I remember,
laying on a hospital bed and my mother,
she looked into the eyes of a child who was empty,
I could tell she was angry,
It’s in the way she laughed,
clenched my hands, it was as if she was readying trade bodies. 
Astro projection.
See it was then that I knew,
that being woman means being willing to die any day,
It’s having a crowbar for a spine,
It’s carrying nations between her shoulders,
It’s ripping the skin from of her bones,
Woman,
tired eyes and bruised wrists,
It’s a living in a world hell-bent on stripping away her humanity,
constantly told to sit still and look pretty, have no opinion, this, is a man’s world,
and my heart,
it breaks for the woman who became mother without consent, coerced into marriage fell pregnant
and gave birth to regret,
It’s living long enough to know you just might not make it tomorrow,
All because a man decided to exercise his toxic masculinity,
to the woman, who fell victim to assault,
I’m sorry you bathe nine times just to erase his finger prints from off your skin
Woman,
I know you’ve been hurt,
I’m convinced the stones cry in silence and that the sun burns in rage,
I’m convinced that even Adam turns in his grave,
You can’t dare talk about women and fail to mention strength,
When she walks into a room, standing tall,
She leaves trails of stories of battles and struggles she had to overcome,
She has survivor engraved beneath her skin,
She is the Rosa Parks the Harriet Tubman,
The Winnie Mandela the Ella Baker I remember,
She’s the Ida B. Wells the Mary church Terrell.
We were never made to bend our backs for the patriarchy,
we were the martyred matriarchy,
the insurrection the resurrection,
realize, we are people fighting for the restoration of our liberation,
for our emancipation,
to affirm that as women, flesh and blood we are just as persons and as persons should be made free.