Tell Me a Story

By Diana Weis

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Tell me a story;

sing me a tale.

String it along with

instruments that carry my thoughts

into the heavens with

notes and harmony joining in

a climatic chorus of symphonic din.

If you prefer, paint it with

water colors,

oils,

and pastels-

so rich and colorful that

I sink into the depth of

their hue and soar amid

your light, bold strokes,

or if you must,

you can tap it into my soul.

Shuffling and spinning,

twirling and plieing - moving

my feet and mind to its rhythm.

You could even, let it burn

though me like the heat of a kiln,

revealing truth in its hardened form-

the structure and strength of its clay

carrying insight to the world

of your imagination,

or if you rather,

Scratch it down quickly

with pencil or pen.

Let it drip onto a blank page

creating worlds of words

only you can combine

for my memory to hold

and my heart to carry.

What ever you do.

However you want.

Tell me a story.

Spin me a tale.

Let me know the truth of who you are.

That way,

I can honor it.

And I can tell you mine.