

She is a woman

By Adam Smith

she's the howl at the moon, they say: that tickle-chill of dawn air
running its fingers through your dew-damp hair and
the birdsong scarf around your neck, hung without a care.

she's electricity within the storm, they say: that burst and blur of light
that hangs on the cloud cover like a shimmering kite and
rustles, wraps, rolls left and right through the rain just before the gasp of night.

she's the petrichor of puddles, they say: that momentary, musical treat
that tiptoes on your tongue like whispered words, still sweet, and
hangs cautiously like young lovers' hands long before they meet.

she's the last light of day, they say: that murmur of magnificent hue
that is every smile, every dance, every life born anew and
every secret we shudder to speak and long to learn before we're through.

she's just a girl, they say: the petals and leaves of spring in their painted pink
that pastel-shades our promise of hopes and dreams as we sink and
swirl into our summer and, in the time it takes to blink:

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