

## Dialogue

by Martha Moldt

Where are you going, little girl?

Oh out . . . to net the stars!  
And I will cluster their sparkle around me  
And live there.  
Or I'll catch a meteor  
And for a short time, free, whirled, and dazzled,  
I'll ride the skies!

And what will you do then, young lady?

I'll find myself a romance  
Woven of moonlight, mist, and flower fragrance,  
And wrap it 'round me.  
I'll travel in it  
Through all the exotic, strange, and glittering lands  
I have ever read about.

Will you stay there, young woman?

No, I'll come home,  
Where real people live and my truelove waits  
Just for me.  
And I'll find him,  
And we'll live and work and love together;  
He and I and our children.

And now that you are older

Have you found happily-ever-after?

With weary feet rooted to the earth,  
My meteor in ashes long ago,  
I found that mists dissolve in noonday suns.  
My children . . .

They radiate the star-sparkle I once longed for.  
 But they are only mine to borrow,  
 And my truelove has left me here  
 Alone.

Then what have you left, woman?

I have myself.  
 Stripped of stars and mists and "truelove"  
 I have left to me  
 The skeletal structure  
 Of my wholeness, my integrity, my self-respect;  
 And that is enough to build upon once more.

