Bonsai Dreams
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My existence rendered upon the grill

    of my father’s expectations....

Dreams sifted through business models
    and pruned by corporate mergers

What of the dreams of my mother?

    Fedintothegrinderofsociety

Wedding ring on..publishing of the banns..

Lobotomy insidiously performed, wiped clean
    under the weight of mankind penetrating the womb of her mind

Remanufactured shiny and new into wife and mother

    Pasteurized, homogenized.....

    Left-over’s baked into Tuesday’s casserole

I hate casserole

    The mushy, questionable origin, the what the hell is this… of it

    When did this become the dream of my mothers’?

And by assumption my dreams

Eternal oppression bandied across eons as love poetry, as chivalry,
    as the worship of all things female...feeble male
Donne, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Poe’s apparitions static or erotic

*Always in relation to her man worth...*

Always pieces parts, never omnipotent whole

Paper Goddesses, powdered and powerless unless

*imbued upon a silken throne...untouchable*

Unattainable, yet we as chattel rushed

*to the yolk, marveling at this lustrous collar*

*Our DNA cancerous with Stockholm Syndrome*

Born a mutant, my string twisted counterclockwise

*...a throwback, that one... they say*

Boadicea’s blood, Hypatia’s brain, and Joan of Arc’s faith

*the face in my mirror was never sugar and spice and everything nice*

Hubris is my cloak, disregard is my freedom

*she’s just writing poetry again...*

In darkness I learned stealth, to wield their weapons

*nwora, she’s just a woman*

Paper Goddesses wrought into Origami Queens

*shaking the earth with creation thundering through the universe*

Out there is a girl child

*who feels their coming....*