

# Prayer of a Novice Rebel

*Kathie Rampton Rockwood*

Don't try to drop little nuggets.  
Please, Sir, I mean.  
Or give me too much of a sign.  
I don't want a sign now —  
Not til aches and rocking chairs  
Have swallowed my soaring soul  
And lobotomized my passions.

Don't throw down a slice of eternity.  
Such knowledge would limit my freedom,  
And above all, now,  
I must shed my limits,  
Leave them limp and dangling  
While I emerge free.  
To feel.  
To be.

Please, Sir, with all respect,  
I don't want to think about you right now.  
Please keep the miracles  
And leave me to flounder  
Guiltless.

I am led by a force I suspect you understand  
(did you plant this perversity in me?)  
Don't I echo your days of godly adolescence  
Eons past,  
Of unshackled life lust,  
Erupting, that has no choice  
But to run its course?  
Please, Sir, still your fire finger,  
Leash your legions.  
I close my eyes.  
I will not hear.  
I can't bear knowing you might care  
And even know my name.  
If I really thought so,  
Nothing would ever be the same.

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