

PIONEER WOMAN

It comes in my house—uninvited.
I tell it to stop. It does not listen.
There is no peace; I cannot endure
it any longer. Summer is too far away.

There's a constant roar in my ears.
Moaning, shaking, rumbling—it's
Searching for me, never giving up.
Soon the roof will lose its battle.

I have tried to fill every crack,
but it finds more. Snow creeps in,
pursuing me with its cold that even
the fire cannot chase away.

The four walls crush me,
I'm held captive by the wind.
I am eaten by loneliness as
the days turn into months.

"No!" I scream. Still, it does not hear.
It torments my soul. I cannot let it find me.
Where can I hide from this beast?
There is only one escape.

My dreams have come crashing down:

A better life, our own land, freedom,
and riches. Where are the friends,
tea parties, and parasols?