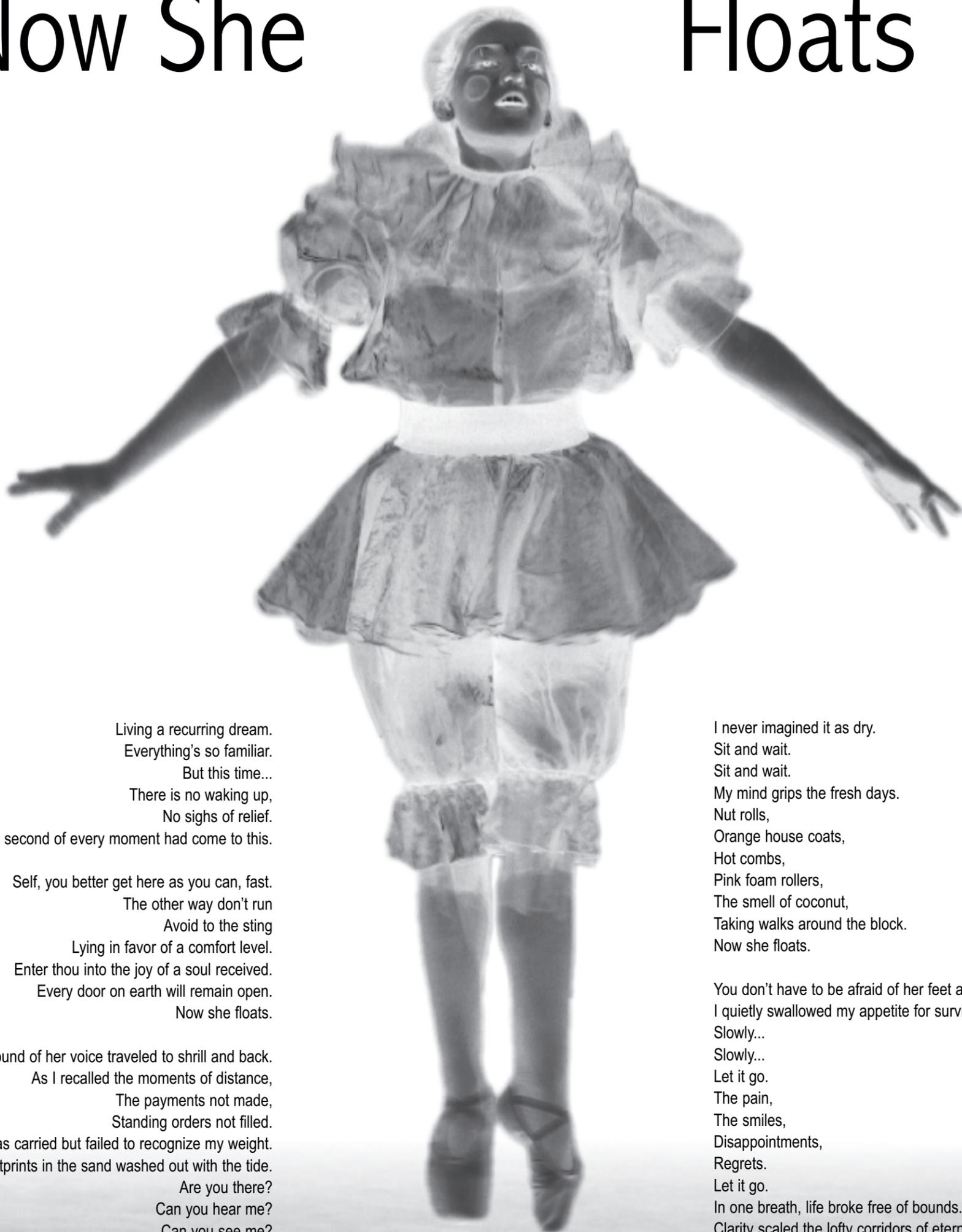


# Now She

# Floats



Cobalt Poets Series # 313 ~ March 13, 2012 ~ PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt

Living a recurring dream.  
Everything's so familiar.  
But this time...  
There is no waking up,  
No sighs of relief.  
Every second of every moment had come to this.

Self, you better get here as you can, fast.  
The other way don't run  
Avoid to the sting  
Lying in favor of a comfort level.  
Enter thou into the joy of a soul received.  
Every door on earth will remain open.  
Now she floats.

The sound of her voice traveled to shrill and back.  
As I recalled the moments of distance,  
The payments not made,  
Standing orders not filled.  
It was then I was carried but failed to recognize my weight.  
Footprints in the sand washed out with the tide.  
Are you there?  
Can you hear me?  
Can you see me?  
Can you just give me that?  
You understand don't you?  
Sure you do.  
Didn't mean to let on.  
Just thinking out loud.  
Too late for do-overs,  
Too soon to fly away,  
But this time...  
The top floor must be emptied out.  
Now she floats.

The snow on Mt. Carmel had a special bite.  
Conditions going south to southern.  
Last looks,  
Cold hands.  
Machines imitate life.  
This is the room where the line is drawn.

I never imagined it as dry.  
Sit and wait.  
Sit and wait.  
My mind grips the fresh days.  
Nut rolls,  
Orange house coats,  
Hot combs,  
Pink foam rollers,  
The smell of coconut,  
Taking walks around the block.  
Now she floats.

You don't have to be afraid of her feet anymore.  
I quietly swallowed my appetite for survival.  
Slowly...  
Slowly...  
Let it go.  
The pain,  
The smiles,  
Disappointments,  
Regrets.  
Let it go.  
In one breath, life broke free of bounds.  
Clarity scaled the lofty corridors of eternity,  
A mighty swirl of generations cleared a path,  
Stood out of breeding,  
And she was home again.  
Up a little higher.

Dissolve in stillness.  
Who am I now?  
Am I my own?  
Never to return,  
The boy, the man, the child.  
The girl, the woman, the baby.  
She took what was left.  
And gave what she had.  
Resting on a higher balcony.  
No longer keeping inflammation company.  
May God ever bless you.  
Now she floats.

## Dig Wayne



Dig Wayne carries many arrows in his quiver. He has been a singer and lyricist for over 30 years. He has over 50 published songs in his catalog. His top 30 song "Just Got Lucky," which he co-wrote, sang, and recorded with his 80's band, *JoBoxers* was used in the movie, *40 Year Old Virgin*. Since the late 80's, Dig has also been a professional actor. Having trained in London, Dig went on to star in the West End production of the *Olivier Award* winning hit musical, *Five Guys Named Moe*. Dig originated the lead part of Nomax, which he played in over 2,000 performances. Dig was nominated for an *Ovation Award* and won the *NAACP Theatre Award* for his role as Gabriel in August Wilson's *Pulitzer Prize* winning play, *Fences*. Dig can be seen in episodes of *CSI*, *Criminal Minds*, and *Dark Blue*, and many other television shows. An avid photographer and storyteller, Dig's work can be seen in *Rebel Ink Magazine's* monthly feature, *Inked Americana*. "Poetry has always been a part of my life, whether in the form of lyrics or just jotting down snippets of language I hear on the street to save for the right piece. I've created the term 'Digambiguation' for my files. To me, part of life's journey is figuring out just how many meanings one word, gesture, or object, can have."