

The Great Escape

By Allen Gary Palmer

*The velvet curtain is pushed aside
to reveal a different place.*

*A world with no stress, no pressure,
and where very little work is required
each day, or each week, or not at all.*

*A lush curtain of Royal blue—
tranquil like the deep sea
or suspended in the rich afternoon sky.*

*Calming, soft, comfortable,
hiding the secrets of time forgotten
or the warm scent of love captured.*

A protected place in the shadows.

*A borrowed womb,
protecting each body, soul and spirit
daring enough to drink from its pools
with the foresight of clairvoyance
or the thirst of those taken for granted.*

*Songbirds, their feathers and voice,
provide a soft nest to envelope
her tired mass plunging as far
and as deep as the resistance of sheets,
pillows and blankets
offer respite from the rigor of life.*