

Women Create

Women create.

Men create with vision, with elbows in the ribs, around the bases, a bottle of beer, with the nod of cultural power.

But women create.

Women create with vision.

Women create without permission.

Women create ultimately as the breaths and cries of the future of the issue forth from women's wombs.

Women create with visions, with hysteria, with passion, with voices, with colors.

Women create in the dark of night in circles with screams and painted faces, outstretched arms that embrace the primitive but known.

Women create with voices inside heads and subterranean connections with others of like mind, with whispers in corners directed at the most holy.

Women create with fear,

with joy,

with reverence,

with anger, a passion so wielded that it strikes inspiration, terror, at the very hearts of beings that stand back and look only askance for the fear of being truly seen.

Women create with power, women create power, energy, emergence.

Women create thoughtfully, create thought through feeling.

Women create with silence, with loneliness, with longing, with waiting to connect.

Women question, women dare.

Women create with smoke, with fire, with feathers and bells, and strips of colored paper and strips of words

that string together to collect the hearts and minds of women creating.

Women create.