
I n Y o u r S m a l l e s t P o c k e t

Y o u ' l l F i n d T h e U n e x p e c t e d

Such Dangerous Things

There is a wee hole
in the lattice of my wellbeing
that intricate lacy scaffolding
that keeps me upright and whole

And through such a tiny gap
can crawl
belly first
such dangerous things

Those daunting doubting winds
that whistle through
in the dark of night
leaving distrust and haunting suspicion

Those silent stinging comments
that leave raw, red welts of misgiving

And through these smallest of cracks
those wheedling roots of weedy thoughts
plant themselves in my heart
and grow furiously in the rain

J a n e O ' S h e a

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