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**When Red Runs Blue:
A collection of poetry taking back woman's autonomy over our bodies**

A thesis
submitted **in partial fulfilment**

of the requirements for the degree
of
Masters of Professional Writing

at
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by
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Abstract

When Red Runs Blue

Dear Vagina Owners/ Vagina admirers

Welcome to my body. *When Red Runs Blue* is a collection of poetry centred around menstruation, and exploring the complicated relationship between patriarchy and the female reproductive system. The reality of womanhood bleeds through these pages, in all frequencies, beautiful, violent, political. We are breeders but it is not safe to do so. Autonomous sexual desire is forbidden. This collection highlights the effects of silencing bleeders and the damaging consequences that have inevitably ensued.

Come and explore this womb. My main three anchor points for these poems are menstruation, shame and sexual liberation for women. My poetry touches on images of women's menstrual bodies across history, showcasing how visceral mistreatment stretches from witch hunts and early insane asylums, to contemporary ways of looking at women as unstable and hysterical, so ingrained in our psyches as to become the norm. I also explore sapphic sexual relationships with and without the intrusion of the male gaze.

These are the voices of bleeders in both public and private spaces who have been shunned and put on the back burner simply because they have vaginas.

My own determination to expose the rich, fleshly life of the body in vivid, defiant imagery refuses to bow to patriarchal erasure and control. I want to give voice to the cycles, strains and stigmas that surround the womb, and celebrating the pleasures, powers and nourishment that still arise from its inner spaces.

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CONTENT WARNING: FEMALE.

Welcome to my body

welcome to my body

content warning blood

make out my silhouette
only see the parts
of me that please

you

content warning blood

is that your kink
jello breast
& netted areola
tent in my mesh bra
l
content warning blood

with an arse you want
sink your teeth into
matted flesh
did it ever occur to you

content warning blood

not for death
but for
caramel fingertips
oaky afterbirth

content warning blood

an ode to my period underwear

you did not start out like this,
you were once bought for the girl I wanted to fuck
hot dirty metal ring hooked
and for that I thank you

but now you are nothing
my day three black laced soldier
scarred with battle wounds
in murky mud shadows
i'm sure this week you'll be hurt again

you are not delicate or sexy like you once were
cotton cobwebs formed in fabric hollows
you have grown up with me
from my first heart stopping bloodbath
to the thrum of the rhythm that we know so well
you are my comforter

you wise one
never complain about the damage thrust
upon you— take it in your satin stride
in mine too
wrap yourself around my delicate parts
tell me it's going to be okay

i found solace in your presence
in the high school bathroom
with the white jeans i'm now too scared to wear
inked on walls

b + h and “Tyler gave Russell a shit hand job”

you caught my tears that day
rolled from my chin
caught on my metal mouth

intertwined with stitches
carried with you the names
spat at me
by those bitches
who never admitted it floods them too

Code red, Carrie, The Walking Tampon

my dormant scars
you reopen monthly

but for now, you are tucked neat
away in the drawer
folded strategically so
your defects never show

until next time my friend

Blood River

day one (am)

a pool of blood stains white sheets
re-minded once more
she has not fulfilled her role

tally at one hundred and thirty-two
infradian rhythm on repeat
forever stuck at twenty-eight

release flesh
walls built not of her own choosing
no body has taken up residents
in her pulse
& contract in silence

the demolition commences

maiden curse

at the centre

she dances the blue
bell field

sweet indigo aroma
string down to ride your rhythm
a serpent

eyes glaze over honeydew gold
limbs that linger over you
umbilical

a drunken waltz
the eagle soldier above
deep moss climbs
every angel of

his body wrapped
round thighs the rigid one
twenty-five angel nose

breathe in her poisoned body
she bleeds for you
magenta sickness
she never
asked for

hung up on
bowed branches splintered
the weight of
boiled blood
below
forked onlookers' cheer
she is suspended
they cry
witch

Dana's Story

After having my baby my periods were hideous for some months, so heavy. I went to a restaurant and bled through I was so mortified.

Fe-male

she is a psychedelic
blood bath
tapeworm welded
trail up
her figure eight
specimen
doll

sucker punch sadness
to be born
without a pendulum
she must endure
backsplash scraps
screaming
she makes her exit

red tent

in witching hour
we meet under awning skies
as river runs fresh down stream
in crisp morning smoke

we sow ourselves
pulse through flesh
drum in head-to-toe static
wire round flicker flame
an ambered snake

we are autumn leaves that fall
an opal moonlight
float together and settle at the grassy edge
to feed the soil
in blood

hysteria

derived from the latin *hystericus* meaning of the womb

hidden in the walls
the madhouse laughter
crawling
behind yellow wallpaper
trapped by her male
counterparts
known for placing
their pendulum on pedestals

a 19th century woman
is a
mental disorder.

the criteria
forbidden emotion
difficult behaviour
the womb is an escape artist
run

strapped still
clamped to your own flesh
frenzied sexual desire
the best kind of fun

she must pay her dues
rip the cackling organ
a double edged sword

we grow up in a world where words like

mental

insane

nutty

lunatic

locked in a patriarchal prison

willow tree

she is rooted
to cycle round
as mother did before sun
scorched and weighted in a leaved canopy
awoken with morning dew between her thighs
she droops in mandarin sunlight

kiss the horizon lips
that break on steel edges
caress her in between
a pastel smudged sky

pierced upon by bulbous eyes

forgotten honeysuckle sap
sliced and sucked dry
droughted nourishment

she cycles round
in seasons past
a whirlpool centre
back to the bergamot sunrise
blood orange lips seep

Phoebe's Story

I was on holiday sharing a bed with my mum when I got my first one, aged 12. Thankfully it was the last day and I'd planned ahead, but I had no idea what had happened when I first woke up!!

