

A Woman

When chaos swirls and blames you as its nexus,
Stay cool, my dear, they've not a clue,
Stand strong in yourself when doubt tries to perplex us,
And give their doubts no thought or two.

Line after line, the queue won't shorten,
But goddess-like, you smile through woes,
Ignore those lies that rumors often
Sprout up, and never wrinkle your clothes.

With lofty dreams, don't let sleep be your heist,
Mull over thoughts, but don't make them your jail,
Triumph and Disaster, both rolled in the dice,
See them just as tales to regale.

Watch your truths spun, a circus by clowns,
When your life's work is cracked, it's a test,
Bend down, rebuild your shattered crowns,
Till all your tools have earned their rest.

Gather your wins, a treasure pile grown,
Gamble on the whimsy of a latte's swirl,
Lose it, start over, with no groan,
Your secret fails; let no one unfurl.

Force heart and nerve to dance to your beat,
Even when their jazz has lost its sound,
Hold the fort when you've lost the will's heat,
"Keep grooving!" says that persistent pound.

Chitchat with people, hold onto your sass,
Meet VIPs but don't lose your ground,
Let lovers and enemies all take a pass,
Matters not if by the plenty or pound.

Sprint through life's minutes, each unforgiving tick,
With zest enough for a marathon run,
The galaxy's yours, with all its magic,
Remember—woman, you're second to none!

By Michele Kemp