



Kim and the Nasty Woman

A “nasty woman”
waits for Kim in the hall.

Kim doesn’t know her
or what that shadowy

snarling means,
but her door stays open

conceding connection.
All evening Kim sits

in her room alone
staring out

at the Shapeless One.
Sometimes Kim

flinches, retreats
out of range

but soon returns
in thrall.

I said goodnight
shorting their circuit

opening their circle.
“You’re beautiful”

Kim said to me
and I replied

“It’s you who’s beautiful.”
She spurned my thought -

her mind gripped
by subject matter

far beyond
what love may reach.

Rogan Wolf

Kim had Down’s Syndrome. At the time this poem was written she was 57 years’ old.

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