

## Lucida

### A Loss for Words

She was a Catholic, out of practice;  
heartsick agnostic avoiding the shape of the serpent.  
When she was in her youth,  
inarticulate, aloof,  
she emerged never to be long in the tooth.  
Sought universal truth, not merely bearing fruit,  
won't slip into a cubicle in the suburbs.  
Not property, not arm candy.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't looking to be tied down.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't asking for a hand out.  
She was a nomadic soul with more than oats to sow.  
She won't be forgettable, or be another cloned disciple.  
When she was in her prime,  
uncompromising refined, two roads diverged she took  
the one less traveled by.  
A life affirming sign,  
not just consume and climb,  
won't slip into a cubicle in the suburbs.  
Not property, not arm candy.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't looking to be tied down.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't asking for a hand out.  
White picket holidays, she don't need them.  
Bright blushing Saturdays, she don't need them.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't looking to be tied down.  
She wasn't looking to be found.  
She wasn't asking for a hand out.