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## Believer

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**BELIEVER**

Mamie Walters

Oh, it is merely a mist  
Or a myth  
This vaporous being from the past.  
Or is it only a gas?

Windows are open from each side of the room  
Yet it lingers still.  
It is not from the rushing of trees  
Sending the fall breeze that I begin to chill.

Do I dare move? I ponder that If I do,  
Perhaps it leaves my sight or is provoked to attack  
Or something worse.  
So I sit - as if I am Michelangelo's Carrera and wonder  
Would he have carved of me a fool.  
Who would believe such a curse? Or is it a gift?

Why me? I find it best to speak nothing of this.  
Doubters, fools will not be  
And questions and ridicule shall persist;  
And to think I once was in their shoes.

For I know not that it is heavenly or from the pit  
But this I surely know,  
You don't believe until you have seen with your own eyes,  
IT.