

If I poetically prepare my daughter



|o:::

The warmth you feel between your legs
is power.

This is
Magic.

It is magic
you dictate
where
you
will be
most generous.

Your screams
are a pitch
this Earth
can comprehend.

Your moans
are the light
piercing
through
his shadow.
Revealing what
He's known
all along.

You are truly
the one
who deserves
to guard
this Earth.

Porn is a portal

providing us a glimpse.

An electric surge
Pulsating
from your
pussy

desperate
to
make
contact.

Just
brushing
tips
before
you
can
touch
too
much.

Convinced you
know
now what
it really was.

But

the stillness.

You lay there
with whatever
weapon
of
choice
to achieve
maximum
surge.

After the switch flips
and you unplug
the chord from the wall.
ravel it around itself
and slide it
back into a
side
table
drawer.

Porn is revisited
as reminder.

A sexuality
mirroring
your
own
Goddess.

To be aroused by the shapes of another woman.
This is what must come first.

Before a man could ever enter this realm
I suggest you first fathom
how powerful it is.

/...

love her
and be prepared
to
transform.

if she knows herself well enough
she will understand you never had the luxury
of her experience.

that pain
and degradation
and shame

harassment
embarrassment
shrinking

in every rape story
and suicide obituary
in every drug abuse
overdosed victim
in every heartbreak
you assumed was turning us deranged.

WOMEN
We were just preparing

We've bounced back against every
instruction you gave us
every rule now
is twisted up
fucked with
flipped on its head.

Burned.

Watch the smoke rise to the skies where we know She will then grant to us our wishes.

|o:

My mother
gifted me a clock

it laid
limp.

ticking.

It was
time
to let go
from what I understood.
only
after the
clock was hung.

|::

Contentment in life
Has been
Uncomfortable.
Sinking her teeth
Into my skin.
Spreading her
Venomous sensibility
So I feel it crawl
Just above the tissues
To weave through my nerves.
And a pinch
To remind my settled thoughts
There is still something left to tinker with.

What mistakes I have yet to make
Obsessions to consume.

o:

cycle finished
words lost my weight.

I've been floating
since He stepped off my shoulders.

I was coiling back up
my nose to my knees
my wrists tucked beneath my chin
neck bending
as if
body could reenter itself

I could leave my body and
enter into.
Head bursting deeper
deeper
deeper
through the soil

and the rocks
and the boiling
toward Her core.

hear me trip my thoughts

looking eyes
mirrored
not
was difficult anymore.
difficulty
is relationships.

look what you are doing to me

red cycle bleeds
new blood
to cycle
29 days
where will we be?

Might we meet
at nose to knees?