

# Disillusioned

*Vincent Wiseman, O.P.*

We vowed ourselves to him and forgot,  
we drempt ideals on mattresses of needs and wants.  
And he waited  
he would have his gift.  
While we slept, he lept forth a tiger,  
tumbling and wrestling us,  
until we screeched like little girls  
which is what we were.  
We cried and pouted and grew bitter  
as he carried away our dreams  
leaving us naked and puny.  
He stalked back and forth snatching whatever we gripped,  
a pack rat,  
always leaving something for what he took,  
weird little things, like growth and love.  
We huddled together trying to outwit him,  
griping that this was indeed a damnable life.  
If only he would bring back the dreams  
and take away the needs.  
We built our strength on isometrics  
pushing hard against the immovable.  
Always watching for him,  
we would never fall into his clutch  
but kicked and fought  
and never found out  
that those wrestling arms  
were embracing.