

Who is that woman?
Standing in church
While people joyfully sing
She clutches the pew with desperate white-knuckled grip.
The torrent of music billows around her,
Jostles and swirls, buffets and shoves,
Threatens to knock her off her feet.
She tries to catch a familiar note as it sweeps by.
Too slow.
Too late.
Defeated, exhausted, she sinks to her seat.

*She used to sing in the choir, now she doesn't
even open her mouth.*

Who is that woman?
Threads of conversation lace across the dinner table,
Weaving a tapestry of life,
But the words jumble together, incomprehensible,
And the threads unravel to a tangle inside her head.
In lonely isolation, she pushes the food around her plate,
Hoping that some morsel will adhere to the fork
And survive the treacherous transition to her mouth.

I guess she's not hungry. She's hardly eaten a
thing.

Who is that woman?
That strange, broken woman?

That
Woman
Is
Me

L Tagg