

# The Ceiling and the Sky

By Marla J. Deaton

In my innocence I was brave...  
And knew no fear,  
No boundaries, no limits, no doubts;  
Unable to imagine my spirit contained.

The sky was open...  
Then came that ceiling,  
That flattened the top of my head;  
And crowded my dreams with fear.

The ceiling was clear...  
You can see right through,  
Unwavering and unmovable it sat;  
Intending to crush my dreams, so dear.

I pretended I was free...  
But it wouldn't be ignored,  
With a heaviness that just said no;  
That would follow wherever I'd go.

I had just enough faith...  
To touch my sword to the sky,  
And from a small crack came down...light;  
And I basked in its warm glow.

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