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.