



A Poem For Women

I listen to the echo
of the poet.
In each poem we lean
closer to her thinking
saying writing we
to create our own language.
Through the casement window above my head
the leaves hang
as still as green tongues.
Time suspends and somewhere
Virginia Woolf stares at the sea
Adrienne Rich describes Emily Dickinson's house
Maxine Kumin shovels shit and
Judy Chicago freaks at *The Dinner Party*
still in storage.

They come to me so
silent in the night,
my women.

Cathy Matyas