

## **The Soul of A Woman**

By Jermaine Wall

I dedicate this to the females  
cursed to poverty  
but blessed with bodies see.  
They never knew real men so  
real women they  
can never be.  
On bus stops, going to work  
lustful eyes looking wide.  
Why?  
Do you have to be so beautiful  
in this ugly world.



Kind of like a tulip in the desert.  
Or a newborn in the cemetery.  
Walking the streets in times  
of day is scary.  
Can't have your figure showing.  
Then comes the cat calls and the horns blowing.

He pulling to the side. Where you going?  
You want a ride? You deny.  
Cause mama said not to talk to strangers  
and grandma said don't put yourself in danger,  
now he has anger.  
Never did he ask your name but he called  
you out of it so quick, his personality split  
because of something he couldn't get.