

Ode to the Uterus

Category: Poems

written by Riana B. Jumamil | June 14, 2019

They call it

A woman's coin purse
Buried away like an afterthought
In the folds of her body.

But hers is a feral little thing
Throwing away angry outbursts
With the tide of each moon.

It scoffs at being
Belittled and unused
Writing her opinion in bloody letters.

I have seen it
Grown to its full power like
Mt. St. Helens erupting from her slumber,

Joan of Arc exchanging her skirts,
Magwayen risen from the sea,
Carrying life within its muscular chamber.

We hoisted it, almighty pink and shining
As it spat out a child and boomed,
"Do not underestimate me!"

So we hurriedly sewed it back together,
Already shrinking
And going back to sleep.