

David and I sit out on the front porch, drinking cups of tea. I am no longer Harriet May. I am the beginnings of Lola.



Hazel Menehira

BEGUILED

Plump as a pumpkin mouse meandering waist deep
in slender china bluebells, the wild common
was my princess kingdom.

Florabelles handmaids paid homage, ensconced
me in an azure bower where spring winds waltzed
upon my face and dimpled knees.

While bombs and cities fell, I lay beguiled in
sibling bells believing primrose sun shafts charmed
bird flutes would last forever.

Then I grew up you see. But even now, world wise, age weary
my heart will give a sudden rush when an expanse of bluebells
floats into my mind.

