

she folds the pages of her life
innocently fingering her childhood
sticking at the thought of the man
who fingered her

tucking herself away as a teenager
emerging as a butterfly
in her tenacious twenties
blooming as a mother in her thirties
what should have been her prime

but her insanity was hidden away
angry words and tortured body
made to look fresh and beautiful
in the flowery poetry of her forties

Jo Beth Gray