



Ironing Out the Wrinkles

Life was once a tangled mess.
Like missing pieces, in a game of chess.
Like only half a pattern for a dress.
Like saying no, but meaning yes.
Like wanting more, and getting less.
But I'm slowly straightening it out.

Life was once a tangled mess.
Like saying yours, and meaning mine.
Like feeling sick, but staying fine.
Like ordering milk, and getting wine.
Like seeing a tree, and saying vine.
But I'm slowly straightening it out.

Life is now a lot more clear.
The tangles are unraveling,
And hope is near.
Sure there are bumps ahead.
But no more do I look on with dread.
After fourteen years the tangles have straightened.

Vanessa Regal