Boudiccea

Faith and the Muse

It's the impossibility of Womanhood that vexes me.
The child bride symbol
The ability to read eyes and minds -
Curves more fluid than desert waves,
The tiny bones of the wrist,
The organic movement to paint the lips.
But the heart
A woman's heart
Much older than the hollow'd trees.
I am the Queen who fell upon her sword,
My servants and descendants each took their turn a glorious wave.
But anger is such energy, beautiful if controlled,
A slow simmer, the sharpening of teeth.
But the heart
A woman's heart
Has the patience of the black, black sea.
Our hands are tied.
Our voices mute.
Such was our fate when they cut off our head.
Little sisters You seem so estranged.
Some may dress and act the glamour'd part but they'll never have
A woman's heart
A woman's heart
Burns deadlier than the sleeping beast.
Hang your head in shame
Every time you break another woman's heart.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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