

This Side

Angela Donovan

Where I stand, I am.

On this side,
my feet comb brown grass,
scratching the hard to reach,
the tingles that hold me.

It is not
soft or wet,
it is brittle and dry,
uncomfortable to most.

As I sit,
its prick reminds me,
I am human,
perfectly imperfect.

Keeping me on my edge,
it questions my motives,
exposing specks of shadow,
revealing the lessons of my mistakes.

Dead, dry, brown grass,
giving my spirit room to soar,
I find happiness from within,
held, present.

No, you go, I want to stay here, on this side.