

THE GARDEN¹

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Of all creatures
I chose a man.
With good and bad features
I chose a man.

Could have looked for the wind,
Could have looked for the sun.
The moon was waiting for me.
So were the stars.

Why did I choose
a man?
To tell me when to lose
Or when to start.

I wonder impatient.
In my heart a spike.
Why so different
A being so alike?

But there is a garden
Out there.
Not even Heaven
Could compare.

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Where all kinds of flowers rest,
Able to selflessly love you best.

These flowers:
My Women.
Their powers
Will heal Earth.

I entered The Garden
And never again
Let my steps, hardened,
Be guided by men.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTOR

MARISA RAPELA PALACIOS is a student in her final year of the BA in English Studies at the University of Extremadura, Spain, and this is her first published poem.
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