NEDRA LEE PRISK

The Path

Am I so different than my sisters
Long since laid to rest?

Who am I to think that this life
Is so new, and virgin?

I am but a body, going through the
Predestined motions
Appointed to me.

I will attend to my task with a
Certain gladness of heart.

(The Year, 1985)

End to a Novice?

Writings, like soft tears
Flowed from her pen.

Poised. On the edge!
Knowing something
Wonderful was waiting
For her on the other side.
Temptingly, incessantly
Calling out to her
On the wings of the wind.

Crossing over!
Preconceptions pass
As truths.
How lucky to feel, to
Explore, to breathe in,
To taste! her new life.

The waiting, carried on
Over centuries of time
Passed.
Spitting her up; soft
Amoeba-like, on the
Stops of her destiny.

Gratitude poured forth
From her very being.
Tears flowed,
Covering her with a
Soft coat of Sisterlove.
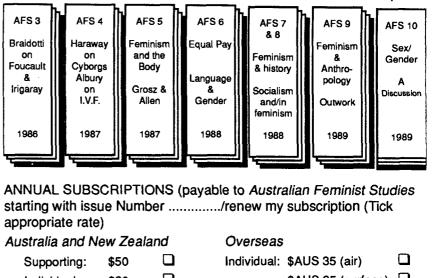
She was at peace.

(January 1988)