

Diane Webster

Get Away With Anything

Secretly people envy her
as they cross the street
to avoid her guitar
and the one song she bellows
out to God
like an ancient rainmaker
blasting cannon fire
into gloomy clouds.
She used to wear underpants shorts
and a cowboy hat and ride a mo-ped
selling socks to people
weary of her stories,
startled out of the crosswalk
by maniacal curses
because you got in her way
as she blasted down the street.
All learned her car when she
graduated to green bullet
with crosshairs
on the windshield for walkers and cars.
Now she strolls sidewalks,
meanders lake trails,
cuts in front of the parade
and glows in the attention and forgiveness
crazy people are afforded;
other people wish they could get away with.

Diane Webster's goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life or nature or an overheard phrase and to write from her perspective at the moment. Many nights she falls asleep juggling images to fit into a poem. Her work has appeared in *Philadelphia Poets*, *Illya's Honey*, *River Poets Journal* and other literary magazines.