

Courage

Generations of strong women bound
by blood cannot
determine my future. They
loved their men and forfeited
their strength. They
loved their strength and forfeited their men,
seldom claiming
the middle ground as their own.

Oh, how few the confident
men who see beauty in the ability
of women who can
fathom the physics of torque
or displacement
while applying a vibrant
shade of lipstick to full, lush lips.

Silent voices echo
inside my head
too late

I shut out the aged refrain,
Don't rock the boat, he'll leave. Don't
rock the boat, he'll leave you.

Don't rock the boat.

But me,
I have never been afraid
of the water.

