

I Do Not Want To Believe That The Undeserving Win

Neither honors nor accolades,
nor serendipitous favor,
not first place nor second,
and least of all love.
So I take omen in all things.

At night, on a road
I hope will take me where I'm going
the rain holds, road signs appear,
a place opens up for me when I arrive,
a narrow space between two thin
white lines. I take omen in all of this.

At dawn, a poem near finished on the page,
I turn to call you from miles away,
and I am stunned by sunrise.
I could have missed it, all of it.

We do not always stumble so abundantly,
And I do not want to believe
that the undeserving win.

- Trecia R. Greene

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