

Mary Meriam

Beginning with a Line from Paradise Lost

Dreaming by night under the open sky,
waiting for heaven, I have no mother.
No, not this black-haired alien,
blood-red lipstick in the mirror.

The museum of modern art corridors,
the hallways of grade school echoing,
the stench of buses and lunchrooms,
everywhere I am, she is distant.

This is why my homework is homeless.
Only my checkered blankets love me.
Comfort me, my little pillow and bed,
dreaming by night under the open sky.

