

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## EDITH, A story

1.

An Introduction

This is a story  
That is and isn't  
About Edith  
Edith????

Edith is not a person  
She could be a song  
A piece of music  
Played on a harp

She could be an entire orchestra  
While nominally female  
Edith is neither representative of  
Or a commentary on female-ness

Edith is also neither a critique  
Or an indictment of being male.  
Edith is. Edith is a name.  
That's all. Picked randomly

from a vast library of names  
Edith might or might not be  
Representative of society  
Which society, you ask

Edith is not associated  
Or based on anybody  
Bearing that name  
Living or deceased

Edith is, for my purposes  
An imaginary human  
Into whom the history  
Of humanity has filled her being

2.

Voices

The pain, the anger, the longing  
Is Edith angry? She would have a right  
to be. Part of that history is the influence  
Of Philosophy. That might moderate her response

Or not. Those voices in her head  
Contradict and argue. What does she think  
What is she allowed to think? Who is she  
What is her name? Edna? That's not the same

Start the poem again? No, Adrienne  
The terms are still the same  
Regardless of the name  
Now, Ariadne, I was saying

Voices! I was speaking of voices  
In her head; could they not keep quiet  
Let her rest instead. They demand  
her attention; overriding each other

It reminds her of her mother  
She had problems remembering her name  
It was quite a game; it was how she knew  
If he was doing was in the frame

Parents are like that, she assumes  
Make your hell; whilst of their love undying  
they tell. Wait, did she think that  
Or one of her voices, saying, "You have choices."

"What do you think, Marianne?"

"This is becoming confusing" she cried  
"I seek myself and I am denied!"  
"What is my name, anyway? Has it changed?  
Am I sane or mentally deranged?"

The voices, not all, try to comfort her  
No Hazel. You are mentally sound  
For a woman with voices in her head  
That goes round and round

3.

What is my name?

"Hazel. Who is Hazel; why do you address me thus?"  
Hazel, my dear, is not a person  
While nominally female  
Edith is neither representative of

Or a commentary on female-ness  
Hazel is also neither a critique  
Or an indictment of being male.

Hazel is. Hazel is a name.

That's all. Picked randomly  
from a vast library of names  
Hazel might or might not be  
Representative of society

Which society, you ask

Hazel, like Edith, changes meaning  
If it is misspelled. Minus an 'h' Edith  
Becomes Edit - that would deflect  
From my flight of fancy

Hazel, minus an 'l' is "haze"  
Fog, mist, murk, in which  
Things lurk. "You're describing  
The state of my head," she said

"A headache, I have," said she  
May I retire from this state of infamy?  
Stay out of my head. Begone.  
I'm going to bed - alone!

"Foul beast, begone!  
You wanted to get inside  
my head. Happy now?  
The feeling's not mutual

Begone foul beast, begone!"

Leslie D. Bush  
#tranzglobaltroubadour  
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