a Feminist Manifesto

I have violated the sacred book
and feel good.

Sick of being dogged
by your dogma,
I won't join this
herd of terrified sheep,
won't become a drone
to the drone of inviolable sermons.

Refusing to comply
I will not be yours to ply
to bend like a straw in the wind.
Won't join this happy homey family based on compromising me.

Sisterhood can stifle:
just another set of sightless clams hiding in a communal shell—
"No men allowed, they might squash our flimsy little hearts."
perpetuating our separateness,
our Otherness.

A bunch of stunted shrubs
Leaning on each other for "strength":
a grove of weaklings
crippled by the storm of years, jealousy guarding tears, shackled by fear.

I won't be a part of you
I want to be a whole.

A tall, torn tree rising solitary
new branch reaching higher
new root reaching wider
for every sorrow.

Together we are strong, yes,
and together we stay weak.
Enough of standing together
we must now stand

Alone.

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