

## DEMOTED TO PENINSULA

Karen Kovacik

They say "no man is an island"  
But I say this woman is:

Her house is a box  
Her door has three locks  
She sleeps upon rocks  
She lives by the clocks

UNTIL—  
She loves

THEN  
She'll discard the box and the locks and rocks and clocks  
She'll file her ambitions on the dusty bottom shelf  
She'll bleed upon the carpet (Why, she'll even BE his carpet!)  
She'll swallow all of him till there's no room for herself.

True, she'll grow by giving  
But she'll smother all that's living  
She'll make his thoughts her own and sink the isle of herself.

