

## 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.