Midnight pt. 2

I saw my mother
cry in a bathroom.
Sorrow sunk its teeth into her skin,
and harvested a pound of flesh.
She sobbed like someone set her afire,
body: a boundless vessel of ash and mass.
The girl in me didn't know how to hold a home
never saw decimation on a Saturday afternoon.
All the women who have raised me
can lull a man into a death bed.
Have always sharpened knives
to the sound of their husband's heart beats
Pray that their enemies face God's wrath
And slip open clothing pins into their lover's aso ebi

I heard when Eve ate from the tree of knowledge,
she spat up seeds of sin.
Told Adam that she stained her palms
with the universe,
and he laughed when she offered him the world.

Her mouth, cherry red,
with blood and wisdom.
Now, every time a woman cries,
she chokes on the apple core lodged in her throat.
Pain must be the ache of sacrifice
the insanity of giving until you runneth over with thirst.
Pain must be a worn out jigeda
glass beads stretched and scratched with time.
I know that we must wear our pain with pride,
aris, a penny brown phoenix,
We must love in the same way brown,
sweet and spread in silence.