

OF WOMBS AND WIND AND SISTERS

Old Wombs

Are old wombs wrinkled

thin

as origami tissue

or thick

as mottled scars?

Do they remember children

lost and flushed

the ones that exited

alive?

Can they recall

the rhythmic surges,

did they sleep through the

hellish groans?

Is womb the same as uterus?

Or are they sacred homes

unseen?

Do old womb hold secrets

they hesitate

to tell?

Is my mother's womb around me

still or crumbled into

dust?

Because I believe

that old wombs know.

If only they would tell.

For My Sisters. (A Sistine)

I'd like to write a poem about love, for real. For my sisters who think I'm too old to remember, to touch or know what it's like to regret having loved. For my married sisters who feel the hollow vows but feign a satisfied smirk, and my single sisters who cannot find the one who will ask the question before they get too old because they want babies. You weren't told that love is unjust. Although it's not meant to be.

And you weren't told that love is savage, although it's not meant to be. To the purgers and cutters, my puking and knifing sisters who think blood and bile will oust the empty because nothing else has worked. With your layering and long sleeves, I know. You still think love will save you, from what? And who is supposed to rescue you dear sister, remove the slashing urge you feel?

For my sisters slapped and kicked, buried deep in what you don't feel. You weren't told that love is a vicious, although it's not meant to be. After so many promises things will change. Who will change? When will things get better? Because sisters you were never told about belt buckles and fists and still don't know love, like water can't be held, just because

They said so. My sisters kicking back booze, snorting and shooting because it's the only thing that sets you free, so you don't have to feel like you did it wrong, screwed everything up, and everyone will know. You weren't told that love is fleeting, although it's not meant to be. That they want you to clean up their shit and that's okay at first, but sisters. It all hits the fan when you're not sure if you are the princess or whore or who?

And to my sisters who pray and trust in God? Who read Corinthians and believe that holy crap because of Allah, Shiva, Brahma, Buddha and Jesus Christ. Sisters someone is pounding on your door and raping your children. Feel it yet? You weren't told that love is ruthless. Although it's not meant to be. Sometimes you close your eyes to hide but you can't deny, you know.

I'd like to write a love poem for my sisters who think I'm jaded and don't know what I'm talking about. They think I've lived too long or not enough. Who am I too tell you? No one ever told you love is solitary, although it's not meant to be. Because thirsty beings cannot quench you, two sets of hands cannot hold water because two hungry persons cannot partake and two empty souls cannot feel love for real, until they are quenched and full on their own. Only then my dear Sisters.

I'd like to write a poem about love for my sisters who don't know what to feel about themselves. Because no one ever told you how to be whole on your own before seeking a compassionate soul. Only then my dear sisters.

I swear...

A gargantuan breeze of magnificent proportion carried me to a petal in the center of a rose-colored rose and dropped me down like a drop, and when I was round like that, like a wet soap bubble, the rounded earth became magnified around me, as if I were looking through a looking glass and I was so enraptured, so mesmerized that I couldn't stop staring at the beautiful beauty around me, even as the sun scorched and dried me into a fine pile of dusty dust, looking like cremains.

Still, I survived and remained alive.

When the breeze blew again, it scattered me into a dozen directions and I was whisked across the land and sea, landing everywhere and not missing the parts of myself I couldn't see because each dust particle was another whole self, admittedly miniscule, but each was me and each successive gust successfully broke down my dust until I covered the planet like a cover.

When the wind whisked again, I wrapped her up so I could rest.
And together we lay side by side.

...by God.