

Quatrain Experiments

Disconnected

Someone is missing

Someone is a missing link
from a chain of possible events.
A woman I think.

She's not on Facebook Twitter A Google map

She has no GPS No cell phone
No land line to trace residence.
She probably lives alone.

She might have dropped out of school
leaving no forwarding address.

She may have moved out of state
leaving her home life a mess.

She has no debit or credit cards.

No Iphone Ipad Ipad
Her "I" is missing.

She reveals no Mom or Dad.

No government check. A false name?

Social security card a fraud?

Has she accomplished anything
anyone would applaud?

She's not in an institution Or in a hospital

Too sane to be caged. Too young for Medicare.

If we were to look for her

She could be almost anywhere.

No paper trails to guide us. No pieced puzzles

to her authentic self

No electronic detectors No Internet

No computer on her shelf

We don't know her livelihood

Does she still exist?

Is she paid under the table

living by hand or fist?

She could conceal by identity theft
 might not register to vote Or drive
 join no organizations Hold no memberships
She has her own rules to survive.

No numbers follow her No records of prescriptions
No resumes Applications No evidence of addictions
No incarcerations No expressed convictions
No mug shots Blogs Websites No visual depictions.

No MRI No mammogram No Cat-Scan No x-ray
Nothing to invade inside
 We do not know if she is o.k.
Her blood remains undrawn

What does she think? Or feel?
 Street smart? In the know?
Does she check lost and found?
 Stash her cash Or let it flow?

To be unknown is preposterous—
the stereotypical “she” anonymous.
 Shielded by burka Or wrapped in a shroud
 an alien stranger In a crowd

No one to look out for her
No one to look for her
No one is looking at her
No one looks for her

Perhaps she is a Luddite
 or captive in a cult
Perhaps she makes her own choices
 whether or not an adult

No video No DVD No photographs.
No celebrations No testimonies
No test results No tapes or polygraphs
No certificates Or ceremonies

No donations No receipts No documents
No legal birth certificate No passport
 Nothing that truly identifies An Amish doll
erased pencil lead smudged ink Nothing to report.

What is her occupation
 What prompts her participation
 Does she have a preoccupation
 Passion or dream vocation?

She had no “real” numbers. No label.
 No voice in public affairs
Left or right leanings? Balanced in the center?
Experienced racial or gender discrimination? Does she care?

She espouses no known causes
 who or what she loves Unknown
She’s a silhouette or shadow In a fogbow
 We do not even know if she’s alone.

Does she seek peace and love? Find companionship within?
Does her auric signature resonate? Is her carbon footprint–light?
Does she walk harmoniously Or aimlessly journey with darkened spirit?
Is she yearning for discovery? Is she powerless with fright?

If clarity communication completion interface
 could we bring her back?
But she might not be in that higher place
 her positive vibes might be off track

No DNA chemical blueprint Or external fingerprint
 Has she denied our oneness? She shows no appearance in herstory
They anticipate she wants to be in hiding Is the necklace broken?
 They suspect she might be me.

Updated, gender-bending version of *The Unknown Citizen* by W.H. Auden

Quatrain Experiments:

1. Quatrains are four-lined stanzas. Rhymed or unrhymed. May be combined.
2. Rhymed patterns a-a-b-b a-b-a-b a-b-b-a x-a-x-a a-b-c-b etc.
3. Quatrains can have syllable counts and metrics...or not.
4. In this poem I played with indenting and spacing to give feel of disconnection.
 Mostly a-b-ab rhyme. No metric or syllabic pattern.
5. Create your own experiments to suit the poem you want to write.