate them
Just enjoy the overlapping patches of color and
Feel the cushion of their presence like candy clouds
I am too old for regret
I am too young to give up
I am burrowing through rock and silt and sand and
Risking everything for another moment, another breath
I am here, I am nowhere, I am everything
I understand that the next move is mine
I am not content to wait any more
I have to finish the sentences now.

