The Story of a Life

A moon silhouettes the cornflowers’ bloom,

a the pane of this window leaks cold air in,

and, on the bed, is the eternal figure caught

dreaming the recurring dream…

Why has it come back again, this ancient

snake nightmare? With that usual undulating

rhythm it slithers through the garden, causing

softness to withdraw. It could be named familiar

but would ignore the identity. It could be engraved

larger than life on baked plains, but what researcher

would look at it and not concoct his own concepts?

Yes, the reptile’s personal, and yet a stranger

centuries-old. Its story is that of a woman

sold into prostitution. Its story is that

of an Indian reservation tore up for ore.

Clouds cloak the moon. The cornflower is

eclipsed. The clear pane aches with the stillness

of that chill. Even in slumber the dreamer feels it,

the evasive snake closing in.

Shadows recoil in the glint of those fangs.