

## **Lady in the Bottle**

*(For Ladies at the Prostitution Place)*

She's like a crystal sculpture  
Inside the transparent bottle  
Her beauty shines at night  
While world is sleeping soundly  
Her crystallized tears  
Mounted with her bitter life  
To form jewelry for her neck  
Her cries went unheard  
Embedded in her heart of stone  
No dream of freedom  
Until one day  
Someone comes and breaks the bottle  
To set her free  
To fly  
To breathe  
To feel  
To live.

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