

# LOCKED

*C.B. Anderson*

Her thoughts were shoulder-length, just like the locks  
Cascading all across her brow and down  
Her neck. She showed no outward sign of clocks  
That ran internally. Her eyes were brown.

The topics that she chose to speak about  
Would always seem to bear on issues dear  
To anyone with half a mind; no doubt,  
To anyone possessing half an ear.

The stirring talks she gave—the lilting voice  
She gave them in—completely disallowed  
Her audience the will to make a choice  
To leave their seats. She never lost a crowd.

Her words, the lips that spoke them, glistening;  
What other course, than keep on listening?

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