

# SHE

*Michael Fantina*

She strode the wide paved mall so tall and tanned,  
Her thick and scented hair was henna hued,  
Her opened shirt revealed a silver rood  
Looped round her throat in one long silken strand.  
Jade ear rings from the marts of Samarkand  
Depended from each ear, her attitude  
Could only by a fool be misconstrued,  
While on each wrist a single silver band.

From Ptolemaic lands, the Argentine,  
From Saskatoon to Paris to Rangoon,  
Or on the streets of ancient Palestine,  
In day light, or in shadows of the Moon,  
She is eternal, moves eternally,  
Inanna, Isis, Lilith, this is she.

“She” © 2004 by Michael Fantina