

...march 30, 2010...

little by large and late by soon  
the alices of yesteryear  
meet alices of half-forgot  
and alices that never were –  
all chasing rabbits beyond late  
and falling into brillig holes  
then growing taller twice by half  
beyond a door of hidden codes –

those alices of everywhere  
shrink themselves to almost one –  
traveling on blades of grass  
to meet evaporating cats  
with cheshire grins and hooka pipes  
slipping in and out of sight –  
till caterpillar maybe whens  
find tweedle dees and tweedle dums –

swimming lakes of salt tears  
the alices of prophecy  
float oysters into bedded shells  
where walruses philosophize –  
then spinning across tabletops  
they find a hatter mad enough  
to dance on faded tablecloths  
while pouring tea through holey cups –

the cold of march and hares of spring  
sing of the ridiculous  
until a dormouse falls asleep  
behind a plate of raison cakes –  
then alices of here and there  
discover gardens of the heart  
painting roses red and white  
almost wrong and almost right –

but when the queen calls out for heads  
and jabberwocks are out for blood  
the alices of bad and good  
slip realities instead –  
images of wonderland  
fade softly into mushroom dreams  
till alices of once upon  
are vapourized on rainbow wings.

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