

## **SISTERS, BROKEN**

sisters,  
our blood-covered legs stand their ground,  
rooted to the earth where the beating hearts of our mothers are found.  
sweat trickling down milk-filled breasts  
wings torn and tattered by our freedom quests  
we toil on this land shoulder to shoulder, and side by side  
so why be consumed by all this power and pride?  
why does a similar other invoke a sense of hatred in you?  
why do you launch a woman-against-woman coup?  
and induce the killings  
and slaughter,  
the single mother,  
the sullied bride and  
the brazen daughter?  
sharpened hooked well-manicured claws  
cannibal women with fangs and wide, open jaws  
collecting bones of female others  
amputating spirits of her own sisters  
hope, faith and dreamkillers...

sisters,  
as each petal you brutally pluck falls,  
and each female head you hack tumbles,  
in their graves our foremothers turn  
for every woman you kill and burn  
you loosen a thread in the cloth you were born  
as our lives are intertwined in these quilts, beautiful and worn,  
where all our secrets are kept, where our tears dried,  
our lives celebrated and our lovers reside  
stories told and stories yet to be told  
shaped by the hands of all women, behold  
the sinew that unite our  
child-bearing, life-giving hips,  
we boldly proclaim, with our firm sensuous lips,  
our individual voices merging  
we are one and the same  
women singing  
an age-old battle cry,  
that even you, broken sister  
cannot ever deny.