

On My Wall

By Marla J. Deaton

There was a ladybug, who lived on my wall,
It was there all summer, but now it's fall.
It was there all season, but never found reason,
To stand and fight or take off in flight.
It just clung there helpless on my wall,
Afraid to stand, afraid to fall.

I was never really sure about it's gender,
I just watched it miss out on life's splendor.
Was she waiting there for a man,
Or for someone else to give her a plan?
Willing to get caught in life's spider web,
When she could have been soaring instead.

Are you too caught up with your own shell,
To embrace the creature inside.
And why are you so willing to dwell,
Where your true self can safely hide?

The End