

Riding the Spectrum

I have a sneaking suspicion
that I could be placed
somewhere on the spectrum.

Is my vacillation between light
and shadow
normal,
or pathological?

I am, it seems,
a self-fulfilling prophecy.

There is beauty in this
many-colored spectrum
I know.
I see potential and imperfection
in every thing
and every one.

I am sometimes
exhausted by my own vision.

I wonder what it would be like
to mostly
rest gently.

But I am constant in my inconstancy.
I think I understand
better now, how it is
others can find me exhausting;
God knows,
I exhaust myself.

Though it avoids me
I recurrently seek simplicity.
Perhaps I should make peace with the truth that
I am not a simple being.
I am sweated up, wrapped in a robe, under a blanket,
tucked in the bed
deeply layered in complexity.

I am riding the spectrum between yes and no
expansion and contraction,
Between the push and the pull.
I am anything but static.

You, on the other hand,
are rock to my wind.
Solid. Immovable.
It is only time that will tell
how much my wind will move you.