

**EVE (a double illusion)**

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**