**Ms. Phelan’s Litany**

I am the waterfall splashing

blissfully over the rocks.

However, I am not the bungee jumper

perched on the bridge above.

I am the book on the nightstand,

the corners of my pages folded in.

I am the tour guide ushering people

through the crowded museum,

my voice rising above the chaos.

Sometimes I am the teakettle on the stove

just before the whistle begins to sound.

I may even be the car in the middle of the traffic jam

occasionally beeping my horn.

But I am definitely not the one driving

illegally up the breakdown lane.

But mostly I am the gently winding country road

where you stop to enjoy the view,

miles away from the expressway.

And some may say I am the set of bones

found by the paleontologist;

just one piece missing.

An enigma.

But I am definitely the waterfall splashing

blissfully over the rocks.