

Jenny

by Madeleine Adams

The night is still, the dragonflies buzz with the drone of time
The faint rustling of the wind accompanies
the soft twinkle of the stars above
The fog is thick and smokey, stretching for gods know how long

My feet are tattered and bloody, the drum of fate beats on
My body is my only connection to time; I can only be as I have been
My mind, a fortress impregnable to those lacking Sight

Sometimes I ponder the rusted fragility of
emotion; they weep for my pain
Sometimes the warm silver of moonlight catches
their faded silhouettes as they wander
Sometimes the truth invades, and I must tune
into the rhythm of nature to please them

He plucks sweet crying from the harp cradled in his arms
He stirs my memories; the innocent and
the guilty both die screaming
He reminisces; I do as well though he
cannot see, but my body begins

Trying to hold back, I am nevertheless caught back into the dance
Trying to keep them satisfied, memories and
futures cascade into frenzied weeping
Trying to pay my penance, I stay in the rubble of
the stones being returned to the forest

Seasons wax and wane, our stories are distorted then forgotten
Seasons wash away the sin and joy, leaving
only the opportunity for acceptance
Seasons bring the change of new life, but I remain
in the meld of mourning and celebration