

The Doctor Attempts a Simile

It's like scraping your fingers
down a piece of fabric, the doctor mimes
the motion, some threads are left behind

In this case, the fabric is my uterine wall
and the finger is an oversized Q-tip removing
the mucous membranes and my body's freedom to choose
when it will shed what it decides it no longer needs

To explain to the doctor the pain of this denial
of my super power to wound, to release, to prepare to grow
stronger, I attempt my own simile

It's like you need to urinate really bad, for a whole week

But I realize, as he nods in practiced sympathy,
there is always a tree, an alley, a place to find easing

For men

Matriarchy, if it survived,
would have given me a Goddess
Cup and fed me chocolate as I bled

I cannot tell if the clench in my belly
is infection or rage

or the chili I ate. Next time, I vow,
to deliver my moon blood in a chalice:

here is my endometrium, poured out for you
to test in remembrance of
the unquestioned wisdom of patriarchy
I refuse to drink.