

## Woman, Waiting

A timed exercise

by Fran Duffield

Paused, shrouded  
motionless, forever  
waiting,  
the woman  
with the thousand shadows  
not knowing even  
what she waits for

perhaps  
for an ending,  
the tight binding  
to unravel,  
the air to cool,  
the salt spray to heal  
the sore striated  
soft flesh of her,  
the sea to sway  
her back  
to her own self

for the marble  
that her master  
made of her  
to crumble to  
crystalline dust,  
for him to petrify,  
to become obsidian  
under her seagreen gaze,  
her raised hand  
as delicate  
as mother-of-pearl