

Why do women wither?
Why do women melt?
Icebergs in tepid water
Just a fraction of a self.

The self I chip away at
Like marble, smooth and cold,
The warmth removed,
Given to you,
A flicker in the coals.

Have I become translucent?
A poltergeist, long lost.
The dewdrops barely settled,
The fingers of the frost.

Have I become inanimate,
A record, warped and rushing?
Have I become impermanent,
Sepia songs of nothing?

Have I become a verse
Within a song
That's long forgot?
Have I become a mannequin,
Poised, and posed, and bought?

Why does my existence
Rely on choice of lens?
Why do women bother
With the opinions of men?

Why do women wither?
Why do women weep?
Why is it the worries of the world
The mothers keep?

Tell me why the daughters
Must inhabit a skin
They're only asked to alter
From the first breath taken in.

Why do women wither
When our wisdom is so deep?
When our feral hearts refuse to break
Till they refuse to beat.

We bleed the blood of life itself
Divine Fertility,
A peaceful, blissful wrath
Of holy femininity.

So why do women wither
When our sisters need our strength?
The whole crop wilts in winter,
To return, at will, in Spring.

To the fools who test the goddess,
Trick the maiden
Mock the crone
There is wisdom within withering
That men will never know.