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Insecurity

Patricia A. Smith

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INSECURITY

Why do I arrange my life with every minute filled?
My days consist of running endlessly.
Even in my dreams at night, my mind seeks corners —then retreats
Hastily from thought to thought,
As a child does on stepping stones that bridge a stream,
Afraid of drowning in deep, clear pools.

I have begun to feel the urge to dive right in,
Try to understand this person who I am;
But what nameless terror if I found
The pool was shallow — I'm a sham.