

I am a woman

I am a woman on a bus

I am a woman on a bus with women

Women of variety....

The contents of this bus are as follows:

Jagged bits of depression to complacency

Tiny smiles play on the curves of full lips at the idea of peace...an escape from daily struggles that squeeze and press on hot wires

Miscarriages and abortions to live births, meanings of life in a ball of tears, hair and placentas

Shame in our bodies to confidence and bold declarations

Not being loved to fucking loving ourselves

Quiet to shouting to be heard over the noise of the world

Innocence to multiple orgasms, crave of touches between firm thighs on the edge of abandon

Breast lumps to mastectomies, chemo, losing hair, losing hope, losing sanity

The bottom to survival because the world cannot survive without us individually or as one, we all hold a piece of the puzzle to humanity

Whores to liberation from patriarchal limitations on what we can and cannot do, who we can and cannot be, who we ain't and who we are

Vulnerabilities pouring out to stoic wisdom passed down through generations, "this is how we will continue to exist"

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