

Lavender, a Liberal

by Nonnie Augustine

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Betty, batty from hormones, in a fanciful fit,
named her daughter Lavender. Husband Don winced.
Brothers Donald, John, Billy, and Tom
were puzzled and pleased by this sister, this girl,
who was a little bit like them, yet not like them at all.

Each night and most afternoons Betty told Lavender
stories, sang her songs, opened books full of pictures
where stout hearts bamboozled evildoers that lurked,
and rags became ball gowns glowing with pink.
Poor maids, Auroras, Swan Queens and their ilk
with true lovers, often princes, used cunning and tricks
to free castles from brambles, lift spells, smote the slick.

As happens, Lavender grew grown, moved on and away
from her mother's fine songs to live songs of her own.
She searched for a prince, found several at least,
vanquished evils and weasels, fiercely scolded some trolls,
got caught in the muck, found her footing, soldiered through.
No castles came calling; never mind she made homes.

With mostly good luck, Lavender aged right up to old.
Though her body got cranky, she kept close to her heart
certain fluttery trills and persistent wisps
of fast stallions,
wise wizards,
dances, feasts,
and folks loving loud--
as dead dragons smoldered in heaps on their hills.

