

Jenna Cornell

She

All she ever wanted
was to be

Free

from the nicely
decorated box
with linen curtains
and pink stereotypes
society put her in.
To explore the wilderness
of the world
balancing on two wheels
while holding a delicate tea cup
filled with silly imaginary swill
going ninety miles per hour.

Free

to adventure
into the vastness
of her femininity;
abandoning expectations
of dresses and lacquer
of uptight notions
of false pretensions.
Adventure into the expansiveness
of eroticism
of sheer, powerful

raw emotion
catapulted
into heightened ecstasy
while still
maintaining
the nine to five
appearance.

Free

from the confines
from the chains
binding her to that damn box
with its white sofa dressed
in pillows of pastel
sitting on hardwood
romancing the uptight
pleasing the conventional
seducing people into submission.

Free

to escape
through the upstairs window
tearing the linens off their rods
into the clear wide blue
with pinion and plume
updrafts and downdrafts
breaking through the
dusty dank atmosphere
shimmering
in the glorious light
of the sun.

Free

to leave behind
disposable, earthly things
which serve no purpose
only to appease human creation.
Race into the nether land

of the liberated
society is so frightened of.
To travel
into the regions of creativity
locked within her mind
bound through societal demands
that put Suzy Homemaker clothing
on her paper doll form
leading her into the kitchen
for pot roast and gravy
mounds of dishes
littered with leftover
splatters of a meal
never appreciated
but always expected.

Free

from squeezing
into that Good Housekeeping box
with its artificial sweetness
dainty disposition
wrapped in apron
expected kind of life.
Open to nuances
and creations
and fantastic sensations
evading the norm
sailing to uncharted places
seeing brand new faces
away into the freedom
society is terrified of.

Free to be

SHE