

To the Mad Hatter →

You are known by your signature top hat,
And known as well,
for always shrinking behind it,
when your enemies come near.
But when your savior appears,
wearing ramshackle garments,
sticking out like a lost rabbit carrying a watch,
the near sanity of your mind works overtime,
with mercurial speed,
to help save your land.

Frankly, you are outlandish, a lovable kook.
You make no sense, or little, or too much,
and your rant is a hypnotic mind game, one continuous riddle.
Tea and cookies are dinner,
cats are phantom appearances,
soldiers are playing cards,
a patch of flowers a sassy choir...
and these are your *friends*.

So please do not take offense, Mr. Hatter, when I inquire
Is it not extremely hard to live the way you do?
I mean, well you would have to be, mad!

And, when I, with all due respect,
ask *Don't you ever yearn to escape?*
I mean, if you were given the chance,
would you, seize the opportunity,

Paige

*no matter how small—
a mere rabbit hole perhaps—
to free yourself from
the constant fear,
the wrath of the queen,
a broken heart?*