

CATEGORY: POETRY

There are so many little dyings, it doesn't matter, which of them is death.

Kenneth Patchen, poet and novelist

Challenge

A writing challenge to compose a poem,
by invading the skin, of a famous person,
was intriguing, so I jumped in, carpe diem,
told my brain to run, explore, have fun.

I chose Harriet Tubman, for my quest
hoped she would not resist, the intrusion.
I even imaged, Harriet loving a guest,
although, probably, I was being delusional.

Invading Harriet's skin, proved, an order tall,
as at onset, I sickened at the sight of scars, vile,
placed by a slave owner's wife, with heart, small,
who with whip in her hand, had a Devil's smile.

Worse I felt, when I moved to brain mass,
how inadequate, definitely did I feel,
as I recalled, all successes of Harriet's past,
she did so much good, it is unreal;

I tried to visualize, Harriet sleeping in a swamp,
with slaves, she was helping, escape to freedom,
via the Underground Railroad, in black damp,
they laid, until morning light, did come.

Harriet, also known as "Moses," gave to humanity,
so much more: train conductor, Civil War soldier, spy,
nurse, lead the Combahee River Raid, commanding
300 free African soldiers, freedom. all, Harriet did cry.

I began to perspire, felt I might smother,
compared with Harriet, I am so inferior.
All her life, she committed to helping others,
yet, she had not one minute, of feeling superior.

After a while, my heart began to thunder
Like a bullet, I darted, out of Harriet's skin,
dragged morbid history, while weighted under,
with thoughts, of the atrocities of human sins.