

Class Notes: Feminism & Mobility in Literature

a semi-found poem

Labor produces surplus value capital
women's unpaid labor sexual reproductive mine
gift giving and taboo the origin of culture the exchange
of women between men

I am conduit.

I am forge.

Sexual division cut in half obligatory
repression births Freud all hail the phallus the exchange
of gift giving from father to son the castration
that is psychic brutality broken girl is broken boy

I am whole.

I am alone.

Women, we love a bad boy a rake
that roams makes me courtesan gives upper stage
privilege and proscenium pleasure subversive wife
nun whore

I am ashamed.

I am a roaring girl.

Woman in a row boat bad boy regrets mother
the little girl mother the woman iceberg
and earth for startling the heart grief leaks
in green grass with pink cheeks

I am beautiful.

I am sublime.

Paradise is lost little girls subsumed men in
patriarchal roles that birth what should not be born ache
for mother womb envied Satan is Eve's shadow
The monster walks alone.

I am Lilith.

I am alive.

Lovely lady in confinement bars windows
nuclear family cliché explodes the symbolic intrudes
into the semiotic nestled in our language licked clean
by woman tongues painting walls like brushes yellow

sun and her land is thighs and collarbone
and mother mother mother

I am mother.
I am woman.

The voyage out is complicated dancing mobile young
inexperienced unorgasmic motherless alone ecstasy equals
ex stasis the marriage sinking under warships and waves
the woman closing her eyes free
inside the cage

I am wife.
I am woman.

Man feminized woman native and exotic fruits
in blazon washing over us in naked violets bright like
a fox in snow dark like a dream I had wanting
and wanting and wanting milk breasts to feed babies
and one another

I am un-gendered.
I am desired.

Spirit is sun is father is soul is earth is mother both
prey on a people that go down that travel earth and heaven
move the borders of our bodies in arabesque analogies
cartography is violence when the ink never dries drips
between a woman's legs sends girlhood to hike in too small
boots and slides from her womb so wild

I am a conduit, life, mother, made
I am unashamed and Lilith lovely in the light

I am a roaring forge, un-gendered and I desire
I am wife-ing myself a new sublime

I am whole and alone and I roar
I am woman