



Today, Another Woman Died

Today another woman died
and not on a foreign field,
not with a rifle strapped to her back,
and not with a large defense of tanks
rumbling and rolling behind her.

She died without CNN covering her war.
She died without talk of intelligent bombs
and strategic targets
The target was simply her face, her back
her pregnant belly.

The target was her precious flesh
that was once composed like music
in her mother's body and sung
in the anthem of birth.

The target was this life
that had lived its own dear wildness,
had been loved and not loved,
had danced and not danced.

Another woman died today.
not far from where you live;
Just there, next door where the tall light
falls across the pavement.

Just there, a few steps away
where you've often heard shouting,
Another woman died today.

She was the same girl
her mother used to kiss;
the same child you dreamed beside
in school.

The same baby her parents
walked in the night
and listened and listened and listened
For her cries even while they slept.



And someone has confused his rage with this woman's only life.

-Carol Geneya Kaplan