

a woman on the corner

a woman
on the corner
sat
hair matted
shivering
hugging herself close
I asked
what was she doing
and she answered
trying to hold
herself
together
and doing a damn fine job too
because all her particles were present now as at birth
and none of them
not one
had been lost
spinning off into the atmosphere
and while I wasn't sure I understood her
she was difficult
to argue with

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