

Name: Joanne Sharp

Poem # 31

Re: Quilt #18

Rousseau's Beasts

The painter's tropical jungle  
opens before me  
like a child's dream,  
simple leaves and stems  
so strong and confident  
in their myriad bright colors.

But chinks of darkness hint  
that if I should part the foliage  
and like Alice, step through,  
I could surprise a woman  
reclining under the trees

guarded by a lion or a tiger  
who might bare their teeth,  
perhaps ask themselves  
what am I doing here?