Wilderness House Literary Review 18/4

Heather Sager Young Ego

I begged in the kitchen of a farm house.

I used a blank toy to pull down a patch of sky.

I hid by teachers and feared the trips to a dental office.

I rooster-squawked in classrooms
and pondered in libraries that were awe-filling.

I walked cowboy across a rolling prairie, not a soul for miles.

I collapsed to earth from a height.

I marooned an ocean because my thoughts rained for days.

I knocked my star out of the network of golden stars in the firmament that were my family. They didn't care as much as I thought.

I walked a line through the natural world and didn't quit.

I am lifting you up on my shoulders.