

## *Another Woman*

Today another woman died  
and not on a foreign field  
and not with a rifle strapped to her back,  
and not with a large defense of tanks  
rumbling and rolling behind her.

She died without CNN covering her war.  
She died without talk of intelligent bombs  
and strategic targets  
The target was simply her face, her back  
her pregnant belly.

The target was her precious flesh  
that was once composed like music  
in her mother's body and sung  
in the anthem of birth.

The target was this life  
that had lived its own dear wildness,  
had been loved and not loved,  
had danced and not danced.

A life like yours or mine  
that had stumbled up  
from a beginning  
and had learned to walk  
and had learned to read.  
and had learned to sing.

Another woman died today.  
not far from where you live;  
Just there, next door where the tall light  
falls across the pavement.

Just there, a few steps away  
where you've often heard shouting,  
Another woman died today.

She was the same girl  
her mother used to kiss;  
the same child you dreamed  
beside in school.  
The same baby her parents  
walked in the night with  
and listened and listened and listened  
For her cries even while they slept.

And someone has confused his rage  
with this woman's only life.

**-Carol Geneya Kaplan**