

She is Different

She is different,
bare footed in a booted crowd.
She wears flowing skirts
in a straight suited paradigm.

I saw her again yesterday.
Her gossamer scarf
played with the wind.
She walked. I imagined.

In a vegetarian world
She is a can of Spam.
On a stage of theocracy
her part is heresy.

In a play thing
of square pegs
and round holes
she is the oval one.

She is consistent.
She does her bit
by never being
the one that fits.

But she expects
respect for diligence
and dedication
to her undiluted truth.

Her neck stretches tight
to push her head high.
Her shoulders are wide
with pride and strength.

She stands lean and tall,
a statement of being,
as if she is one finger raised
in the middle of a fist.

Hers is a designer life,
with spirit immaculate,
conceived and constructed
by individual conception.

I watch from a distance
and smile at her style
of dress and addressing
the rest of the world.

No one else notices.
Perhaps she is an object
of imagination, stimulation
or per chance,

just my projection.