

Nina Dillon

Air Bubble

A friend gave me a level.
More as a symbol, not to build.
Wooden rectangle, with three capsule windows.
The windows are indicators.
Between the hash marks the bubble bobbles
Then settles there, as if to say,
“I am ok here.”

Inevitably,
The door slams,
A butterfly flaps its wings off the coast...
There is the knock, three times at the door.
A phone call answered,
And the belief in balance
Slides effortlessly away.
Tools are for measurement.
They don't care why.

Nina Dillon a psychotherapist living in central Virginia. Her writing is a form of healing through creative expression. She holds degrees in psychology, counseling, and human services. Her work is derived from personal life challenges and attempts at healing.