

Coattails
Emily Curtis

my whims have coattails.
they flutter at me in the breeze
of my impulsivity.
the aching arms
the twitching fingers
of my emotions
reach out to grab at them--
but they're satin coattails
slippery coattails
and they glance through my fingers
and slip away.

my thoughts are dancers.
wily ones.
they tiptoe and twirl delicately into my brain
they leap and bound and stomp and generally
create an intricate flurry of frenzied motion
dizzying
impossible to follow
incredibly difficult to keep up with--
they dance into my head
wearing whims
--the whims displayed with their
satiny coattails
fluttered about
by an impulsivity breeze--
whereupon the aching, twitching arms
of my jittering emotions

reach out desperately
to take hold of the fabric
the elusive shiny prize
those glimmering coattails--
to no avail.
my whims have coattails,
ones I cannot seem to grasp.

it is ever an elusive
chase through life.
pain, desire, sorrow, fear...

my whims have coattails.

but so does Hope.

and hers
are
mine
to
hold.