

# The Girl Who Could Be Me

Sometimes I've seen her ...

Maybe at the mall  
Pushing one of those carts  
That always slants the wrong way,  
Going crookedly,  
Bent —  
Like her own life.

Her face washed out,  
Pale and pinched,  
Hungry, but not for food,  
Bearing a load too large to handle.

Then I look at her  
And wonder why that isn't me.

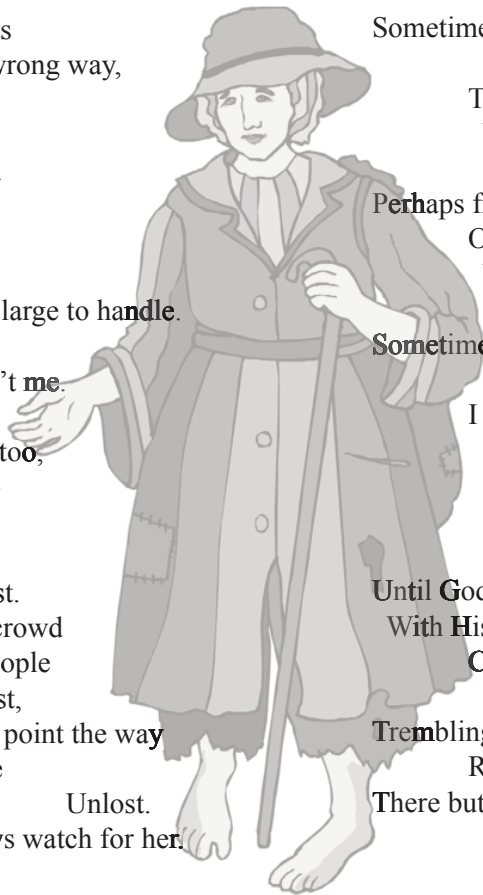
I've seen her on the street, too,  
In lots of different ways —  
She's not always the same  
But she's always,  
Always lost.

Like some little child in a crowd  
Of thousands of people  
Equally lost,  
Or just too busy to point the way  
To become

Unlost.

I know her because I always watch for her,  
But who is she?

She is the girl  
Who could be me.



Sometimes it seems wherever I look

I see her,  
Troubled and bruised; in sinful misery,  
Wretchedly poor in heart,  
Drowning in sorrow of mind —

Perhaps from what she's done  
Or perhaps  
What others have done to her.

Sometimes ...

When I watch her  
I avert my eyes in pride  
So I don't have to see  
Her pain  
And filthiness;

Until God  
With His two-edged sword  
Cuts open my heart  
And naked I stand,

Trembling.  
Remembering that  
There but for the grace of God  
Am I.

~L.H.