

A Putrid Spirit
Brenda Sanders

I am a child inside.
The mask I wear covers the tears.
I feel I can't go on.
The haziness of misery wells up.
Where do I go to find comfort?
I long to be held throughout the storm.
Uneasiness engulfs my body, entering
Every cranny of my creation.
Dark shadows creep across my soul.
My soul wants to be free of this agony.
I am a collection
Of glass, delicately blown
Into something to be
Viewed from a distance.
Discontent filters me.
My quest for relief is unrelenting.
Oh, to be unflappable!
I know that peace
Awaits me over a future horizon.