I am happy in captivity
(they say domestic animals are)
The boundaries of this zoo extend so far
that I have the present illusion
of freedom. Every need
is catered for. I wander daily
over this amazing pasture to the distant
woods and lakes, illuminated
by a patriarchal sun.
Fruit and spring-water lavishly
sustain me. Various companions and
a wise mate graze beside me;
children frolic on the plain
and there is just enough
(calculated) savagery in that forest
to avert complacency.

Once
travelling a little further than
my wont, I came across
a tall continuous wall. From
east to west it was continuous.
I found no door.
I turned about, went north
and measured out
in even paces the extent
of my own territory.

It
was large: generously large:
much larger than I had previously
imagined. Quite
sufficient.

But that wall...
that wall lodges in my memory.
Behind it, I am told, the same sun
shines on just the same terrain
and similar creatures graze
similarly.

There can be, then,
no difference between
freedom and its illusion.

(Yet
in my rambles, I surprise myself
furtively examining the wall,
discerning, in my fancy,
thin outlandish calls
and the loom
of a perilous moon."

by Sue Gibson
In semiprecious dreams a
rumble of stone snow becomes a
babble of my children squabbling
over Weetabix below.

Another morning wrought
in visions, possibilities--do what I please
within the confines of what must be done.

These days
are burgeoning alive. The world
diurnally renews itself.
My children, home and husband lose
their known identities, reforming
over and over--Jell-O puds eternally
about to set.

Like an inconstant lover
I remember and forget that I
am I, so cunningly each moment
opens with an unfamiliar
kiss.

The beautiful outrages
of its cookery have chopped and cubed me,
salted shredded spiced and sieved
I am a new stew
This
is Life as She is lived.

There is
no binding urgency to hold
to what I previously believed.

A
recreative Knife pares off old
wrappings ever so deftly
never
satisfied nor finishing;
always still
becoming; never yet
set.

by Sue Gibson