

When my planet  
entrusted me  
with the keys  
to the kosmos

Did wild dogs running  
on enormous haunches  
come to howl  
at the gates  
of my prison?

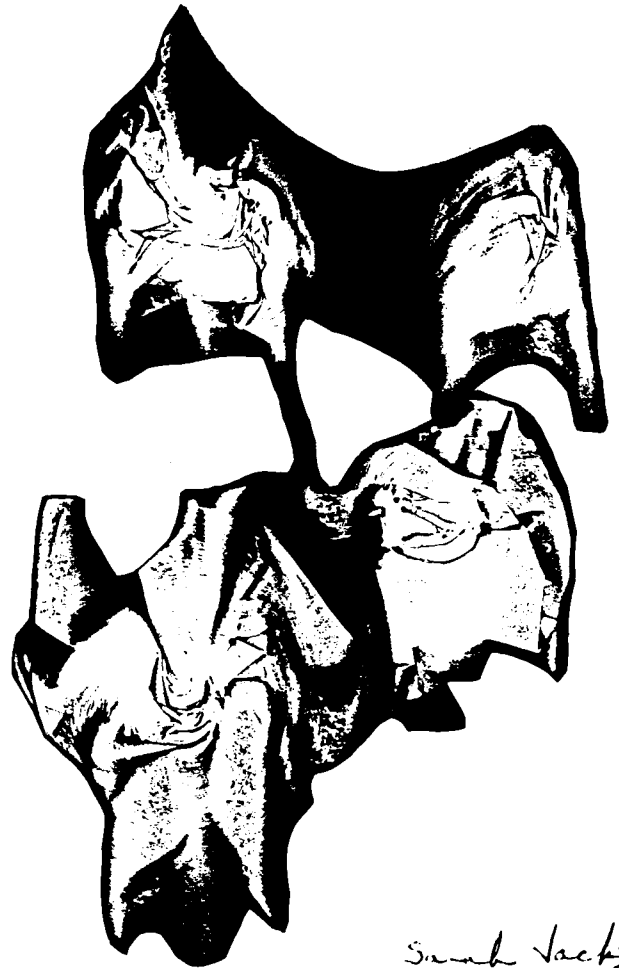
When the universe  
                                  flung me  
her great golden keys:

          jangling  
          & glittering  
          in the bronze air

Did I spring open  
the spiked portcullis

and leap unchained  
amongst generous beasts?

**by Patricia Renée Ewing**



*Smith Jackson 7/*