

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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