

Ruminations in Wonderland
by Christina Hedding

I take the world and lose it.
I find there is no fate in
crooked men with crooked smiles
or Bluebell and Violet ladies
blooming from dusty day dreams,
as commonplace as the
cracked spines on my shelf.
Alice believed six impossible things
before tea and biscuits,
of disappearing cats,
and cabbages and kings.
But I stumble over
the rabbit hole and into
my fluorescent kitchen.
My coffee still hot,
tripping on my mother's words
be not as a nail,
but as a hammer.