The Power of Sorrow

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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.
not 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.