

Not Unbalanced At All, Actually

Unbalanced on a knife-edge, that's how I feel.
That's how I would describe myself to a stranger,
if I thought that stranger were interested.
I might say "I am about to fall", or if I happen to think I never will, something like
"the strain of not falling is wearing me out".

You could say I don't have the stomach
for this fight to be me. Had I a clear vision,
an image in front of me, or inside me,
or even on a poster on a wall in my room,
well then I would at least have something to aim at.

But I send me instead vacillating emotions
vast clouds of feelings that perpetually
disperse and coalesce
like crowds of hyperactive children
undecided on which game to play.

They are not under my control
yet decide how my teetering walk along this knife
progresses. The blade dissolves in the distance,
lost in the mists.

And yet nothing spectacular ever happens –
somehow, although I tilt from time to time,
I keep my balance and never fall.

And from that fact is daily reaffirmed,
constantly rubbed in my face,
my greatest fear:

I am dull.