

How Strange

By Dorothy Nelson

The way people will beat themselves
To achieve a higher plane

While others “prized joy...
And opposed themselves to suffering”

Friend, I don't know where you are
Or what you think about

You're gone that's all in blue and gray
And every day is strange

Was it enough that my father and
Mother left me

But this is worse than natural death
Friend who chose to exile me

Will I oppose suffering like Hagar
A suppliant in this desert

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