

Em“body”ment Of A Woman by Aliyah Y.

Alone pt. 1

A vessel wakes in the morning, remembers its home
(body) pressing against the bed.

It feels its feet on the floor, runs its hands across
Its back, stomach, waist. Doesn't remember the
Reminders.

It pulls out its index of thought; what can it be today?

Alone pt. 2

It looks at itself in the mirror, tilts its head this way and that
Air flows through her chest; her throat is full of bubbles; her
stomach is a summer, the feeling of thin fabric pressed
against open thighs; sun rays glow in her eyes; berries
brush her lips...

She can be a woman today.

Alone pt. 3

Her breasts ache, its stomach swells, her blood fills

The water, stains her panties red and

Brown, the soil of the Earth

She thinks:

Haven't I bled enough? Blood streams from my eyes, spills out my mouth when I speak, blood coats my throat when I scream, coats my hands when I touch my mother, spreads across my feet when I walk barefoot in the street.

Alternately:

She plays her fingers over her swollen stomach, closes

her eyes. Feels her lovers kisses on her cheeks,

forehead, her lips

Hears her daughter's laughter

coloring the sky; her tiny hands covered in dirt, stained

brown. Brown.

She thinks: *I bleed for you. I will bleed for you.*

alOne

She thinks:

I am the shapings of pain; birth aches, tears, rips. I am the healed wound, darkened scar. The cries of my aunts, ancestors fill my chest; their passion and beauty made my soul. I embody the suffering, the trauma, the resistance, the love.

