but also those garden variety, white-lie regrets that buzz around me like gnats, drip and drizzle on me, sog me with their inconvenient truths, regular regret, like a broken date, or deliberately missed phone call.

Nothing bends me over though quite like relentless regret, like the charred word hissed from the lips of gossip, searing the flesh.

not just the kind of regrets, not just the kind of regrets that swamp me without warning, regret like a dress only in the size fit for girls, not fat with rage or shame, but also those garden variety, how human. How inhumane.

Prayer of the Bent Over Woman

"On a Sabbath, Jesus was teaching in one of the synagogues. And a woman was there who had been crippled by a spirit for eighteen years. She was bent over and could not straighten up at all." (Luke 13:10-11)

Prayer of the Bent Over Woman

Banish the bent-over spirits, the raging regrets, acoustics mute to all but me, voices like paranoia, cluttering my brain, bending my spine.

By Kim M. Baker

Origami Book and Poems

Prayer of the Bent Over Woman

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