

Fervor by Clare McCauley

My brain is itching with this
And my hands can't keep up
Never could.

The fervor of it always strikes me
At the strangest of times.
So inconsistent
That I can't recall
All of the times it has happened
But it always strikes.
It never meanders in
Or floats gently,
It strikes hard and fast
And races my brain
In a way that never races my pulse.
My pulse could never keep up.

And it has struck again
This little spark.
It sends static down my arms
And makes my hands shake
Until even writing this right now
Does not calm them.

It is a fervor for life,
A desperate need for living.
A sense that the day to day mediocrities Never are going to be recalled
The same way charged moments
Of pulse pounding emotion Snap into my head Like light bulbs.

This fervor always has laid
Coiled inside me.
There are merely some times
When it decides to spring open.
Moments that urge me
To jump in my car
To race down the road
To leap from the rafters
Of safety and consistency and routine
And land somewhere uncharted.

They are the moments
I sit quietly
At a desk
Listening to the same teacher
Talking about the same topic
And thinking to myself

About how important
The cosine of pi
Really is.
Thinking to myself
About how my life could change
If I leapt up
Out of my seat,
Or even if I just stood up calmly,
And walked out the door.

But I never do.
I never move.

And that fervor has taught me
That life is not something
I can achieve by distance;
Going around the world
Will never grant me more life
Than going down the street.
But that it is in the change,
The discovery of something new,
About me,
About the world,
About anything really.

It is that fervor
That is starting to coil back down again Even as I finish writing this.
But it leaves me with the lingering thought That I do not want To sit watching Remaining motionless In
the life I am leading.

That one day,
I need to muster my courage
And begin to walk
Into living my life,
Not waiting for it.