

the maid
(from Sam Shepard's "Red Cross")

you're going to change me
into something that can't stay on solid ground.
I see it in you, how you want me like you.
how you wait around for me, to change me.

a fish, a bright orange fish with fins and scales,
that darts with determination through the water,
a great massive fish that dominates and frightens minnows.
a new fish, a high tech, impenetrable by hooks or sinkers fish,
an almost perfect fish, just a few zebra muscles on the belly.
draining me dry, slowly, like cigarettes.

or worse a bird
a never content on land or sky
always flitting about, bird.
a bird with frayed feathers and beady eyes
swooping from the air, ready to pierce
any small bug or worm with its sharp beak, bird.

but maybe that won't be enough
and you'll change me to the worst thing of all, an amphibian
a homeless, confused, and unsure of itself amphibian.

I'll be a frog, leaping through the air and landing in
the water, an ugly old and wrinkled frog.
no one will want to touch me or talk to me,
I'll be too warty and green.
nothing to give me comfort, not even food.
all I'll eat is flies, flies that tickle the roof of my mouth
and carry parasites into my belly, to buzz around
until my stomach acid finally gets the best of them, flies.

just like that I'll be you.
I'll be you with parasites and discontent.
I'll start smoking and swearing.
I'll be you, yet I still haven't seen
the sea and sky. and you make me want to, you.

By: Molly Kelleher 5/1/03