

Talking cure

With sharp questions arrow-drawn
From a quiver-mind fine-tooled
Schooled in the investigative art,
She draws insight from the air
Like that fine cloud-water
Deposited upon one's hair
In the fog of a November's dusk,
When the dark evening of the soul
Comes clouding over a life's sun.

And that cloud-water,
Thaumaturgically called
By hard analysis
And a soft eye for the tear,
Forms torrents
(As it drops to earth)
Of sense and calm
And meaning in a life torn by circumstance
Before her.

With sharp hard arrows questioning
The life before
She draws cloud-water from the air
Floating the potential of a life-to-come
Where previously
Quivering madness lay.