

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 45
Number 1 *Fall 2022*

Article 34

Fall 12-1-2022

Snippets from My Autobiography

Wilda Morris
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Morris, Wilda (2022) "Snippets from My Autobiography," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 45: No. 1, Article 34.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol45/iss1/34>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Snippets from My Autobiography
with a line from Kristin Alberts*

Wilda Morris

I am six.

The wind is my hairbrush;
the sun, my jacket; cool ground
under evergreens, my summer home.

I am eight.

Nothing can untangle the bleak braid
of memory; fear is the blanket
on my shoulders. In dreams
I inhabit a burning house
from which I cannot escape.

I am nineteen.

I comb through textbooks,
arrange facts. Hope is my shawl.
With no date on Saturday night,
my dorm room spells loneliness.

I am twenty-four.

A white veil hides my face and hair.
Expectation flows like my gown
from my shoulders to my feet
in their satin high-heel shoes.
The groom at the altar becomes my home.

I am thirty five,

mothering five active adopted children.
Sometimes I pull out my hair as I try
to provide them a peaceful, loving home.

I am seventy-two.

The wind again is my hairbrush.
The sunset painting the bay
is my lavender sweater; memory,
a bird singing in the cedars.
I carry pebbles in my pocket.
Among woods and wildflowers I am home.

*The italicized line is from Kristin Alberts, "My Song of Self," in *Where Water Might Be Blue: Poems* (Ellison Bay, Wisconsin, Wm Caxton Ltd, 2006), p. 5.