

Quick, No One's Looking...

By Nikki Moen

In the new light among "our green-walled cell" I sat between
the deflowered plants and nearly shrieked with joy....

It's trumpets, it's drums, this leaning back and feeling the cool
shadows slide over the translucent skin- it's a little flapper of a
girl who looks quite like myself dancing as if no one can see

And there is no problem here created, no cragged hand of the
dead tree to swoop in and bash the whole of it to pieces....

It's also a boy containing such mysteries but young and not
quite jagged enough to tighten his fist
a baby face but an old soul
who sits in the dark lush corners and whispers about the
minute and the magnificent with me,
and shakes his head at my childish quizzical looks

It's all the great and untouchable women of history that Becky
and I followed so closely,
reading their sorrowful words and the accounts of their terrific exploits
It's the strange and exotic sneaking up and me and covering
my shoulders with this beautiful iridescent cloak.....