

DOUBLE WONDER

a Double Abecedarian

Alice, exhausted, falls asleep silently on the river
Bank, dreams the dreams dreaming of us,

Curtseys in the air, falls below to a brilliant elsewhere,
Dreams a world of excess, of marmalade jars,

Ears of a white rabbit, and an outlandish table
Full of elaborate decadence, drinks declaring Drink Me, a

Glass box delicate and screaming Eat Me, and Alice,
Hopeless though she feels, is on a path to the garden

Inside which the future is as unbelievable as a
Jaguar languishing thirsty beside a pool of tears, a

Kerfuffle of animals each swimming alongside her,
Impatient for a story, a high yarn, or talking to the

Mouse with shivering anticipation for anticipation,
Nobody willing to give up their fantastic prize,

Only waiting for the slow reveal of personal history and
Pity for one another and for Alice suddenly big, then small

Questioning the where, the why, the how,
Remembering her past as if it was a great grief

Sadness lost to the before and cleaned in the now,
Thinking with her prize thimble of this new life's

Unseen futures and possibilities, the world expanding
Vivaciously around her, other lives appearing like

Wonder inside her mind, and Alice holds her pen to
X-out all that holds back her peals of laughter,

Young as she is, the future held in her hand
Zigzagging across the world with possibilities and love.

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Zigzagging with love, the possibilities of Alice move the world,
Young as she is, the future is a dream in her hand,

X-ing out the limits of her girlhood, the earth a new
Wonder for her to explore, a pen to write her own story:

Vivacious Alice embraces the wild around her, even
Unseen Cheshire cats and pig babies that run free,

Thinking all the while that what is new is delightful,
Sadness something for those stuck in the past,

Remembering that kindness gets you far except for when the
Queen questions if your head should come off...

Pity, Alice feels, for the Queen and her wards who
Only wait for her death to find their own escape,

Nobody willing to speak up for their freedom, not even
Mouse, the smallest creature, too deep asleep to be

Impatient with any slow progress, any slow day, a
Kerfuffle of time, time a tricky kerfuffle, tricky as a

Jaguar pacing the length of a slippery lagoon
Inside which the future is dream for all of us to dream,

Hopeful for a way to enter the garden, for a better life, a
Glass through which the future appears miraculous and

Full of elaborate decadence and everyone has enough to
Eat, even a white rabbit, and all girls like Alice can

Dream of a world of excess, marmalade jars open,
Curtseys no longer needed except for the pleasure,

Banks of rivers as soft as feather pillows, and
Alice, full of energy, awakens from the dream.