

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?

Fed into the grinder of society

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

no worries, 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....