

## Another Woman

Another woman  
would keep her mouth shut,  
not spout fervent beliefs  
like a speaker on a soapbox.

Another woman  
would have chosen  
equity over experience,  
settling down or  
just plain settling.

Another woman  
would have stayed the course,  
refusing distraction and  
the pangs of the heart  
that lead to upheaval.

Another woman  
would not vacillate hearing  
the voices that preach security and  
the voices that harp on ideals.

Another woman  
would not succumb to worry,  
knowing that it never helps  
and only constricts.

Another woman  
would revel in her children's independence  
instead of mourning  
their day-to-day absence in her life.

Another woman  
would live in gratitude every moment  
for her sojourn on this gorgeous planet  
and not slip into the mundane  
routine of forgetting.

But I am not  
another woman.  
I am this woman,  
led by my heart and  
pulled by conflicting voices,

a woman who  
worries,  
mourns,  
forgets.

I am this woman,  
this aging, outspoken, heart-stirred,  
frightened and sometimes grateful woman,  
This woman,  
with this particular life  
and not another.