Another Woman

Another woman would keep her mouth shut, not spout fervent beliefs like a speaker on a soapbox.

Another woman would have chosen equity over experience, settling down or just plain settling.

Another woman would have stayed the course, refusing distraction and the pangs of the heart that lead to upheaval.

Another woman would not vacillate hearing the voices that preach security and the voices that harp on ideals.

Another woman would not succumb to worry, knowing that it never helps and only constricts.

Another woman would revel in her children's independence instead of mourning their day-to-day absence in her life.

Another woman would live in gratitude every moment for her sojourn on this gorgeous planet and not slip into the mundane routine of forgetting.

But I am not another woman. I am this woman, led by my heart and pulled by conflicting voices, a woman who worries, mourns, forgets.

I am this woman, this aging, outspoken, heart-stirred, frightened and sometimes grateful woman, This woman, with this particular life and not another.