

Beneath the Seed

Laura Salwet

A woman is beautiful in her suffering.

She stays there awhile so everyone can see:
that when her son is killed,
or when the vaccines run out and a pink dress is left to dry on the line
alone,
that she is no longer happy, but just so, just so;

She pauses like a statue in her alabaster garden so everyone can see:
that life has not moved on
from nights of sweaty screams,
and broken sleep,
and a photograph crumpled
from the wear of a pathetic grip

A woman is beautiful in her suffering.

She anchors her joy to the bottom of rocks.
Her passion is diverted by duty.
Pushing through time
she hangs the laundry again
And her heart, untapped, becomes Jesus.

Her swollen morning eyes are firm
Wrinkles play hide
Wrinkles that time again will seek and carve again into the gorgeous face
sink

In her attempt to escape the climate of control
She creates worlds of rain and thunder
A microclimate incited not but what she doesn't have
but why she doesn't
on the inside.

A body that has never known a hammock
Has never completely trusted
Gravity is always a threat
Falling is inevitable.

I swang on that hammock.

We have been cheated by a lack of ceremony.
A salad of events determines nothing
But an arrow of tradition
Achieves everything
bella
No llores.

Her eloquent silence speaks of love yet made
Her strong arms of future battles
Her knuckled hands of past victories
Or defeats that prefer not to show.