

Making a collage

This tiny piece of paper
I tear to make a thought
a spark of colour
to create an image, not yet arrived
in my imagination
guides me to take a leap
to dare lay down another piece
step by step trusting mistakes
their decision dictates my actions
carrying me towards completion.

Piece by piece in peaceful union,
I lay down my fears of torn rejection
cover them over, a scrap of blue
or perhaps a pinkish yellow,
and the path I'm meant to follow
emerges from the jungle
in a tip of a wing, a flower petal,
lips that kiss without recriminations
a second before my will takes over
and they become a tail.

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