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My Dream

Misty Boldish

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At twenty-seven, I left sassy rhythm and dancing days,
and married.

Divorced,
I had tarried
a nine-year sentence as sugar on the floor.

I stood at the door –
or the fork in the road and looked back
at burning wood and changed neighborhoods
and men who weren't men anymore.

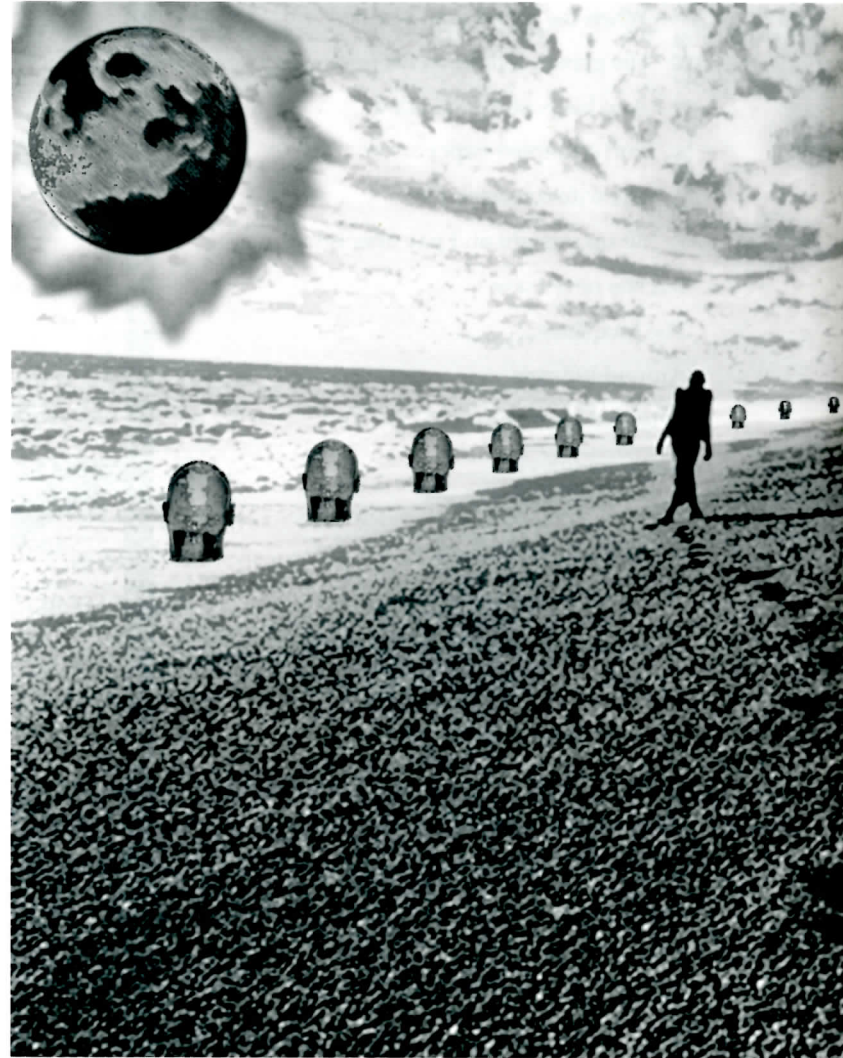
I left bare feet and sweet rhythmic beats,
I joined the privileged class
I left squared streets and inspired rhyming feats
and went like Alice (in pointed toe pumps) through the looking glass.
My wish

became my
command.

And suddenly I was in the land
of corporate expansion and four-story mansions.
But here they never even pretended to be men.
Still heaven's fruit hung low above my head and I chose myself instead.

Give me back my crazy ways,
my dancing days and cool bare feet in the grass.
Don't reconfigure my station; I'm not on vacation.
I'm through the looking glass!

Faith Bishop



My Dream by Misty Boldish