

Untitled

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The subconscious is stirred  
and a weight is lifted  
that was heavy on my back  
as ten thousand angels ride  
with me on this trip to incertitude.  
So many directions  
and I really like  
this feeling of relief; but  
manic behavior flows out of me  
and onto the page  
out of the mouth  
from the chair where I sit.  
I could see past the bridge of my nose  
if I wanted to –  
but the essence of myself  
is not yet discovered  
and I am very shy.

Mary Germanotta Duquette  
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