FLASH ON A CHICK

the show is over—
the curtains are down
and I see you in the footlights
clothed in a wedding gown.
you're a child-bride
and you're so forlorn
with dreams of plenty—
still unborn.
your dreams are painful—
and your heart seems torn.
wed to the world
but held to your life—and it's
a life that's littered
with quarrel and strife.
—and it's
a life that's cluttered
with what's wrong and
right.
but you're wed to the world
and it's there you see
light.

Child bride
with life before you
don't look back to the ones
who bore you
you have a world
and it's all your own—
soon you'll go out
and call it your home.
daughter to life,
child of love; wed to the world . . . ,
your heart's just so big
but your mind is eternal
and fighting to live.

your groom's standing
faceless
in the sea of man—
his footsteps are traceless
across the land.

and you're wed to the world—
your dowry is life
so live it . . .
and offer it . . .
upraised
in your hand.

G. W. Boomhower, Jr.