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## She Stands

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## She Stands

### I

*She stands  
On the corner  
Holds out her hands -  
Chapped and raw  
Watches the taxis  
Sputter  
Down the road.  
The laughing ladies  
With Bloomie bags  
Waltz by,  
Jingling their  
Tiffany's tune.  
She ain't asking  
For nothin'  
That ain't her  
Right.  
She'd be content  
If Somebody,  
Some warm, human,  
Living body  
Would give a damn  
And look her in the  
Eye*

### II

*She stands  
On top of the  
World  
Looks with  
Tender eyes  
Upon the wilting  
Subjects  
Who fight for the  
Right  
To worship  
At her feet.  
She smiles  
With plastic lips  
And stares  
Through glass eyes,  
And she knows  
That if she smiles  
Long enough  
And tilts her head  
Just this way  
Enough,  
Know one  
No one  
Absolutely NO ONE  
Will ever see  
Through the glass eyes  
To the shattered  
Soul  
To the blood  
That drips  
In tick-tock fashion  
From the hollow  
Cavity  
Where her heart  
Used to live  
And breathe  
And BE.*

### III

*She stands  
At River's edge  
Frozen in the  
Crossfire  
Of Eternal Isolation  
And Immanent  
Transcendence -  
A teardrop in  
Time's river  
A shattered crystal  
Of ice  
A formless lump  
Of clay  
A frantic swirl of  
Atoms and molecules  
Whose energy is  
Sputtered and  
spattered  
And spent.  
She stands  
At River's edge  
Lifts her hands  
To a purple  
Blood-stained sky -  
A dove in flight,  
A rush of light -  
And she lunges  
Forward,  
Embracing the  
Water of the Womb -  
Born again.  
Alleluiah.  
Alleluiah.  
Amen.*

Amy Joyner  
WC '91