

Women

Big leaves, small leaves,
round leaves, long leaves,
sharp leaves, leaf shaped leaves,
a wonderful world of us.

Flowers are appreciated for simply existing, but we
are the ones labouring.
They are, but a mere decoration,
while we are a revelation.

The fragility of flowers,
their male ego,
frivolous and frail,
but our brawniness remains.

When the summer moves slowly into autumn,
when you breathe the chill air in your throat,
we finally turn colour,
and the flowers disappear.

It is us hanging on, surviving storms,
adding finesse.

Until we finally fall,
retiring, the petals replace us.

Learning how to sustain the rain,
the drama around the flowers.
Learning how to protest the wind
and stand with power.

Even when we fall we are alluring, the streets look dazzling, the
creases tell our story.
The battle is still on
until we are cleared out and finally gone.

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