

She spoke ...

Not with words,
Not a glance or turn of head.
Motionless,
Barely a visible breath.

She sat.

On that low stool.
Her left toe ... a ballarina ... on pointe.
Her hands, folded.
Back erect.
Arms ... draped,
Framed her breasts.
A modern-day Vermeer.

As all near, gazed.
Yet nothing of her drew focus.