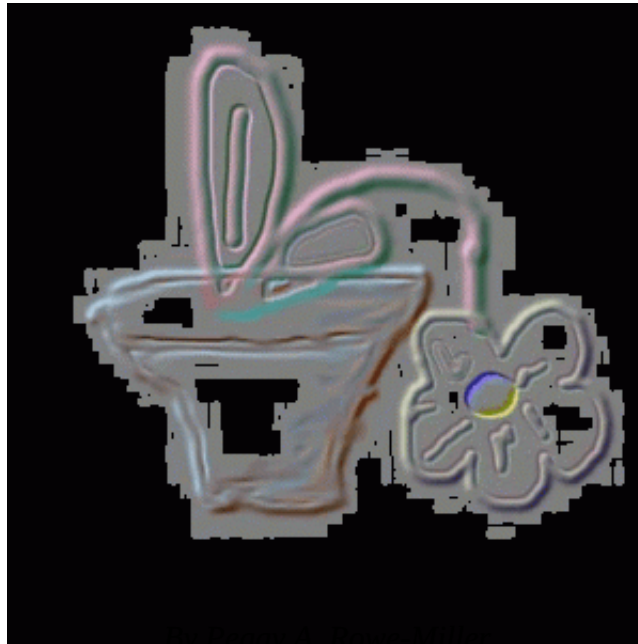


Poem #5



By Peggy Rowe Miller

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*The flower is root bound,
and it is almost dead...
it needs a bigger pot,
so air and water can get in...
I feel like I've sold my
soul...
sold it outright to the one who
bid the most.
Thing is that everyone forgot...
to ask... or listen to me.
Listen quietly while I tell
you now, yet again...
That I can't be smothered,*

I can't be caged in.

When did wife mean

that I gave it

all to you...

when did it mean

that I gave it all

up to keep you?

When did it say

you could take

my rights away?

to be human...

and to sway.

You are not my daddy...

least that is what you said.

But, you do what he did...

you cost me a friendship..

without giving me the chance

to take it and win.

When will you learn that everyone is

precious,

that every single person...

serves a purpose.

That we learn life's lessons

only through one another.

what kind of person did I see in the

other.

Sweetness, warmth... and someone safe,

full of fun!

Safety's an issue you know

is important to me...

But I've got to learn on my own...

I've got to be free..

and like it or not..

he felt really safe to me.

If you trusted my instinct...

and remembered... my honor...

you'd saw nothing was really the matter...

but, now, I've been squashed all I can take...

I'll get a job, and work the nights.

Won't be long till this bird flies...

and when I do.. I'll soar very high...

I'll take my bumps and bruises..

all the scraped up knees..

I'll let my heart be broken...

And know... that I'm me.