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The Power of Sorrow

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The Power of Sorrow

Sorrow stood there in human form

holding her timeworn handbag to her side,
wearing her tall black boots,
draping her curled hair low on the nape of her neck,

a simple girl with a common face
standing absentmindedly in front of

me sitting in the backseat of a crowded
city bus. I stubbornly watched the
sorrow in her.

It didn't mean she was crying,
nor that her face betrayed a serious problem,
nor that she looked so tired, not at all.

I found the power of sorrow in a simple girl
in nicely fitted clothes, well-matched to the early winter weather,
showing a little fatigue, appropriate to the time of the evening,
blended inside a bus trafficking some unknown parts of the city.

Sorrow was slowly raising her hands,
taking a man to her bosom warmly,
unsheathing and giving her breast to her baby.