

Closet

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There are a couple questions in the closet of my mind.
They're really honest questions that I cannot leave behind.
I've tried and tried to hide them, and I cannot any more,
because with all this hiding now my head is getting sore.
So here are all the questions that I think that I should ask,
and I'm still looking for answers, if you're up to the task...
How many days, how many hours, how long do you think,
till out of time, we all will fall, till out of reach and out of sync?
When will our living breath be breathed? And when our minds are free,
and when the chains of winter fall, prey tell, who will we be?
Am I inside what I express, upon my skin and voice,
Or somewhere else, lurking beneath, am I my own will's choice?
A moment of epiphany can shake my dreary world,
but does it change my true nature, or is it myself unfurled
who stands up tall and speaks out loud and shouts from up above,
that naught a power can compare to the potency of love?
These are a couple questions in the closet of my mind.
And I will search for answers, and the answers I will find.