

Life of a Rubber Band

Stretching
Snapping

A marker of limits,
A test to be taken,
Observe the leagues to which I am able to extend.

In the hands of life, I bend and kneel,

I am forgiving,
Flexing to the will of forces unseen,
Resistance is unheard of.

A limiting physical capability,
Yet my soul knows no bounds,
Resilient yet weary,

Stretching to meet the corners,
Pulled just right for you,
But a shape I cannot maintain.

A release,
Back to the old

Wrapped around and around bundles of paper,
Holding stories together,
Gripping tight,
Straining sheer.

Amidst the dilemma,
And lack of voice,
I'm stretched beyond my limits,
A taut line between two futures,
Caught tightroping,

A plain tan color,
Forgetful,
Moldable,

But stretching around hopes,
Wound tight around dreams.

Sentimental,
Holding on to what is lost.

Resilient,
Being pulled to the brink,
Bending, but not breaking.

Stretch and I yield,
A testament to strength,
A witness to struggle,

By enduring, I find my truth.

Stretching
Snapping

Back into place.