

Christine Dente, Becoming

These are my sidewalks
They wounds around the neighborhood
Always led me straight and safely home
But now they're uneven
'Cause roots move beneath them
And time won't leave well enough alone
And I had been trying to smooth these stones
Thought I could make my way alone
I tried the whimsical
Gauzy pink dresses
That spin in the wind when you twirl
But somehow the princess gown
Never did fit this girl
So I fled the garden for the tower
And I had been hiding behind these stones
Thought I'd be well enough alone
Then you came nearer
You held the mirror
I saw myself there in your eyes
And I had been running
Still you pursued
I watched you move each heavy stone
The thorns around me torn our skin
But you kept coming through
'Cause you won't leave well enough alone
I am becoming what I once was
The girl in the mirror of your love
I am becoming, your love becomes me