

Save Me From the Pendulum

By Christine Bianca Pelliccio

O God, this is the straw of finality.
Save me from the going,
Forth and back,
From and to,
There and here.
Were that I could stop myself,
I would do my best.
I repulse like a magnet,
Put up against its same side,
From the daunt of
Too much
Or too little,
Too many
Or too few.
From the strength of one,
To the weakness of another.
My palms grip for a sturdy branch,
Which I have come to feel only on opposite sides,
Where all the people are.
This in-between land,
Of *both* shadows and brights,
I have found but a few
That sing from both sides of their mouth,
Keys minor and major.
They hold many faces,
And yet each have one.
The clinking in their footsteps
Rightfully tricks me;
Maybe there is concrete
Beneath this apparent sand?
Let gravity befall me,
As I swing to some middle place.
Let me sing both melody and harmony,
As my sway settles to a hum.
O God,
Save me from the pendulum.