

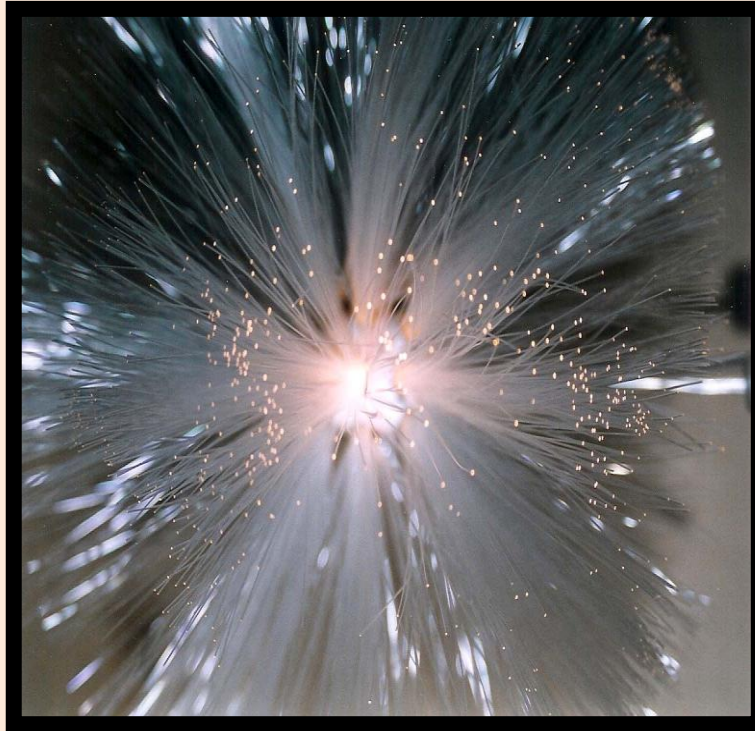
# Waiting

*a picture inspired poem*

by Su Gerheim

Picture courtesy of Win Larsen

02/12/2009



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So many times I walk the day  
Feeling odd, too often whey  
A parted soul half gone to God  
Cord uncut, prepared to nod  
Like splitting cell, a bridge is frit  
Of earthly soul and life's spirit  
A wondrous place of sweets galore  
The bridge fades softly evermore  
Chromosomes once born of love  
Duplicate themselves above  
Holding here and rising there  
Separation is the fare  
Decision now a heavy dearth  
Let go of him, or me on earth  
The disconnect is closely felt  
Earthly ties so often melt

The filament I balance on  
Taunts the swan with easy con  
Separating loving friends  
Whose efforts stave my frenzied ends  
Pulled taut in both directions I  
Suspend myself above my eye  
Watching seeming drudgery  
That looks so much like forgery  
Unknown the destiny beyond  
Toward crystal bridge I respond  
Theories soft and gentle grace  
I feel the draw of speeded race  
Support in kind feels thin of worth  
No solid ground, walk I, on earth  
But tested true by senses all  
They keep me from a fated fall

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