

Savages, Serpents and Settlers

Oh my child, what have we done?
I should never have agreed to this.
You're only eighteen and we packed
you onto a sloop with three savages,
nearly naked in their uncouth garb.
I saw you shudder at the sight of them.
Thy Christopher sent three white men
to protect you, but they're his burly,
carpenter friends, nomadic in spirit.
I whisper this, they're from lowly
Staten Island. How will you tend your
umentionables, now that you're a
woman? How in the Lord's name
will you sail seventy miles up the
Hudson's surge into the serpent-
filled wilderness? Can you ever
forgive me? Will I ever see you again?

Donna Reis

