



ESCAPE
BY SHERRIE CARTER

A thousand parts of me,
Waiting for release
From their own ignorance.
For years they have waited—
 The French artisan
 The English scholar,
 The Native American—
Together, waiting
For me to make them free.

I think of everyone I never knew
And guess how their laughter would sound,
But all I have is pieces of paper
With names, places of birth and deaths,
Dates that never meant anything to anyone,
Except them—
And now me,
The one who will master their escape.