Shame

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Shame

– Jesse W. Nash

Someone wake the flowers
Before the sun can rise and tell all.
The comfort woman is coming down the mountain side.
Her shoulders hunched, her face clouded, she steps
Into the yellow waters that must surely flow to the Buddha.
She squats in the river
And watches the evidence of her shame float downstream.
She should be consoled.
Mao’s men are approaching, she’s heard.
She will be avenged.
But they are men,
And she is a woman
Marked by men.
Even if she says nothing,
They will know.
Men can sense nothing better than a woman’s fall.
Sighing, she sinks lower into the river
until her head bobs beneath the surface like a minnow.
She lifts her feet and raises her knees to her bruised breasts
and lets the river hurry her to Nirvana
where there are no men
and, therefore, no shame.