

The Girl with the Baking Soda

Joshua Tyler Stevenson

My life was once a vial of vinegar,
Contained, plain and simple.
Or so it looked, until you got deeper,
Noticing the many abnormalities.

I was happy with my simple vial of vinegar,
But as life goes, small specks of baking soda made me bubble,
But yet I still kept it contained.
Then SHE came along,
The Girl With the Baking Soda.

I rejected her,
Knowing that such things could destroy me,
To cause my values to bubble over and leave me,
But the harder She holds onto the baking soda,
Keeping it away from me,
Small amounts begin to fall way here and there,
Slipping through her fingers
Into my vinegar vial.

Over time, my vinegar turned,
Allowing feelings to take over,
But I knew I must never let her in.
SHE will make me show my feelings.
SHE will make my vinegar bubble over.
SHE will make my vial shatter.
But I still yearn for the baking soda.

Each time the dust falls through her hands,
I long for more and more of the baking soda she holds in her hands.
But one day, I let her in.

I taste the sweet baking soda mixing with my vinegar.
I mix with the baking soda happily as we bubble over the sides of my once contained life.
I am now happy.
I am free from my vial of vinegar,
Because of the Girl with the Baking Soda.