SENTRY By Kate Dahlstedt

I look into your soft eyes as you hold up your tattered shield – to keep me from seeing ...
The Beast fangs dripping...
and you with nowhere to run.

But I am a grown woman. I can only feel your story like a distant mist, a dream I can only glimpse in pieces.

But don't think I can't hear the desperate howl behind your silence, the crashing of your heart on the jungle floor.

It is you I really want to see, even when it hurts.

I know there is safety in the Inside Place, when there is no more *olle olle oxinfree*, and the wound and the growl are deeper than Earth.

I ache to hold your broken heart, and sing and rock and rest. But I know the power of that Inside Place to hide you away forever.

So, I keep vigil outside your door, three feathers in my hair, beating my woman round drum, humming the ancient Warrior Song ... all night long.

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