**Womanhood**

I’ve got these locks of mine slicked back and these lips plumped

a matte crimson, a glossy magenta, a silly mix of four or so shades;

embedded through kisses and powdered upon speckled cheeks but also

dripping down two touching pieces of flesh, staining the frail wisps of

the rose-embroidered, ivory-spangled piece of clothing…

You know, that *one* underneath it all.

How you dare ask me what’s wrong! As though I’ve grown lethargic,

spiteful of these mounds of maturity and the red miniscule bumps

planted and sprouting on my philtrum and chin, fuelling the complexity

of this enigmatic yet facile, radical but conforming, simply capricious

complexion. No, no! You know not of the dirt *it* has mopped up, nor the

phlegm and blood it has emanated.

As you adore the mouth’s melodious, Shostakovich-esque vibrations*,*

love it too when it is choked and bruised in spite of lamentations,

vehement pleas from the salty tears these vociferations are submerging

in. Need not be shy of expressing your visions, your dreams of a better

world—these flimsy hands can not suppress much, not like the callus

bulk of your finicky palm.

I am free as I am caged; with autonomy dough is kneaded, folded, twisted,

creased, unlike the chains restricting my grasp of a pen, a pencil

a microphone, a future and some faith…just a tiny bit more!

For I carry more than trimmed, crescent cuticles and rotting dirt underneath

these talons that has grown strong, accustomed to the weight of

thirty-thousand and eighty-two shot put balls.

See me in the gallery as you see me covered by a veil, a mask, the

weight of a cotton shirt and insufferable gowns. Witness the stifled dimples on

these curves and the odd brush of darker paint upon the arching shoulders.

Greet this *chokecherry tree*, my *falling sickness* and the *consumption.*

See me: see my magnetic lunacy, this demented vitality, the desolate giggles,

For I am the entrancing tune of a cacophonic mess!

Love it.

Accept it.

**References**

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