

Movement of the Birds

Woman, there is suffering in the journey to suffrage.

pious, true, and quiet -

if you cut her, she will bleed submission

assertive, destructive, dangerous -

if you cut her she bleeds life.

Together they stained the floor

dark with oppression,

brushed like feathers where they couldn't be seen

given scraps to be turned into nests

and blamed when eggshells, full of heart,

are devoid of beat.

Year of the Housewife:

Only brawny peacock feathers are seen in this world.

Silence lay dangerously exposed like

the underbelly of a lamb under a murder of crows.

In streets they crusaded,

burnt districts and left phoenix ashes,

the curling-smoke testament to their

chirping, whistling, crying -

righteous in the voting booth, wings spread wide

powerful limbs molding misshapen tradition.

Black swans taking flight,

showing that the morning song of freedom

is not only for the roosters.