

# Questions of Life

by Sarah Scott-McLean

I sit and wait,  
listening,  
waiting.  
For what?

I turn,  
I am surrounded  
by people.  
But who?

My mouth opens to speak,  
the words are stuck,  
there is no sound.  
Why?

I try to run,  
they hold me back,  
I am trapped here.  
Where?

I lift my face.  
There is light  
and there is dark.  
Which side?

I must choose,  
so my choice is light.  
I am swept forward  
into Heaven.