
Woman Alive

By Kim Falone

From *Opening Again: Poems and Parables of Transformation*

One spring day
Early in the morning
In the middle of her life
She knew it was time

She opened the front door
With a great deal of fear
A lifetime ago
She had been stoned
And then burned
For the very thing
She was about to do

She stepped out on her front porch
With no clothing or covering of any kind
Sat down on the cool stones
And opened her legs
Revealing the center point
Of earthly pleasure
And the power source of all new birth

As she warmed herself
In the rising sun
Her throat opened as well
And the tone she sounded
Was deep, dark, ancient
And true

People began to pass by
Many never noticed her
Nor could they hear her voice
Their eyes were focused
On their own roads
Others shouted at her
Shaming, degrading, accusing
Threatening to destroy
But she kept her rage in front of her
Her grief alive inside her
And none of them came near

Others were called - drawn to her
They heard her sound from across town
When they saw her sitting there
So open and so brave
They smiled so deeply
Their faces were changed forever

At the end of the day
She was still alive
She stood then in the moonlight
Tears streaming from her eyes
Moistening, strengthening
Her breasts, her belly, her feet

Stronger now
And safe enough
She opened her arms
Her heart wide
She became
A living, breathing prayer

(See Kim Falone's bio at the end of her poem *And She Rises*, page 50.)