

A WOMAN

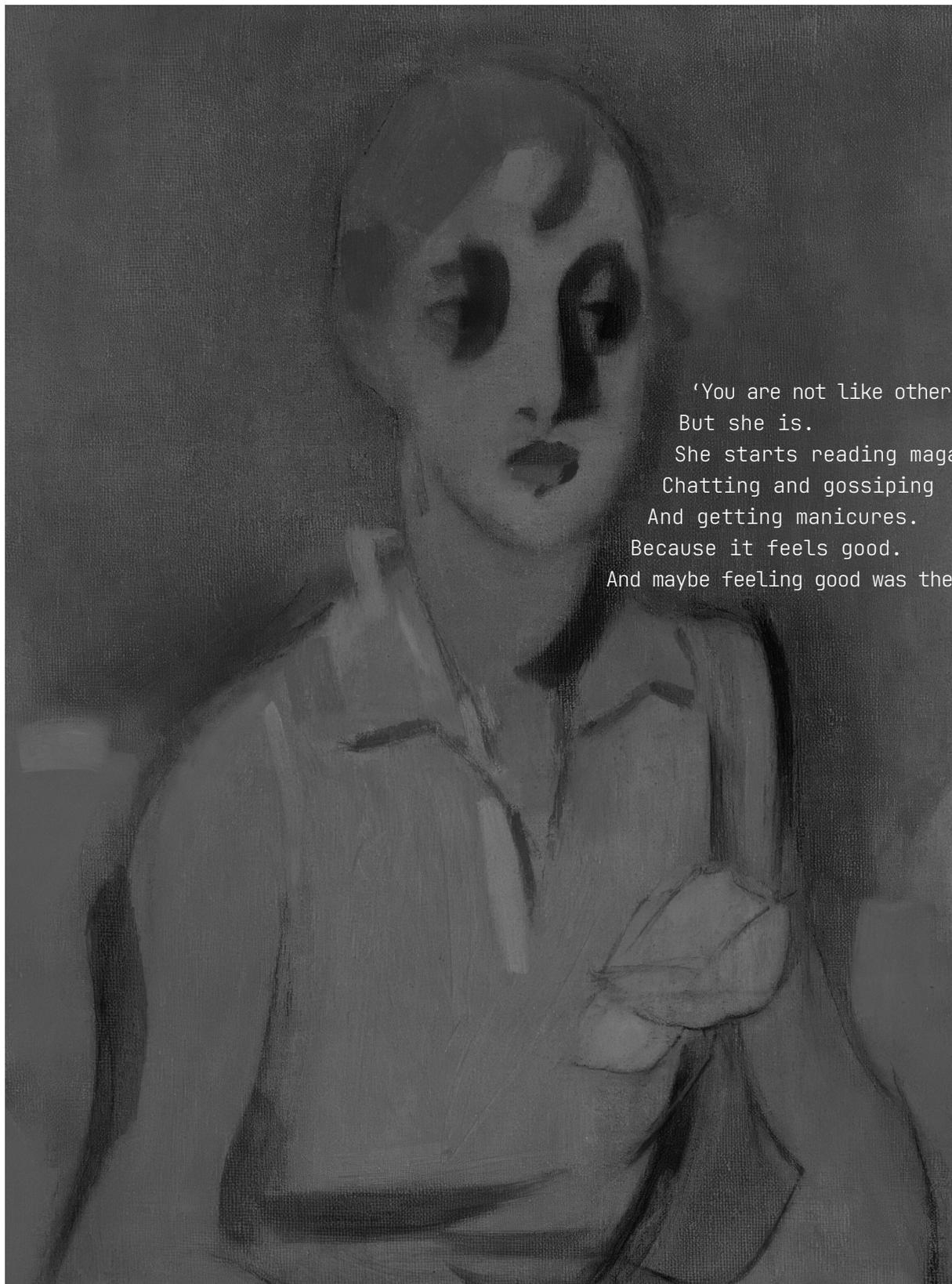
by C LEDOYEN

A strange fruit from the forest
Rooted in vicious wrath
A woman
A little thing made of clay
Sensitive and filled
Of imagined hearsays.
Trapped in her mind
She believes the others
Own the key.

Strange creature once crafted by gods
And yet, in the myths – she finds no answers.
'Did you know that there are people, who can read in the
lines of your hands?'
Quacks and lies!
Only women can believe in such things!

It's Sophie's world
But she may not speak in here
Sophie is a muse, Sophie is inspiration
Thinking doesn't make you pretty.
Thinking won't make you happy.
From history to medicine
A world engraved and shaped.
Women can only read
All those man-ifests written long ago.

She drinks the blood of heroes for strength,
She makes predictions
From the entrails of warriors.
Trapped in the perceptions of others
She still finds no answer.



'You are not like other girls!
But she is.
She starts reading maga
Chatting and gossiping
And getting manicures.
Because it feels good.
And maybe feeling good was the answer.