

She Rose From the Weeds

by Nonnie Augustine

you drove by the woman standing on the verge
the woman with the shoulders of a long distance swimmer
and you told yourself her story:
she'd slept in the wiregrass
she carries nothing in her hands
she's slipped out of her life
she will take any lift offered
she doesn't want your attention

after you drove by the woman standing on a verge
the woman with tangled blonde hair and a straight back
you told yourself your story:
you slept where you landed
you slipped out of your life
you stopped choosing
you were attended to, made safe,
you know what almost happened.

