

Holding On

I am holding a key
From whence it came I am unsure
Draped around my neck
I carry it with me
Wondering at each doorway
who I am keeping out

See Me

Watch me proudly brandish my pad as I walk to the bathroom
See how I don't bother to discreetly hide my womanhood
This is me bleeding across the room

Passing

At a bird's passing, I stop dead in my tracks.
For when a pigeon dies on the sidewalk
I stop and think:
Freedom, what a heavy burden.
Then I choose to walk on.

I am pro-life

Anti choice won't autocorrect:
When I write pro life the computer knows to add the hyphen.
We will change the language — just let me get my rage sweat on.
We bleed babies and grow stronger; we birth more than children.
You're coming after my womb, that's called a witch hunt!
— beware, the spirits of my ancestors call it a witch haunt.

Wise Woman

I hear my ancestors, *mooncalf*, they call me
draw her down to you I hold my touchstone between my fingers
When I squint in that scrying way I watch the sky rock
take shape in my hand
Ebb and flow is the rule of this life
They do not say these things but I have learned
When you make believe your chair is a throne
you become a queen
When you pretend to hear the witch's call
then magic you will gleam