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Pendulum

Kellie Walters

Iowa State University, kellie@iastate.edu

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My mind is a pendulum.
Thoughts swinging strong
From west to east
And there is no lull between them

Dense, cold metal am I
Incapable of stopping myself
Of ridding my disparity
To calm these polar magnets

The one to the west
An open door to captivating possibilities
Where daises dance in the wind
And your solid figure waits

Your mind wants to mingle with mine
And in such I see a room of color
light pastel illumination
in geometric shapes upon a white walled backdrop

but the east keeps pulling me back
to its dark back room
dimly lit
where the powder still lay on the kitchen table

where the drink so gullibly
dripped down my throat
took my voice away
and allowed my strength to go down with it.

Where a man stripped me of my clothing
And my liberty went with each article
Shredding the bit of independence
That draped my body

And now there is you
With your sophisticated manner
And eloquent speech
That are not masked by facade

They expose your structure,
Your bones showing through remarks
Allowing me to see the torrents in your own mind
Authentic and pure and transparent.

And somehow you find grace in me
Your mind follows mine
Searching for identifiers
And desires to know where the coruscation begins

As much as I would love to reveal myself
My pendulum swings back
From your western skies
Oh so relentlessly back to the scorching east.

I want to be masked in your pastels
In a room of delicate beauty
To be free from the dark clearing
That so easily entraps my light

Please oh please pendulum
Stop swinging.
Stop moving for the dread of this eastern seaboard
And move toward western skies

Not for mere instantaneous interaction
But simply to bask in beauty
In growth
to be free from my swinging pendulum