

NOTES

Highlighting the strengths and weaknesses of females everywhere, Sandy Maranto has written an extraordinary collection of poems that is not necessarily inspired by the girls and women she currently knows or has known (one poem is about a dog); instead, she pays homage to the determined spirit and wisdom of the women that cross our paths each and every day. This collection of poems may be performed by either a female or male and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation. When preparing the manuscript, each poem should be placed on a separate page.

“The Girl Who Blends In”

Do you know her?
I bet you know her, but...
You probably won't remember her.
She's easy to forget.
She only wears beige and tan and brown.
Once, she wore chartreuse,
But she found the color and the word to be pretentious, so...
She went back to beige and tan and brown.
She went back to comfort.
She went back to ordinary.
She went so far back to blending in—
That it's hard for anyone to see her anymore.

“The Girl Who Is the Sun”

There is this girl.
Everyone I meet who knows her says,
“She is sunshine.”
But she's more than the beams that shine down,
And she's more than the rays that feed the flowers—
She is the sun itself.
She is warmth.
She is radiance.

She is life, and—
She is impossible to reach.
She spends her time growing others...
Waking them,
Warming them,
Guiding them.
She is the center of their universe, until—
She is not.
On days when she is out and easy to see,
They worship her,
Love her,
Take all she has to give.
But on days when she is obstructed by the clouds,
They don't look for her.
On days when she can't compete with the rain,
They forget about her.
She has learned
To grow,
To wake,
To warm,
To guide herself—
Intentionally placing herself out of reach,
So that no one—can burn the sun.

“The Woman Who Wears a Royal Robe”

Even when she laughs,
Her mouth remains closed.
Hiding behind her tightly-clenched teeth is a tongue
That is not a spoon used to serve others,
Nor is it a knife used to slice and share the bread of life.
Her tongue is a fork.
Disguised as an angel of light,
She does not stand in the truth, but instead
She speaks from her own nature.
When you're at ease in her presence,