

## Reclamation

### At Dawn, We Ride

Can pussy truly hold such power?

Does it stem from the  
weight of the word, or the  
folds of the flesh?

Yes.

A field of fuschia overwhelms and overjoys.

Sisters young and old welcome me. I take the sacrament seriously.

### The First Last Stand

Nasty women, one and all.

The actor, the statesman, the poet, the warrior.

The child.

The child, who can't be confined by  
walls.

She is a bridge, between the tokens we've  
lost and the treasures we  
hope to gain.

### To the family in the "Make America Great Again" t-shirts:

I dare you to be me.

I dare you to love like it's illegal.

I dare you to do more work with less pay  
or find food in a foreign tongue

or to walk in my skin  
anywhere after midnight.

I dare you to be kind.

I dare you to be uncomfortable.

I dare you to cede privilege  
and power  
and respect.

And still claim hope.

### Renewal

No more doubt No more  
wavering and  
waffling, no more  
bloat and  
bluster.

Deep breaths.

I'm channeling

Audre Lorde and Sojourner Truth and my mother and her mother before her  
and my father's mother who I thought was crazy when I was a kid but just  
loved me in an over-protective way and that woman who lived down the  
street who slapped me when I was seven years old and I pulled that girl's  
pigtails and and Mrs. Bynoe my third grade teacher who gave me harder  
reading assignments because I could handle them she said even though  
sometimes I missed recess and I hated her and every woman who's ever  
invested their time or energy in me.