

Doorway

Though fear can trump capability,
trample verbal coherency
or clarity of speech-

fear is no match for poetry.

A doorway to my spirit,
my inner self,
a glimpse of a person that even I had lost touch with,
until now.

And when I show you a poem,

I give you a thought
that bloomed
instead of gathering dust in a corner.

A thought,
expanded with
all the eloquence
of the words
we so often cannot find in time.

But a poem,
a poem is patience-
struck by the wonderful lightning
that signals inspiration.

Hastily
I grab for a pencil and notebook

and I write.