

WILD WOMEN
by Rhett DeVane

Wild women sometimes get the blues,
the grays, and darker hues.
But they know sugary pastels
and cheery colors always
lie beneath the cloud
And have the patience to wait.

Wild women live in bodies that
bear the signs of use and abuse.
Hair touched with silver, lines carved
by laughter and sorrow.
Eyes that see with a little help.
Beneath, the ageless souls of children
and limitless spirits untainted by the
passage of time.

Wild women sense each other.
A twinkle in the eye, laughter that comes easily.
A good story forged of fact and a pinch of fiction.
A silent inner knowing.
Instant kinship of fellow adventurers.

Wild women can give a bear hug,
a shoulder to catch tears, a pat on the back.
They can talk with abandon
or sit in silent companionship.
Packs of angels hover nearby just to enjoy the show.

When a wild woman leaves for the other side,
she flies to guard others left behind.
A female child, a sweetheart,
loose from restraint and regulation
Going beyond normal and conventional bounds.