

1.31.16

## THE REVOLUTION

On a day in this post-9/11 nation,  
where 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  
recognize 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,"

*the lashes*  
a one woman said, clutching  
her heart and laughing. "Where  
can I get some?" they all wanted  
to know, the start of a small

ADD: the lashes'  
where can we get a pair, someone else

revolution against the hardened  
security of homeland America.

*woman* "I love  
The lashes," one ~~woman~~, clutching  
her heart and laughing. "Where can  
I get a pair," *some* another/mom asked,  
The start of a small revolution

to free us from the protections  
of homeland security.

*another*  
wanted to be the shy

*revolution 21*  
on bold notes  
just need a pen

3 line  
stanzas  
at  
carduom!