

DOLAN WOODS

The tangled vines of memory
pull me down dark paths,
to open on sun-dappled streams,
a bed of common nightshade dimpling
in the breeze, a jack-in-the-pulpit,
that funny little man, and an Indian pipe.

I see my seven year old self,
a fairy princess,
crawl into a bower of wild yam
and trumpet creeper,
or sometimes I am Tarzan,
swinging from a wild grape
vine, or a diva, singing
her heart out to the birds.

~Sheila D. Collins