

# Truly a Woman

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Truly a woman is the sum of her emotions  
Such feelings which combine in a poetry of chaos and an artistry of order  
These truths she abides by whether to a fullness of life or destruction  
For from such intensity of feeling she cannot be free—at least not in this life

A woman sacrifices herself to preserve an illusion of fantasy for those she loves  
A woman dies so that life can be lived by those she loves  
A woman cries, but only to herself  
This emotion she reserves for her own dark moments  
Because when others view it, they cast it aside—they do not understand it  
Nor can they unless they deny themselves of the illusion which she has created; that she is fine and  
they do not need to change

A woman, in and of herself, is not without blemish, faults or flaws  
But the love of a woman is perfect and does not stray  
Her anger is all the more powerful because she loves so greatly  
Her sorrow all the more deep because she cares even when no one else does  
Betrayal destroys her faster than any man because her devotion is wound so deeply into her heart  
that when abandoned, that part of her heart goes with the culprit leaving her far from whole

A woman's joys, though few, are richer than any material gain, because for a woman, joy is a  
triumph, for it is enjoyed so little  
Happiness, in its small increments, is treasured above diamonds  
Peace, harmony and compassion find greater purchase in her mind and heal her unlike any  
medicine  
Loyalty and integrity build her up and bring about her most desired expression—a smile