

SHARON E. RUSBULDT

It Is Time

He will not go behind his father's saying . . .

—Robert Frost

It is time. This is not my command.
It is simply time.
You have always been just in front of
Or found your own private place
Just off to the foreward side.
It's something those criminals never did—
The ones we drive past in the car so often,
Those taking the afternoon sun
Enclosed outside
By the double and chain linked and barbed wire and gun pointed
Guard towered fence—
They have locked themselves there
Just in front of and off to the side—
They have not gone behind;
they have never
(Also nursery children: it is not ever
Expected till a certain time)
Discovered the orders of orders,
They cannot take command.
All of your life you have been outside.
Now it is time.

BETTY M. DIETSCH

Last Night

I dreamed
my budding self
flexed against its acorn walls
and hurtled
into light.