

The Spinning Top

Hanna Hollis

At first still,
balanced with ease
by a single fingertip.

A quick snap
and whirling she goes.
She holds her own
careless and free.

Then, dizzy
she begins
to weeble and wobble;
at first just a little
then more and more.

She gives in to gravity.

She falls on her side.
Spinning begins to still.

At last stable again
something is missing...
She waits to be picked up
by that hand again.

