

freedom waits

below the skyline of the
paisley curtain,
behind the
barricade of the couch.

freedom sighs

when over the landscape of
wilted pillows
beyond the bundle
of your cat

you fly with your wrinkled
white sheet cape,
diving once again
into freedom's lap.

freedom has been here before

in this narrow world
where you land with bright quiet,
that becomes thick silence.

the crowd of you
and your choices
are the same as yesterday.

freedom counts

1....2.... your choices

to leave with and become who
you were
for twenty three and a half hours
or
to leave with who
you became,
this time,
in the one half hour you were gone

freedom watches

as the sureness of your face,
is washed by a shadow
you never see behind the
curtain of *your* eyes.

you are airborne again
your cape hangs from
your soft arms

freedom's knows

you will fly and crash again
land and wait again
in the nervous balance of escape,
leaving and being left

freedom will wait

behind the fortress of the couch
for as long as it takes
for you to know
that leaving there
and
arriving there
are the very same thing.

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