

good night women
(or, defying the carcinogenic pen)

they are : (like stars)

rising

always brightly there behind our blindness,
pricking through the dark tent
with a fine, white rage
that burns garbage to ashes,
that fires truth to ceramic strength.

shining

beaconing us to a north we bring along
in our pockets, constellating,
andromedas fighting their own monsters,
dipping into history and wisdom,
filling to overflowing the big and little gourds.

falling

ripping hot and fierce down the night sky
till they are out of our pining sight,
too quickly, more frequently than we can bear,
their incandescent metal, incinerating, is
the occasion and inverse of wish.

– in memory of: *audre lorde (1934-92) / toni cade bambara*
(1939-95) / sherley anne williams (1944-99) /
barbara christian (1943-2000) / claudia tate
(1947-2002) / june jordan (1936-2002) /
nellie mckay (cir. 1933 -2006)