

Sandra Wells

Line of Sanity

Pressing out from in,
it rebounds back against
the hardness.
Built up
like plaque,
crusted and cemented.
I hear you
but I'm not listening.
Your voice
is floating away...
far above my head.
Is anyone listening to me...

The façade of calm
broken into shards of
sharp,
dangerous
glass.
The cadence
of drums
beating, pounding, thumping
faster and
louder,
making my hands pulsate and burn.

I was here a moment ago,
but I'm not sure now.
My boat has drifted
down
a tempestuous,
black ooze of darkness.
The line of sanity is blurred,
Which side am I on?

I reach for the glass,
The liquid is warm,
smooth,
fragrant.
It lingers then flows
flipping on lights
and paving a path.

The conductor has changed,
and a smooth melody
dances throughout my veins.

Inhale.

Exhale.

One, two three.

I open my eyes to clarity
and look down.

Quietly,

I waltz back to sanity.

Sandra Wells lives in Enumclaw, Washington with her three yorkies and husband. She has published poetry in *Babybug Magazine*, self-published the YA novel, *The Dark Estate* and written several short-story fantasies for ballet company performances. She is finishing her BA in English/Creative Writing at CWU, and loves to knit, cook, sew and secretly plays video games.