

## THE REVOLUTION

*where* On a day in this post-9/11 nation,  
~~when~~ our cars are protected  
by sensors and cameras  
and black glass that keeps us safe  
from the sun and each other,  
my daughter-in-law drove me  
and her kids down the main street  
of Felton, California in an SUV  
that wore brand new, long  
eyelashes over its headlights.  
The tinted glass of parked vans  
refused our reflection. A pickup  
with window guards, and cars  
with squinting, watchful headlights  
passed by before we turned  
into the parking lot of the school.  
But on this day of the eyelashes,  
which transformed her SUV  
into a human face, the face  
of a woman, mothers we didn't <sup>recognize</sup> know  
honked their horns, putting up  
their thumbs, and when the black  
glass of the SUV's and the mini-vans  
opened, other moms came out  
with their kids to gather around us  
in intimacy and wonder. "I love them,"  
one woman said, clutching  
her heart and laughing. "Where

Jan 9, 2016

Sure lives changed

+  
→ new stanza  
arrangement =

can I get some?" they all wanted  
to know, the start of a small  
revolution against the hardened  
security of homeland America.