

# It happened

*by* Sheila Luecht

She was a local girl  
living across the street  
her hands and feet were  
bound  
by a tradition she could not meet  
there was cultural collision  
a face that could not shine bright  
in the reflection of her parents love  
in the darkness of the night  
she wandered and worked  
she studied and wrote

She became a murderer  
in all the stages of her life  
she could not seem to succeed  
she was sexual but pressed not  
to be by  
her parents, her religion, by society  
she fought back hard with words and dreams  
writing things  
her feelings, her pressures, her self image

On a lane in a small community, rural  
she hatched her plans  
a baby came  
the father absent  
his use of her done  
she tried to plead and beg  
but nothing she could do was right  
she was fierce  
she was strong  
her words came out all wrong

A Polish kind of dilemma.  
she made the baby, not they made the baby  
they did not  
she was shame  
he was not  
he could chose someone else  
she had the baby  
what else could she do  
she had it at home  
dressed up with hair and make up for the  
christening  
and still the father abandons her love

Later he asserts himself into their lives  
the child older now  
old enough to not want to be with him  
afraid enough but able to communicate  
her wishes  
this mother tries to stop it  
she stands on her head only to have  
all the rules work against her  
again

This bright light who is her child  
is confused, afraid  
they share a room in the family home  
this mother and daughter  
still under the disapproving eye  
of her parents  
still trying to carve out a life  
something, anything

One morning it is all too much  
it is a new school year and things are getting

more and more pressured  
she cannot tolerate it, she becomes insane  
all the angst is there again

So she smothers her sleeping child and  
stands in front of a train  
maternal filicide

