

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.