

## Susana's Song

**By: Sapphira Israel**

In the twilight of my trouble, I leaned upon the law,  
And listened-  
To the guide that gave me comfort.  
A sweet caress in sorrow, a tempered hand upon my heart,  
My sentry, my sword, my avenger,  
I believe in you and so I stood still-  
And in the prudence of my patience, victory rewarded my innocence.  
Oh how a comely face,  
Sweet, soft, smooth to the embrace of my Lord,  
Can summon the demons of that visceral flesh,  
From men hunting in the shadows of secret self desire.  
So let this loud cry of mine be heard,  
And documented into the remembrance of my feminine generations.  
Isaiah 58:1,  
In quick wit,  
The greatest defense is a representation that is not of thy own,  
Oh little boy, prophet soon to be,  
A cub encircled in a lions den.  
The truth speaks boldly in my favor,  
A face of beauty no longer veiled in shame.  
A name restored, a iron newly sharpened,  
A princess now reborn.