



# Kim and the Nasty Woman

*Kim has Down's Syndrome. At the time this poem was written she was 57 years' old.*

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 (b. 1947)**

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