Becoming

Christine Dente

These are my sidewalks
They wounds around the neighborhood
Always led me straight and safely homeBut now they're uneven
'Cause roots move beneath them
And time won't leave well enough aloneAnd I had been trying to smooth these stones
Thought I could make my way aloneI tried the whimsical
Gauzy pink dresses
That spin in the wind when you twirlBut somehow the princess gown
Never did fit this girl
So I fled the garden for the towerAnd I had been hiding behind these stones
Thought I'd be well enough aloneThen you came nearer
You held the mirror
I saw myself there in your eyesAnd I had been running
Still you pursued
I watched you move each heavy stoneThe thorns around me torn our skin
But you kept coming through
'Cause you won't leave well enough aloneI am becoming what I once was
The girl in the mirror of your love
I am becoming, your love becomes me

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