

*Pleased it was easy  
and polite*

One thing this is not: easy  
and polite

I read this like a kid in a candy store  
Picking out different sweeties  
Tasting one by one  
Like she  
*savoured the taste*

A collection of poems. They get stronger with time.  
As you can expect: some are better than others.  
And all of them are a love letter to the bizarre  
Uniqueness of being female, and I adore them

(for that)

Now.

I don't often feel the need to tell a woman to

(hush)  
(to scale back)  
(to sit down)

Because apart from anything, I'd rightly get my head kicked in.

But here? Here I feel the need to sigh. Examine the evidence and come to the conclusion, even after exercising as much mercy as I can forcibly inject into my veins, that this has tripped itself up in the most infuriating of ways.

*She wondered whether the parka made him do it.*

Intriguing.

*Around 90% of rapes are committed by someone  
who the survivor has previously trusted or loved*

And the intrigue dies in the water. Drowns.

Don't tell me these things. Let me work it all out on my own. I'm cleverer than you think I am (than I think I am) and this could be perfection if it just knew when to stop.

(Mention apples, perhaps even a garden. Don't mention Eve.

We all got the reference the first time.

You see my problem?)

I almost feel the need to apologise: I'm a woman. This should speak to my fundamentals, and elements do, they tap into those painful truisms of womanhood and twist them dexterously between manicured fingers.

(At the same time, I can't help but feel a little weary that womanhood, sexuality, means a tendency towards the graphic; I suppose it's the point).

But "Reprise/Vermiculture Porno", for example, is pornographic. explicitly so. It breathes and thrives on its own sense of gratuitous sex, of hard dicks and 'frigid fannies' and I just don't get it. I don't understand why it's there beyond proving a point. Proving, to every reader that it is possible.

And to me?  
That isn't enough of a reason.

I digress.

*Never apologise -  
when you want it  
for your own  
energy.*

(sorry)

There are beautiful moments.  
More than that, there are moments where I can't help but wonder  
(I love wondering)

*Madonna stole my eyeliner. People dream of killing me.*

Did she now?  
Do they?

See? Now you've got me. *Stars in my eyes.*  
Thoughts sparking, electric.

Remember that all of this is laced about with green ribbon.  
*The door was locked with a pale green ribbon.*

(Ah, I'm seeing it now)

*green is free to go*

Yes, tell me more.  
No; don't.  
Tell me nothing.  
Instead, let me dream  
Of what you mean by *green*.

(Ah, I didn't give you credit)

*words dissolve unheard  
the other goddess is green*

(Ah, and now you've got me)

Which goddess?  
Whose goddess?  
Oh, I am chewing  
nails to the quick  
in determining  
the meaning of

green.

I know these words, like all, will dissolve unheard. Unread, unwanted, and that is an occupational hazard. Like Eve. And I will let Eve dissolve while I try and try and try to fathom the meaning of green.

For:

*the future and thinking it's working believing that all the  
false  
starts were worth it and we're finally t i c k i n g o v e r*

For:

*Picking you ticking tickling tinkering  
Tingling ting ting ting  
Zing  
(applause?)*

Because here, I'm entranced.  
Because here, I'm stranded.  
Because here, it's frightening.

And, adrenaline junkie I am, I love to be a bit frightened. A bit spooked.

When it is dangerous, it is delicious.

*invisible worms  
thread their ribbons  
tie you in silk  
bind you in green  
your ankles burn  
you're bleeding*

Our green ribbon, binding around and about, tighter and tighter by increments. The concept of spinning silk, the claustrophobic reality of a brain that laces its own demise, binds you together and slices open your skin, invisible and inexorable, and it is all we can do to try and cut that ribbon, slice it free and let the women, the madness, out.

A note: the prose-like  
Sections are frequently more  
Effective than the more conventional  
Poetry.

(go figure)

Example: [Pills/Pillowtalk](#)

I can almost taste the zopiclone on my tongue.  
There is no punctuation; it glides together, elides  
elegantly, a teasing, testing journey into the darker  
convulsions of sleep and wakefulness, and *the rhythm*

*has the pace of waiting.*

Anyone crazy knows that feeling  
When life becomes waiting  
And so we cut ribbons  
In lieu of anything  
Better to do.

But this is more, and less. This is not a green ribbon alone, no; this is  
women in green,  
goddesses in green  
so much green

in our garden of Eden

(see? I can't pull it off either)

*Are you scared of forever?*  
(Yes.)

*too deep to take pain away*  
(too deep to imagine)

*We plant trees in a place only they know.*  
(and tie ribbons around them)

*Someone told me the name of the plants and flowers  
to impress you but I don't know why  
I thought I should impress you.*

Quite.  
Stop trying to impress me.

*Your face recognises my image  
but I am struggling.*

And I suppose this is the problem.  
I recognise what is *almost* here.  
Feminism, mental health.  
Green ribbons and  
vulvas.

But. *But.*

(why did you have to say Eve?)

<i>I simplified you,</i>	(that's my job)
<i>gave energy to reason.</i>	(that's my joy)
<i>Now, I've got none.</i>	(that's my fault)
	(sorry)

*I am yours no longer mystery remembering*

I am yours.  
No longer.  
(But I still cannot fathom green.)

And I'll never, never forget.