

# Unveiling the Veil

*a fictional tale of a first century Corinthian woman*

Everyone recognized us,  
the women like me:  
the unprotected, the unworthy, *The Unveiled*,  
displaying our stigma down the length of our hair,  
To cover it would be unlawful deceit.  
In Corinth's cobbled streets, we sold our wares.

*The Veiled* women passed us by,  
their linen and silk like portable roofs:  
symbols of their value and shelter.  
Their coverings silently proclaiming  
“honor! prestige! protection!”  
In Corinth's cobbled streets, I grieved.

My eyes and soul downcast,  
loose hair shading my face,  
I heard a man teach of “Jesus”:  
my sin bearer, dignity giver, eternal protector.  
Tears trailing down the side of my cheek,  
in Corinth's cobbled streets, I believed.

Soft linen dried my eyes;  
a veiled woman blanketed me:  
the dignified covering the defiled.  
She spoke of Christ's bride, his church:  
the rescued, the recovering, the redeemed.  
In Corinth's cobbled streets, we became sisters.

Inside a believer's crowded home,  
the teacher greeted me:  
“Peace to you, forgiven one,”  
as he placed a veil upon my hair.  
Every woman veiled, every woman protected:  
in Corinth's cobbled church, we were equal.