Disillusioned

Vincent Wiseman, O.P.

We vowed ourselves to him and forgot,
we dreamed ideals on mattresses of needs and wants.
And he waited
he would have his gift.
While we slept, he leapt 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,
gripping 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.