

N. T. Chambers

Woman of Dust/Woman of Tears

Time moves tediously on
spreading vanished
dreams and imperfect loves
indiscriminately
among the finely ground
ashes of her soul
and desiccated flower of youth.

Once intoxicatingly
beautiful, lush and vibrant
now charmless
devoid of all joy –
that elusive thread
thoroughly unwoven
from the fabric of her varied lives:
wife, mother - lover of men
sources all
of endless disappointment
unworthy of the prize
so incapable of being given –
herself – being someone
vulnerable
wary
hidden -
mirrored only
in virtual rooms -
too shy to risk
becoming real again,
too frightened

to chance being touched
too ethereal to be loved
by any mortal man
of flesh
of hope
of fears.

She sighs
embracing once more
intimate solitude -
an old dance partner -
who hovers
mutely
unquestioningly
and dispassionately -
but blankets her soul
shrouding the heart -
wistfully imitating life.