

Once upon a time, yesterday seemed irrelevant; today a mystery;
tomorrow part of a future stretching enticingly before me - beckoning.
I looked forward surely, forever undefeated. Not so now, as I stand
on the edge of nowhere, aware of the drop beneath me, immobile.
Come - take my hand, walk beside by uniqueness; accept my capricious-
ness; share my loves, excitement, futility, tears, joys, my fire; ap-
preciate me as I do you, whomever you are, friend or foe. Is that
too much to ask?

"Sometimes".

Often?

"Yes".

NO! no

BOUNDARIES

You drew a circle round me in the sand
and said
'so far, no further'
but my errant toes crept out
in exploration
to know
forbidden ground.

You closed the window on my garden
shut out
the mobbing roses
but my fingers slipped the catch
and gathered in
the finest flowers.
They nod their greeting
from clear glass and water
on my sill
to rooted sisters in the soil.

You set a clock beside me
ordered me
'from such to such you labour
then are free'
but my joyous spirit
could not distinguish
each from other
and time passed
un-noticed.

You built a house
and bade me live in it
admonished
with severity
here 'in', here 'out'
recalcitrant
my hands flung wide the door
laid a mat
upon the paving
whilst my feet
strewed grass
across the threshold.

You penned an ink line down my page
explained
with care
'this side for wordsbare'
but my mind exploded
and my wave
of creativity
surged wildly
crossing over
marginality.

You would contain
with boundaries.
I pass through
in ecstasy.

Mabel McGowan

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