

## MEANING'S HOPE

Growing up amid the unkind headlines  
and scorched history books  
under my monsters was a bed  
there I resided  
between monsters and bed  
history monsters deceiving the light  
monsters as metaphors –  
*please, please, the child begged,  
give me kinder words  
ease the past and its shadows.*

Growing up, told that history is a place  
where memory and monsters must dwell  
scraping away at meaning  
too many history monsters  
with monstrous souls  
uttering monstrous lies  
but always the hope  
that the tiniest soul  
imagining meaning  
can slay the monsters.

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