

Corner Room

There are some whose songs are sung among the masses; whose oratory ways stretch out in eloquence and grace.

[Their place is large and wide.]

They pry all in sight and earshot to affluent inspiration.

They are the center of the hub; the pacemaker amid the heaving chest of community.

But there is [another] life here in the corners.

You pass by us every day.

We bunk beneath the radar sweep of [the great] ones.

We linger near the edges.

We are known to but a few.

Our self-induced curfew seems strangely early.

In your contemplation, you may find [my inconspicuous space] to be far too dimly lit and poorly fit for abundant living.

But [to me], my niche is [rich] as thickest cream streaming into melting butter bubbling on the stove.

I heave-ho on the drawbridge rope that [shuts me in] and grin at winning time to climb my tower stairs.

And barely there, my heart beats wild.

[Child of the alcove], coming home.