International Women's Day

Women
Woman
Woo of the Man
Woo!
Wow!
Woo!
The Woman.
Woo Who Speaks
She Who Speaks
We That Speak
The Woman
We Are The Women
Not
The Woo Of The Man.

That's What We Said: We Are

Bodacious		
Strongholds.		
We Are		
The Doers		
The Makers		
The Molders		
The Creators		
The Animated		
Spontaneous		
Yet		
Gracious		
Salacious		
Woman That We Are		

We Are

Ostentatious

Radiant and Bold

Vivacious

Courageous Audacious

The

The

Who Am I? —Who Are You? I am a woman

—Yes! A Black Woman

I speak I walk

I talk

I shout

I sing

I strive

I move

I do

I win

I laugh

I dance

I live

I breathe

I exist

I cry

Iam

No!

I am.

Simply.

A Woman.

The Virgin Vagina

Virgin Vagina, Pristine, Clean, Unclean
Seen, Unseen
She
Is her name
The Cookie Pussy, Lucy, Goosy
Virgin.
She Is.
Oh! But a Virgin Vagina
Untouched yet touched
Oh! What A Perfect Vagina
To See and Be
But
The Perfect Pussy Grabber's
Tea

The Puss

Pat The Puss That Makes Me Me Pat The Puss That You Hold To Be Yours Hit The Puss That You Think is Free, Free For The Taking The Puss That Is Attached To Me The Puss Barks In Accordance To My Cries You Think You Have One Over My Puss Think Again... You See, My Puss Is Not Free For The Taking My Puss Is Not Free It Is For Me. And Me Alone. But We Laugh Dear Puss, As You Laugh At Me Rape The Puss As You Rape Me. Fight Pussy! Fight! The Goal Is Not To Flee! Beat Him Oh Puss! **Beat Him For** Me!

Feminism

Strong
Equal
United
Are We!
Sing Free
The Liberty of We
Why Are We
We And Not
I
But Just You and Me
To Be Free
To See
That We Are
We

She Waits

She Waits
For
No one.
No Man.
No Woman.
She Waits Expects Lives Believes
Anticipates the Unexpected
Owns Her Shit!
And Lives Like A Vivacious
Bitch!

Beauty

Beauty
The Emblem Of Perfection
The Marker of Poise And Power
The Passionate and Proud Creature
Confidence Cocooned In Grace

Beauty She Cowardices At The Word She Knows All To Well That She Is A Façade

She Beauty Knows Little Untoward But Her Own Beauty Beauty In Which She Radiates and Gravitates.

What Is Beauty But A Sponge Of Imperfectly Perfect Fragments of Duplicitous Pieces Marked By Time and Space

Beauty
She
Is
But The Enemy,
The One We Aspire To Be
Yet Detest

Yet She Is Only Shaped By The Eye Of The Beholder Beauty The Ironic Cowed That She Is

Beauty What Are You Really?

To Be Or Not To Be...

