

is she arrayed among her books,
favored fat pen held between economic fingers,
marshalling her voice
to remedy the devil's doing?
is she parsing the flawed wisdom
of the young unschooled race
into words simple enough
for our ancestors to hear?
where are her thoughts now
that she does not think alone?
which is hers, and which is Hers
and is there any meaning in the naming?

does she lean against the sofa's arm?
are her legs drawn, toes tucked
beneath the rose pillow,
lamp light spilling across her shoulders,
a measureless ocean of voices calling:
redeem us from this unread exile.
yield us into spirited day.
has the tea gone cold
in the ancient cup?
has she forgotten the time again?

is the ghost no longer persuaded
by hint and intuition?
is the pen propelled across the page
flowing ink its shadow and glory?
or is she listening:
head tilted back, unfocused gaze

staring past windows,
searching out places
beyond miles and hours
and becoming, just for now,
the secret door
to that parallel world