

THE CUP

BY CHRISTINA CRAVEN

I pour myself into things,
To make and sing and dance,
Adding colour and movement and meaningful sound,
Bringing life to ideas, blossoming and blooming,
I grow tall on flowers before me.

I pour myself into things,
To create or to hide,
Presenting my unearthed feelings like an exposed nerve,
A river cannot be judged by its surface,
I flourish in the light I create.

I pour myself into things,
To avoid being known to people,
My face is poised but my voice done-in,
I am captured by the swirling water, dizzied and confused,
A rushing whirlpool of life source, energy.

I pour myself into things,
To conceal who I think I am,
Petals, frozen in time, glued together,
Presented and observed,
Warm light passed from artist to artist,
The constant downstream flow.

I pour myself into things,
And discarded layers reveal what's beneath,
A river,
Contorting and flowing,
Running ever on.

Am I strong?
Am I new?
Am I exposed or revealed?
Am I what I think I am?

I pour myself into things,
And I carve my own path through rock and earth and time.