

For the Firekeepers

Do yourself a favor
Build a fire
With all of those lost and broken pieces
No longer kindling for your anger
They aren't fuel to feed yourself to keep going
No longer shackles holding you back
Build yourself a fire
And listen
These lost and broken pieces have always spoken
About how you have tried to get rid of them
Listen
With heart open
Eyes open
Wounds open
They have purpose beyond your understanding
Stories to tell
History to settle
They are no longer kindling for this rage
Nor are we
All pearls
Meant to glisten, not burn
Set silent those flames of shame
Guilt
Fear
Listen
They have stories to tell...

Quickening

This silence makes a great noise
The sound of fighting
Resistance
Habits of too much talking
Refusing to sit down and listen
Running from something inside
A grand gesture of choking
On forgotten words and memories
This silence makes a great noise
The sound of holding you
Like darkness cradling the stars
Balance of light and shadow within you
Laying down the final weapons...

Self-Hatred

The laughter
Bubbles through her grit teeth
Carrying with it the stench
Of false pretenses and hidden agendas
Tilts her head back
To release poison like a cackling demon
She waits for the victim to swallow it whole
I stare her down
Piercing with obsidian and azure
As sacred as the mountains
Hand clutched around my mouth
I'll not be dining on that tonight, my dear...

She sees

She sees

Through cataracts of contempt
Flecks of shattered fun-house mirror
Lodged fiercely into her field of vision
Fish-eyed lens

She sees

A luminous fire inside
Tethered to illusions
A make-believe dawn

Rising up

Falling down

Like sandcastle friendships

Fixed and mute

She sees

These changes

As they have their way with her
Disheveled hair and mischievous grin
Lead her towards an endless searching
Through the blindness others claim her to be

Dear Femininity

Dear femininity

You are weird and mischievous

Not quite binary

You wear corsets and laced up combat boots

You are twirling skirts, fleeting sunsets, and lightening

You laugh at pink

But rose is acceptable

A softer delicate shade of grace

You refuse the plastic pretenses of Barbies

And offer gender fluidity to Ken

You refuse to wear miniskirts

Unless paired with those well-worn Chucks

You are strength in silence

And refusal of silence

And you know the body is sacred

Yet struggle with this endless pressure

Measure up through rituals of reverence

Reduced to cover-up and painted nails

Dear femininity

You have learned to fight against cruelty

Towards self and others

You've threatened the injustice

Of bombshell beauty expectations

Like the glorious warrior princess you are

You dismiss being called silly

For climbing mountains

And tall oak trees

To find that perfect, sweet space of reflection

Dear femininity

You are ruthless in your refusal

Of anything reeking of façade and objectification

You seek and offer a seen presence

Through anger and action and weapons and distractions

You've been tempered

Into quite a vessel of passions

Dedication

Creative voice

Patience

Tolerance

Hope

Your hands carry the wisdom

Of every Grandmother who came before you

As you weave light from these years of darkness

Dear femininity

Thank you for your sacred journey

For your waxing and waning

Your light

Your darkness

You are both balance and coloring outside the lines
Beauty in you is ever changing
Like molting phoenix feathers
You're complexity and simplicity meeting here
In this moment of the moment
Dear femininity
Keep dressing up, my darling
In these shawls
of moonlight
of jade-filled tears
of laughter