

Loretta the Ineluctable

We've had several conversations
me and Loretta.
She's a southern gal
talks with a Georgia accent
thinks she owns the place.
Yesterday I caught her
three feet across the path eight feet above my head.
I caught her red-handed
pirouetting gracefully
tendrils curling and twisting.

Oh, she's pretty alright
the vixen
heading towards the drain pipe
looking to scale my siding towards the roof.
"Not today, Loretta!"
I was quick.
Tied her back tight
right along the fence.
Oh, yes she's gorgeous
with those pink and purple ruffled and layered
crinolines she prances around in all summer.
Endearing. Exotic!

But she's the devil incarnate
slyly weaving underground
she can make fifteen feet in a day
spreads faster than measles.
Sure, sure Loretta's plump green babies
those tiny ovoids of succulent fruit --
might be a delicious delicacy,
but Loretta's a passion vine straight out of Deliverance.

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