

This poem arose from my reading of Marion Woodman's book, Dancing in the Flames, and this quote, "The Feminine is not gender based, for it permeates all of Life both male and female."

## DANCING IN THE FLAMES

Once again,  
I am searching for my lost Phoenix,  
The other Phoenix , that is,  
For it holds my fragmented and unknown Womanhood.  
For my biological male body tells me none of these things.  
But...  
I still continue my search...

For only then, will I arise for a second time.  
From the sacred womb of my mother  
And her sisters.

For their hot monthly blood Flows through me,  
Like the incendiary fires  
On the molten surface of Venus,  
  
Burning my ashes back to Life.

## I Knew of Your Pain

I tried to absorb all of your pain.  
I tried to hold all that it might offer.  
It wouldn't be more than my body could handle. It couldn't be that hard...  
For your body seemed to hold it so well.  
The numb spots and the spaces between,  
Seemed innocent enough.  
How hurtful could their emptiness be.  
A Blankness doesn't tear, hurt, claw, or rip.  
For it has no teeth, nor talon, nor blade.  
A Blankness has none of these weapons.  
So that my Heart was safe...  
  
But my Soul, never had a chance.

Introduction: \*\*Philoctetes was a Greek warrior of great courage and of heroic exploits who was on his way with his fellow warriors to the Trojan war. On their way, their ship stopped on an uninhabited island where Philoctetes was bitten by a poisonous snake sent by the goddess, Hera , who was angry with Philoctetes. This serpent created a horrible wound that would never heal. This wound chronically festered and created such a putrid and repulsive stench that it would sicken anyone near him, causing his fellow warriors to sail away abandoning him to the island.

Sophocles tragic play, Philoctetes, opens ten years into Philoctetes abandonment and in constant pain from the wound that never heals...

A Longing

I wish to sail among the islands of the ancient Aegean Sea with its  
“wine dark waters,”  
And with the ancient Sun in its morning just beginning to awaken,  
Rising from its ancient, timeless place where water meets light on  
a rimless horizon And the “rosie fingers of dawn” calming the  
souls of all those lost forever at sea.

I will sail to the island where the lovely and abandoned  
\*\*Philoctetes still dwells. Where we will sit around a skewer of  
lamb,  
Roasting over an ancient Fire of wood gathered from the island.

There, we will talk under the warm evening sky like ancient  
brothers. For he knows that I, too, have a wound that never  
heals...

## When There's a Boy without a Man

When there's a boy without a man,  
It's an alone boy,  
And a different kind of boy-  
For there's neither brothers, nor sisters, nor aunts, nor uncles, nor  
grandfathers...  
When there's a boy without a man.

When there's a boy without a man, It's a sad, alone boy  
For he's more shadow than boy.

For there's no He in Him,  
And there is no Him in He,  
When there's a boy without a man.

## My Tears

Sometimes when my tears can't stop crying,  
They ask me questions that I don't know how to answer.  
They ask me about the Rose.  
They ask me about its thorns.  
They ask me, "Why does it have thorns?"  
They ask me, "Does it really need its thorns?"  
They ask, "Where do its thorns come from?"  
Their final question always is, "Do you think a rose would ever give up its thorns?"

My Love, that is when I think of you and  
I think of me.  
And I wonder, will I ever give up my thorns? Will I ever be so vulnerable  
with you? Would this ever be possible?

Then this morning in bed there were thoughts of our yesterday  
together.  
There were moments with you where my body felt it was actually  
turned inside out. It was a vulnerability that never before had happened  
to me.

And as I lay in bed I then noticed that I had not yet given up my thorns,  
But I also knew that my tears would no longer ask these questions,  
Because my thorns were now facing inward.