Brazenness was never my virtue and so my powers remain dormant somewhere inside this timeworn paper bag even as I await the calling of the hero inside of me.

The child in me yearns for power that is just beyond me; the adult in me fears it, knowing as I do the responsibility of our actions, the bravery masked as impulsiveness and that innocence that ventures close to imperfection.

And if it were to be for the better or for the worse, if I could suddenly fly and fight and protect or if it is better that my destiny is to remain immobile and passive in the face of the evil threatening to shatter this world into tiny tentacles of suffering and paranoia.

I stand here, a collector of souls, piled dozens deep in a paper bag and purchased with pocket change wondering how I, too, can be altered in some accident or mishap.

The soul of a superhero is deep, complex and unfathomable.

Brazenness was never my virtue and so my powers remain dormant somewhere inside this timeworn paper bag even as I await the calling of the hero inside of me.