

Rescued* (1984)

Dust was gathering on my spine
My leaves were turning gray
My jacket faded in the sun
Dry stitches were unraveling.
I was only sixteen, yet
Old age consumed my body.
Neglect had come from lack of use
Lack of need and care and love.
Since nineteen hundred sixty-nine
I'd gone out ten times-not more.
Loneliness invaded me, fear prevailed
As eviction approached.

Then an invitation came
And took me from my neighborhood.

The dust is off, rubbed on her dress
My leaves are dancing in her gaze
My jacket's stroked by gentle hands
That tuck stray stitches into place.
Though I am young I feel so wise for
Words I say are new to her.
Advice I give is written down
And tried in different ways.
I sit beside her on the couch and know
She'll never throw me out because
I'm needed now to teach her how
To write her heartfelt poetry.