

Eve's Curse in Silence and Sorrow

by Katie Moore

Back in the way back I would have been so unclean
that you would have treated me
like a Goddess or the womb of the world all
while thinking you were just locking me away
for your purity's protection. My blood
could get your soul dirty, and we all bled
together so you shut us all up together
and together we weren't silent at all, but laughing
behind our drawn tent flaps, silken screens,
locked doors. To touch our skin was filthy,
to spread our legs a mortal sin. You closed
the keyholes to keep us apart, so we used them
to keep you out and keep our secrets to ourselves.
Laughing, cramping, moaning, spinning rivers
and oceans of stories, spilling bowlfuls
bright with red, staining cushions. They were ours
to stain. Then. But now we get no rest within our wicked
week and work while our wombs cramp, most of us
not knowing to wish for the days of confinement,
the segregation of the sullied.

I spread my soiled self around the world.

