

ONE WOMAN TO ALL WOMEN

I DON'T care whether I am beautiful to you

You other women.

Nothing of me that you see is my own;

A man balances, bone unto bone

Balances, everything thrown

In the scale, you other women.

You may look and say to yourselves, I do

Not show like the rest.

My face may not please you, nor my stature; yet

if you knew

How happy I am, how my heart in the wind rings

true

Like a bell that is chiming, each stroke as a stroke

falls due,

You other women:

You would draw your mirror towards you, you

would wish

To be different.

There's the beauty you cannot see, myself and

him

Balanced in glorious equilibrium,

The swinging beauty of equilibrium,

You other women.

There's this other beauty, the way of the stars

You straggling women.

If you knew how I swerve in peace, in the equi-  
poise

With the man, if you knew how my flesh enjoys  
The swinging bliss no shattering ever destroys

You other women:

You would envy me, you would think me wonder-  
ful

Beyond compare;

You would weep to be lapsing on such harmony  
As carries me, you would wonder aloud that he  
Who is so strange should correspond with me

Everywhere.

You see he is different, he is dangerous,

Without pity or love.

And yet how his separate being liberates me

And gives me peace! You cannot see

How the stars are moving in surety

Exquisite, high above.

We move without knowing, we sleep, and we

travel on,

You other women.

And this is beauty to me, to be lifted and gone

In a motion human inhuman, two and one

Encompassed, and many reduced to none,

You other women.

KENSINGTON