

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Transformations

By Helen Heineman

Sometimes you can transform yourself
With a new dress or hairdo,
A different shade of lipstick.
Even the right scarf can do the job.

But you're still yourself in disguise,
Except when you find
A really good book.

Then, you can wear a lacy pelisse,
And dance a quadrille,
Or lift a quizzing glass,
Directing your faithful valet
To polish your Hessians.

You can march off with the cavalry
Right into the Peninsular war,
Or languish behind in one of the wagons,
A camp follower.

In bad times you might leap under a train,
Or lose yourself among thieving cutthroats
In a sooty London slum.

But you can always recover,
Fall in love again,
With a perfect gentleman
Who kisses you savagely and loves you back,
Despite your lack of fortune and face.

Then, comfortable and cherished
You settle back in your chair,
Today's transformations,
Despite some setbacks,
Once again satisfactory and complete.