

Escape

You make a sled with scraps of wood
and quickly jump on it, momentum
taking you fast, until, yes, you crash.

Then you run, pursued by a small, disciplined woman.
Stay, as I do, she shouts. My life is the same as yours!

You keep going, tripping over rocks, scrambling
over boulders, twisting and turning on narrow trails.

You leave the woman behind.

Then a level place:
A bus waits, engine ready.
You climb aboard, panting.

In every seat, along the aisle,
people sing their songs.

You stand near the door bewildered,
still without a song.

Not to be silent among them,
you begin with the first word that arises:

—Theresa McCourt