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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.