



...may 18, 1990...

**i am the separated widow –  
the married divorcée –  
the single in the multitude  
the child grown small –**

**i am the dandelion seed  
spreading into spring –  
the goddess blown green  
i breathe inside the wind –**

**i am queen that is no queen –  
and i am infant-death  
returning strong in hurricanes  
that last year could not fit –**

**i waken wanton dreams  
that starving rooms permit  
breathing silver mysteries  
that history forgot –**

**do not hold me to an hour –  
my world will not consent –  
i am the child and the crone  
of ancient innocence.**

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