

# Marbled – July 2019

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July 2019

I'm not layered–

I'm marbled.

You get all of me at once,

*And none at all as well.*

I'd be someone else if I could be;

Someone opposite to me.

But I'm dust in the wind,

Or a patch of moss,

Clinging to a tree–

Desperate for eternity,

*But we refuse to see.*

It's the devil on your back!

She cries,

In an endless disguise;

An exercise–

*But no one hears.*

Fear and fury

Flood her bloodstream.

The pills keep you sane,

They said,

*(Whispers in the endless night)*

But lies are all she hears.

Slow tears slide down sad cheeks

As she seeks something

More than this cold clinic,

More than dust in the wind.

*A kind of beautiful sadness?*

No one hears

But her.

It tears through her body;

A feeling that there could be

More than this-

More than this endless sea

Of curiosity and sympathy.

One day she found

The burnished crown

Was tarnished livery-

*The pile of gold that glitters*

*Now just metal in clever disguise.*

And the lies she'd heard

Became sad tales

Of lost souls,

Seeking their way home;

And money is just grief-

A thief of time

And hats.

Waiting in the wings,

A positive angelic

Influence the size of

Vesuvius -

But not quite so hot.

The plain truth is not enough,

As we thrash and twirl

Through eternity and time–

*One and the same,*

She cries across the abyss–

But no one hears:

The rocket ship sent to save

Her lost in Saturn's rings.

But we wait,

And sing.

We have more time

And patience–

And nothing to lose–

Compared to those who use

Us.

The fuse that blows

Is not our own.

The wind that blows

Is an angel in the wings:

Watching over girls

Who refuse to die.

**Credit:** Photo by Annie Spratt on Unsplash

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