

SHE STOOD THERE

She stepped forward,
shyly, a pained frown on her face.

She confessed that, thus far, her life had been a disgrace.
That she'd had no choice, or so she believed,
for from the moment she'd been conceived
abuse in the womb, much more beyond
before coming of age, left on her own
she opened her arms, and legs, to any man who came along
with sufficient cash to pay for her "song."

You see, a singer she was ... or hoped to become.

Year after year, climbing mountains of shame and fear,
she'd grown hard, and cold, too distant to see
there could be anything other than what she'd learned there to be.

So, she stood there ... resigned
with at least these things in hand

in the mornings, hot food
at night, an unshared bed
she no longer had to pretend that she cared
about the figure who laid there,
including herself.

Prison, a refuge, now defined her shame
but saved her from having to play the same old game,
yet again ...

she was learning to live with her head held high.