

# 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.

