

The woman of words
said the world would split open
if I told the truth.
She compiled all the poets
who had words inside them
like birds in cages and
made me feel frustrated to be young.
I have truths inside me
that drop like the auburn leaves
on the tree outside my window
and I think the humming bird
came by just to tell me to write, too.
Like a spider's dance, my fingers press
each key to say one more thing
and I say spiders now
because the feminist poets
tell me to weave webs.
But I like the light
that radiates each streak silver
on the small woven scheme in a diamond
of my chain link fence.