

# Disambiguation

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Entry for June poetry contest on The Hideaway

## none

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disambiguation

I feel my soul rise, and lift

As forces inside me cause a shift

In my bones, an aching chill

Surrounding my being, against my will

I cannot fight this, I must obey

Hesitant no more, I begin to sway

Revolving, resolving, my mind at peace

Longing and yearning, I find my release

Escaping the flesh, surrender, undone

Fulfillment is mine, two become one

Seeing everything, nothing to hide

Waiting, watching, it's my time to bide

Not human in form

My mind does not scorn

This creature, my dichotomy

I am free, I am free