

Laura Ntoumanis

FOLIE À PLUSIEURS

Dear Mama,

It has only been a few months since I left, and I miss you.

Your strong arms, spread eagle-like,
engulfing me in your powerful embrace.

Red, white, blue
eyes watching.

Protecting.

Warmth, safety, comfort – home.

I do hope I will be able to return again, soon.

Love,

Your Little Bird

Dear Mom,

We move about each day through dizzying clouds
of uncertainty.

Our plans are dust.

Will we be?

I see you there, defiant.

I know.

You think you are safe.

Invincible.

We weren't.

Careful, please.

Love,

Birdie

Dear Mother,

Did you see on the news? You should pay attention.

Did you see? How quickly they go.

Just gone.

Hubris can't save you.

Are you listening? Think. Think.

Did you see? Blindness. Deafness.

Hear them cry.

They can't breathe. Not a single one.

Begging. Pleading.

Do something. Now.

Love,

Daughter

Dear Mother-land,

I don't even know who you are anymore.

Please. *Please.*

Define freedom.

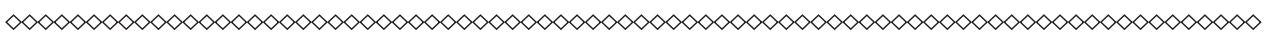
It has nothing to do with a fucking mask.

Honestly, you just don't get it. Did you ever?

Never.

So now

we measure our dead in pages.



Laura Ntoumanis is an M.A. student at the University of Muenster (WWU) in the National and Transnational Studies program. For her thesis she is reframing Robert Darnton's Communications Circuit in order to study the agents and influences impacting the Cherokee Phoenix newspaper of 1828. She hopes to pursue further research into methods and theories for studying the intersection of Western and Native American book history. She is the co-editor-in-chief and co-founder of the yearly student journal *Satura* at the English Department of WWU, which is in its third volume. Her love of all things book studies led her to join three friends in the production of the bookish podcast, *Biblio Banter*.