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Four Women

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Four Women

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Four women who are
Linked, not by choice
Joined by softness, strength,
an inner power
Crashing on the sands

One, whose strength is
seen by everyone
But the whispers are afraid
and offended by it.
A conviction that grows
stronger everyday
Yet admirable, and beautiful
Rolling, moving, thundering
And the shore is made aware
Stronger everyday,
Admirable and beautiful.

Her secret is hidden
Her secret is hidden and
Subject to the ridicule of those
who say "lower your hand."
Her waters have been silenced
on the surface, but her waves
are quiet and dangerous
And will surely erupt.

What belongs to her?
I don't know.
Sitting on the waters and
cautiously waiting to jump in.
Unsure, yet somehow ready.
And they wait...
And they wait...

What is her secret?
So ready, yet afraid
Of the differences...
What will they say?
No one knows her secret
Wants to dive in
Wants to be swallowed up
Wants to shout and scream

Women
Women who are
Linked, not by choice
Joined by strength
An inner power
Crashing on the sands
Waiting to be heard
Are they listening?