

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

By Carolann Renaud

This Poem was written as I pondered over a picture of the underground tunnels of Cappadocia in Turkey, and considered the miles of underground tunnels in Vietnam.

How many feet have traveled here? How many eyes have seen?

How many hands have touched these walls?

How many years have been?

What whispers would I understand? If I could only hear.

Memories of this underground. Sung into my ear.

Looking at this photo, the questions in my mind

Could build a hundred cities - to last thru all of time.

What else can I imagine; Just for looking here?

Around the corner something new would suddenly appear.

It's like a God honest truth, that starts out pure and plain.

Yet, seems to grow and change its shape with every passing rain.

How many tourists come to see and leave with sense of awe?

What imaginary scape they've built? Sure to give them pause.

History speaks what it knows, and thereon builds the frame.

But eyes that linger on the site, make a world that's not the same.

It wouldn't matter that the "matter", In my
mind was here or no

Our imagination is most often where we
like to go.

Imagination's gift to us, plays upon our
sight;

Giving brilliant color to what is black and
white.

I myself seem colorblind; some say I'm one
who lacks

But I am just the " Mam "- who is sticking to
the facts