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Extending a Hand to a Wounded Gazelle

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Extending a Hand to a Wounded Gazelle

Destinney Ringer

A palm, flat and feeble
 Gently outstretched, they mean no harm
Stop
 trembling
It is no gamble to trust

No sudden movements
It is all for lust and lost in meaning
 What did he mean when he called you pretty?
 How do you find beauty in a broken and cracked frame?
 A wounded gazelle free-flowing with crimson trust?
Terrible aliment I cradle.

I am not your animal. Do not feed me from the hand that bites
In spite of yourself, I fumble.
 Like predator to prey, I pray
That someday the leash will loosen.

One day, breath will flow free from the rattling cage of these lungs
 No longer to pause in your headlights
One day, afraid will no longer be my adjective
 You will have no control over me.