

The Compartments in My Mind

by Teresa K. Ball

I envision all kinds of compartments in my mind.
Some are filled to overflowing with thoughts not yet written down.
Others seem empty—void of any ideas or words.
One compartment is like a carousel spinning round and round.
Another one moves in slow motion as if nothing is happening.
Bright lights flash in yet another one like fireworks on the 4th of July.
Blackness fills a compartment so that nothing can be seen or imagined.
All these compartments join together in one tiny space in my mind.
There the poetry is born.