



4.3 Poem: A Warrior Has No Safety Net

I walk on the precarious edge
of the new and the old,
wanting to shed
the locks and lies of a mechanical world,
eager to dive into the smooth cool water of abundant life.

I am young,
I am a woman,
I live in a land where I can choose.

There are disco lights
and magnetic forces
pulling me into The Tunnel--
The Tunnel where everyone goes.

Almost everyone.

It vacuums up mall shoppers
and telemarketers,
executives and bartenders.
It promises clean sheets
and Mickey Mouse vacations,
automatic garage doors
and cell phone communications.
If you choose The Tunnel
you will never have to be cold
or hungry or alone.
There are pills to erase headaches
and drinks to drown heartaches.

There are movies to make you laugh
and cars to move you fast.

If you don't like your face,
surgery will change its shape.
There is no need for God
The Tunnel will keep you safe.

But if you stop believing,
oh! If you stop believing...
The Tunnel will disintegrate
and leave you swimming in a septic tank.

My choice is clear.
I am stepping slowly
into the quiet open land beyond.

There are no roads, no maps, no guides.
There is no insurance coverage, no training school.
Edible vegetation is sparse.



Rain trickles down my back
as I fumble with reeds to make a hat.
Through the mist
I catch a thread of song
and rise to see a band of barefoot sisters
approach with open arms.

With nothing more than faith and grace,
our dance has just begun.

-Kirstin George