

Alice Invading the Garden

by Emily Sparkles

Muttered nonsense about misplaced importance
floats by my ear as one more gets lost
down the rabbit hole, serving a queen
that will slice off his head. False

bravado encourages me to
drink the right potion and
eat the wrong biscuit,
in attempts to chase the harried.
It's not just curiosity

I'm no new Alice, though I wonder.
I'm Alice returned,
Alice knowing the fate,
Alice angry about the axes
waiting to fall on once-clever fools.

I'm Alice alone at a tea party,
preferring the company of madmen to none,
Alice alone at her tea party,
sniveling into her tea.

I'm Alice invading the garden,
looking for souls among cards,
Alice invading the garden,
bristling to spite the queen.

Rabbits are chasing their tails
in fear and cards are marching in time,
serving a master that leads to disaster,
ignoring the friends on the line.

Alice is tired of being
forgotten and watching them fade from view,
nerves have grown frayed as trust is betrayed
She doesn't know what to do.

