

## Primal

A dress to be snipped, black satin, Victorian-----  
Before knees, these  
regal buttons, a pair of scissors:  
"Please, cut."

To some such openness becomes ammunition,  
misunderstanding galore.  
Hard stuff for someone  
whose main intention was  
conveyance.  
Too shocking, such risk. Too arrogant, Such need.  
So, an anomaly,  
blossom in spite-----

White, white canvases,  
the hue-less beauty:  
A ladder to the ceiling inscribed with just the word:  
"Yes."

What soul-mate would recognize, what mind-weaver,  
survivor of the star-maker machine?

John, John simply, but of course dissent entered:  
"Dragon lady, Jap princess, don't you know  
your place?"

No. She had eluded the foot binding  
& hence went beyond, strength  
compounded, a primal scream:  
"A chance...Give peace..."

It's still the same anthem  
echoing out of The Dakota,  
The widow unearthing pain to glean light  
after glass seasons, light  
the touchstone of strawberry field skies...

This time will the public at last see &  
understand?