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Your Desired Path

Slowly
you run your corrupt fingers
through my fine, dark hair,
savoring each strand,
gently breaking through
a tiny web of knots
that entwines your hand.
You softly tug
as it snags
on your nails.

Probing deeper
you discover an eccentric spiral
hidden beneath my ebony veil.
For a brief moment
you reveal it to the world
and then painstakingly unravel it,
stroking it into your desired path.
You gather my hair in both hands,
bringing it fully to your lips
and then silently leave
me
frustrated;

I grab a brown wooden brush,
its thick rough handle
bruising my innocent fingers
as I brush the sin
off my face
into a ponytail
and hide it from mankind
beneath a faded gray baseball cap.

--Gabrielle Benadi,
Eleventh grade, Clarkstown High School North,
New City, New York

Merlyn's Pen

“

All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings:
it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.

”

-Williams Wordsworth