

# Alice Invading the Garden

*by Emily Sparkles*

Muttered nonsense about misplaced importance  
floats by my ear as one more gets lost  
down the rabbit hole, serving a queen  
that will slice off his head. False

    bravado encourages me to  
drink the right potion and  
eat the wrong biscuit,  
in attempts to chase the harried.  
It's not just curiosity

    I'm no new Alice, though I wonder.  
I'm Alice returned,  
Alice knowing the fate,  
Alice angry about the axes  
    waiting to fall on once-clever fools.

I'm Alice alone at a tea party,  
preferring the company of madmen to none,  
Alice alone at her tea party,  
sniveling into her tea.

    I'm Alice invading the garden,  
looking for souls among cards,  
Alice invading the garden,  
bristling to spite the queen.

    Rabbits are chasing their tails  
in fear and cards are marching in time,  
serving a master that leads to disaster,  
ignoring the friends on the line.

    Alice is tired of being  
forgotten and watching them fade from view,  
nerves have grown frayed as trust is betrayed  
    She doesn't know what to do.

