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A poem

Fork and knife

Sometimes

they push

my buttons

It is itching

and I want to

scratch

...

Sometimes I bleed

And my eyes

are sad

...

But mostly

I indulge

in life's

deliciousness

...

Eating

off a silver plate

Fork and knife

and a spoonful

of mystery

...

When it is dark

my hands are free

creating art

being true

...

One day

I hope

to be upon

that stage

and magnetize

the audience

watching my art

take on a Life of Its Own

And I will be there

present in my beauty

Closing my eyes

- Yet never seeing as clearly

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