

Carolyn Wagner

HER SPACE

Her space is virtually non-existent,

What she has is shared.

She owns nothing.

She has no room of her own.

But her space is herself,

Her mind and body.

She can think what she pleases.

No one can enter and take away her thoughts,

That is why a smile lights up her face.

She has hidden riches,

She has her space.

TRAPPED

Out of the corners of his eyes

He sneers at her misshapen form

Out of the innermost depth of her soul

Venus tries to arise but is trapped

by his enveloping scorn

She cowers behind her compulsion

