

Her Silent Sleeves

Read this out loud.

She.
Not as object of love.
Not as mother.
Not as sister or other relation.
She as whole.
The fire from whence we come.
Her cunt the doorway.
Her womb the house.
Hands to feet a marvel.
Shoulders to crown a universe.
A single verse.
Once through.
Then the chorus.
What we all see.
Reduced
Then enlarged.
The sum of us all.
Before we were
As we are now.

She.
Not queen.
Not crone.
Not whore.
Not beggar.
Not wife.
More than flowers.

There must have been a beginning.
How else then would we have come to be?
Her smile a heart attack.
Her wrists a plea.
Love is not enough.
Is not all of her.
Do not forget anger chaos death.
Music her gift.
Grief her sadness in bloom.

We cannot disappoint.
Are not capable of failure.

But fear we have in droves.
Heartache more than sand.
Stupid with the weight of it.
Her laughter snow.

She.
Our dreams umbilical.
Our love tooth grown.
Hard won.
And soiled.
Engines imperfect prayers of escape.
Ruined or glorious kingdoms.
Kindness a jaded joke of abandonment.
She the thriving jungles of capital.
She the weapons in guilty handed remorse.
She the birthing rooms of tenderness.
Unabashed giggles.
Stifled harm.
Eloquent desire.

These are the imperfect cages carved from our eager limbs.
This is how we hold each other when we cannot bear to say how we want to be held.
Barrage of beautiful ugly.

Her arms are what we long for.
Her tears are what water our shame.
We need only embrace what we are to be embraced by her.
We need only witness her eyes in the body of another
To stopper the hatred we strive to sow.
She is the zenith of all our wants
Wanting just hope for planting
And the will to be good.