Laura Grace Weldon: Four Poems
by Laura Grace Wheldon

Everything, Anything

“Find everything you’re looking for?” a clerk asks and I say, “I’m still looking for world peace.”
“Can I get you anything else?” a nurse asks and I say, “Yes, a safe haven for refugees.”
For a millisecond, their faces soften as they take a deep breath of imagining
then laugh or shake their heads or commiserate. For a few minutes we might even discuss
our planet’s highest possibilities. Maybe that deep breath, that imagining, is a starting place.

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Post Hoc, Ergo Propter Hoc

With a twitch of her nose, Samantha could halt sickness, visit other realms, reverse time. Instead she chose to pass as a mortal housewife folding laundry, planning dinner parties. At nine, I saw better uses for her powers, fervently twitched my nose, yet couldn’t end the war in Vietnam, couldn’t even make out blurry assignments on the blackboard.

Now I’m nine times six, and if I could I’d cast a spell over this planet. Greed would be erased, stories heard, courage shared, wildness celebrated, love revealed as the real magic. Wishing hasn’t made this happen.

Yet since Bewitched began, baby girls have been named Samantha more than any time in history. No nose twitches reported, but Earth sees more girls educated, more women elected, more laws respecting our rights.
Summoning will, that’s what women called witches have always used to birth a better reality. Today they are everywhere. They pass as your sister, your mother-in-law, your Facebook friend, your own glorious self.

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Earthbound

Are we supposed to settle for a planet lagging behind our expectations? We want reversible time, admission into past or future easy as changing our minds. We want teleportation, so we can zip anywhere for the afternoon, maybe Iceland or Argentina, where we’ll make new friends, agree to meet up for lunch next week in Greece on only an hour’s break.

We want to get past greed and suffering and war, enough already. And death? That’s awfully primitive for souls with so much left to learn.

That said, this planet does a lot right. Birds, for one. Water in all its perfect manifestations. Those alive poems called trees. The way a moment’s glance can reveal a kindred spirit.

Which we all are, really. The oneness between self and everything is this planet’s secret, kept imperfectly. That’s more than we might expect. Although time travel would be nice.

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Clarion Reminder

The powerful provoke the powerless to push against one another. Their power grows by keeping us in all kinds of prisons.

Yet we are not powerless.
Remember the black bear roaming Clarion County, Pennsylvania, its head trapped a month or more in a metal-ringed pail.

Remember those who chased it for hours, grabbed it in a perilous embrace, carefully sawed loose those tight bonds. Imagine what they felt as the bear ran free into the woods.

Imagine too, the bear.

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