

Grand Adventure

Which life is this?
Like stars, a little snow's drifting by:
flakes, flakes.
From them I settle down,
now in a jungle, suddenly some
freedom fighter.
Pretty interesting liberation, for a woman.
For once I can do more than cook their gruel
or apply a soothing
compress when fevers proliferate.
Not that such things weren't enough.
I'd be doing them still if all the men in my family
hadn't been taken, and "for questioning".
None came back.

So what is this cause,
just some delusion to which I may,
like a voice, have some small part?
This gun feels like power.
The militia comes in. I make my target.
My, how death comes in, undistinguished,
too quick to be sharp.

Here is my next phase,
transported, a gypsy, to some gymnasium
ballroom, a dollar a dance. It's not much,
but it pays,
pays for my kid's lunches,
helps Mama fight the roaches
and the landlord, like these guys, my "clients",
rather lost and a bit pesky.
It's amazing though, how easy
I can make them smile.

Only twice has someone wanted more.
The first time I just let it happen.
After the second I developed instinct,
took a course and now know
how eyes can be gouged, throats broken,
noses bloodied.
Quite useful stuff I never hope to use.

Instead, I dream of leaving,
work at not being a victim while,
hovering above, some new incarnation waits.

Often I think it'll be a comic fantasy.
I'll become a crusader
wearing some big furry pink rabbit costume
hopping down upon armies or, more importantly,
their Presidents.
Mostly though, I plan on flying,
unbound, high and alone.
I'll keep clear of civilization.
I'll consort with the angels,
a celestial primitive
with very deep,
if weathered,

faith.