

eve, mary, my mother, and i

i was once a girl
slowly gulping the grief of a woman
my sadness weighing me down
i am holding my loneliness
she is 11, with tear streaks,
she is shaking and holding her stomach
wondering if she was worthy of love
if their silence shouted at her that she was forgettable

when eve came to in a pool of her own blood,
there was no one there to guide her
to tell her this was how life came about
she was pulled from the organs of another
birth being a meaningless term
while death and pain were defining themselves in that moment

i see my mom in the sadness I hold
i feel her pain while i cry to leave
to stay away
she is polite in her sadness
treating it as the delicate dishes she sets on the table at dinnertime
taught to not ruin it for everyone else
as a woman should
i was born a mother and a daughter
i want her to heal from the internal wounds she hides
and be able to stomach the pride
in the same place she held me

she pulls her hands away
sticky, red, slick
by giving birth to her son she has already killed him
her womb also a grave
her love could not save her child from becoming a sacrifice
who's blood will be spilled in the name of what demands it
a boy who would smell his own wooden grave

and think of his father:
the carpenter and The Almighty
he would think of home
but would he think of her?
how much longer could she think of this fever dream as faith?

I look straight in the mirror
Pleading for this generational curse
The feminal rage, pain, and sadness
To subside