

Sarah Masen, She Stumbles Through The Door

She looks over her shoulder with a half specific glare
As if it were the past
An interception of intentions from a once familiar path
A promise broken in half

On the pages of a memo are picturesque cliches she once called providence
Fragments of Picasso with running lines undone
That wrecked her confidence
Is there any sense why she let go

It was what she thought was right
Through all the gloom and might of living in between
And it was like she said
A chance to learn instead
Of staying in the lines and never knowing why
She stumbles through the door

Were the angels fighting demons in the corner of her room
Or was it happenstance
That she would catch a glimpse of loving safety more than life
A faithless circumstance
So she let go

It was what she thought was right
Through all the gloom and might of living in between
And it was like she said
A chance to learn instead
Of staying in the lines and never knowing why
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Now her reasoning is theory living out a grand crusade
Of greater magnitude
And the consequence of failure is a possibility
But will it break the truth
Oh she won't know
Until she lets go

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