Women
Misty Clark

Sometimes they pose as statues
with their curved, marble arms
raised in supplication
to a god long-dead.
Sometimes, if yellow sunlight caresses them
just so, they rejuvenate
into warm-blooded humans.
They articulate in sighs and laughter
the peculiar pain of being real.
Sometimes at night,
when the moon resembles chalk dust,
they devolve into scavenger hunters.
They shuffle close along the dirt,
gleaning warmth from the darkness.

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