

Fear as Friend

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When Fear is the deity
you worship,
bowing at her feet and offering
the most precious parts
of your heart,
She grows large and sticky—
a colossal figure of tar.

Pulling you into dark corners
and holding you hostage,
She demands more.
Always more.

Instead,
call her by her name
whenever you catch
the smallest movement of her
sneaking to whisper in your ear.

Take her by the hand
and introduce her to your friends.
Bring her into the meadow
and turn her face to the sun.

Help her see that you
love her best
when she is lithe and supple;
when she can flit in and out of your life,
succinctly keeping guard.