

DEMOTED TO PENINSULA

Karen Kovacik

They say "no man is an island"
But I say this woman is:

Her house is a box
Her door has three locks
She sleeps upon rocks
She lives by the clocks

UNTIL—
She loves

THEN
She'll discard the box and the locks and rocks and clocks
She'll file her ambitions on the dusty bottom shelf
She'll bleed upon the carpet (Why, she'll even BE his carpet!)
She'll swallow all of him till there's no room for herself.

True, she'll grow by giving
But she'll smother all that's living
She'll make his thoughts her own and sink the isle of herself.

