

**FRANKIE WILLS**

## **Cocooned**

Cocooned or larvae, and a leaf hanging off a stem—

that is what life felt to me back then.

It was not certain—a fine line between safety and insecurity.

The unifying and protective force was—as usual—me.

I felt as though the blue of the sky was the grounding element

of a feeling that was at once frightened and jubilant.

Because you would both learn to fly away and leave me here alone,

I would pray that it would not be so.

I would cocoon you to let you grow and

I would shield you from things you need not know.

But at the end of it all—

I will have to let you go.