

Battleground

The poisons my body produces
I combat with ones
I hope are stronger.
Does that make any sense----
Pesticides for pesticides, this garden, overgrown,
giving out cobalt weeds?

It's a civilized front here, the marginal expected
terror quietly distributing rancor
amid the zone of sand bag-like lumps.

I touch them
attempting to picture nasturtiums bursting,
all sparkling firecracker colors altering every atom
in a pageant.

It isn't that hard. I have a good imagination
and can often shut out the interior,
that blind person's
bad dream of rearranged furnishings.

You see, I know
the activity of my flesh,
that magma flows and there are miniature detonations,
that evolution only comes
from a thrust of loss towards gain.

There are endless variations, possibilities,
odds-----
the inner sanctum of a minefield, the maze where
some Minotaur lurks to be over-won and blown into smoke
like Rumpelstiltskin.

Go away pesky dwarf man.
You've collected enough of my hair. I can spin
gold without you, knowing your name now and that
I am healer, mother to myself, to this child within.
I have brought her forth, kept her all along.

Stomp your feet. Throw a tantrum. Go ahead.
even as I lie on this bed

you are no match for her fire,
this storm that I breathe.