

- Poetry -

## Within My Lane

---

Sherri Moyer

They told me I couldn't do it  
Wasn't made of the right stuff,  
They smiled sweetly, too sweetly  
Hinted I stay within my lane.

Ma insisted this would happen  
Said to keep my head bowed down,  
Eyes on the floor, no hint of thought  
Happy to stay within my lane.

Dad mentioned this could happen  
But believed I'd rise above,  
Insisted only I could determine  
Whether to stay within my lane.

I dug deep for what was in me  
Pulled out all that I could find,  
And ignored the looks and whispers  
Tried to fly within my lane.

Proven mighty in their privilege  
Turned out lights and walked away,  
Shook their heads, shot looks of pity  
All alone within my lane.

Subsumed within my rage  
Every name I could recall,  
I threw at them, in my head,  
While I stayed within my lane.

The anger passed as time does  
Random musings took its place,  
Strange turn of phrase it is for one  
To stay within one's lane.

Repurposed from the start  
To mean conquer and control,  
How elitist to demand that one  
Should stay within one's lane.

Reflection led to wonder  
Who creates the lanes we know,  
And has the right to say to all  
Just stay within your lane.

Whispered prayers eventually led to stillness  
In the silence I heard the Word and slipped out from within my lane.

**SHERRI MOYER** is a PhD candidate in Interdisciplinary Studies at Union Institute and University. Her dissertation topic is focused on restoring the voices of the women leaders of the Patristics Era. Sherri is an Organizational Development professional with over 25 years of experience in international corporate, non-profit and faith-based institutions, and holds an MBA from Case Western Reserve University and an MA from St. Mary Graduate School of Theology.