

I Am the Woman at the Well

I am the woman at the well.
The one that comes in the heat of the day
so others do not have to bear the stench of me
The one that causes whispers and laughter.
I am the woman that with each new man
I feel in my core
that he will change things.
This change is coming like a gust of wind,
like others can predict rain.
Something will change for me.
I know it,
sense it
Maybe not this man, but the next,
Or the next
Or this one right here