Women of Stone

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Abstract

tired woman knelt like a stone in prayer or in death she even could have been a statue before
a real statue of some saint or martyr while screaming children of the city and the buses outside
sent echoes through the air which carried a weary scent of melted wax and freshly picked altar
flowers...
women of stone

—joseph c. desy

tired woman
knelt like a stone
in prayer or in death
she even
could have been a statue
before a real statue
of some saint or martyr
while screaming children
of the city and
the buses outside sent
echoes through the air
which carried a weary
scent of melted wax and
freshly picked altar
flowers
and old women perspiring
in prayer who come in
from the sun-baked streets
and take no notice
of themselves
but only the freshly picked
flowers