

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