Blood River: Two

day one (pm)

seep from her body
like rain on car windows
caught in lace ruined by womanhood

she stays awake with the salted moon
clumps of flesh removed
the codeine comforter amiss

stands to attention
for the midnight general
trapped in consciousness
at the river's edge

the women in the flower field

sip on red wine skies
get drunk on delphinium tears
swallow
tumble in the tulip fields
grown from the gangrene girl, before you

jellied organs squelch
under his fist pop through knuckled ridges
sanded bones crack
beneath steel toe boots
fertilise the ground
sprinkle the ash pomegranate

on the underside of your skin
her screams simmer
marbled bloodstone vines

violet ring bruises
he left behind
appear from your shadowed flesh

to remember
her cry
when glass tears shatter
on the nether side of you

For The Love of Fangirls

there is nothing
scarier on this planet than teenage girls

fangirls: noun
they are lethal
a rabid breed of human female
a fan who is obsessed
to an unhealthy degree

devour his
perfect hair
gorgeous smile
seductive blue eyes

eat the sweet cupcake
perfect angel
one time
he vomited on the side of the road
within two hours fangirls had made a shrine
commemorating this historical moment.

these girls are
crazy
 creepy
 insane
 PSYCHO ALERT

why is it that the image of young girls screaming with excitement
neon lights and heartbeats in sync with the thrum of the speaker
for a pop star
is considered *scary or a bit much*

but

lads screaming their lungs out for a footballer is perfectly normal?
Chanting

*i wish that all ladies
were monkeys in the tree
so i was a banana
they'd be sucking on me
it's the love of the game*

but

girls cry at a concert
that's pathetic

Spring

seven thirty-two rise
to the sound of cotton balled water
wash away dark nights
wrapped in blue spattered with salt
clear the claggy
air of curdled smog
cycle round again

like spring, she washes away
matted flesh
boiled film that coats cavities
the hot
glue of womanhood
for bodies past and lives unlived
bathe in
me and re-emerge
clean

wild one

the wild one is dangerous
a naked flame
with siren eyes you fall
into the psychedelic woman
melt away
ride down her – bottle neck body

peach angled hips & lavender sweat
trickle from lips ajar
a prickled helter-skelter
you are poised
for her

blood soaked love
fingers dig deep into her
forgotten hollow
her velvet breast clamped between teeth

from vial tip
she is puncture flesh
pulse with her my parasite
swim in maple waves
eat her
flesh to flesh
arched screams echo

Blood River: Three

day two (am)

she is a shadow of herself, a static noise
compressed back into existence
as fog bleeds over city streets at dawn

rivers edge pain vibrates her body
the fish tail ripple that echoes down stream
comes to rest behind cavity walls
a phone wire hum

hot water falls from shower head
a white noise womb
she breaks the vacuum seal
to the vaginal entrance

twist...pull...pop

inspect the damage
fresh and filled to the lip
a slime like substance
sluggish and slow
it slithers the drain

the red matter left on her fingertips

Delirium

sift through red
the garnet
parts to keep
stitched safe in hidden pockets
lilith's secret lair
scaled serpent lips
on pine needle corners

should i be medicated for my sins

probably

dance for death
spin my copper teardrop
come for the pleasure
stay for pain
a mothed moonlight
grey dust falls
from her craters
as
the men drink

from our tears
an easy catch
for mermaids like us
sing the calling song
something jewelled
keep the key

our fight
will drain red
as he gags
scarlet smoke
left behind
by the women before

Dear Vagina Owners

this is a public cervix announcement.

BLEED

run ramped through streets
scream and fuck shit up
break glass make grandma proud
leave a trail like the slugs
they think we are
never apologise for life you bring
or keep at bay

drench that pad
let it spill onto denim

BLEED

dampen rigid edges
paint the world
a crimson canvas

pain is the essence of who he thinks we are
tear into world break seams
as her bones break for you
scream and let him know
we are here

dance to the moon soak tide
sync up
her mirrored ash blonde
feel the thrum of bloodied ribbon
a maypole self

BLEED

to bloom in viola sky
over ripped icicle flesh
fertilise earth with your red ink
and watch life grow from shattered plasma

Noah's Story

i gave a presentation in German class and when I was done my teacher was like
oh you did a great job sweetie
and my friend tapped me on the shoulder when I sat back down and was like
homie you've bled through your pants

phuk

i am a waste space taken up
due to your actions
yet i am not welcome
stay pretty, skinny and tight
his ornament,
a plaything

gawk and wag
over tits & arse
i never asked for
penetrate me
i pretend I like it
scream in *pleasure*

the right way
between the lines
hot and dirty
like women should

A Woman's Right To Choose

1973 Jane
fought for us
her identity protected

norma

twenty one
alone
pregnant

by
male audacity square
shape edged
fit

i am scared to be a woman

7 to 2 in favour of female
gowned man spits

WE
HAVE
THE
RIGHT
TO

protect the potentiality of human life

i am scared to be a woman

what about her life
2019
the red robe white bonnet protest begins
again
the gavelled man rises
over the *heartbeat bills*
a bruised storm roar
6 to 3
in favour of a dreamless scab

i am scared to be a woman

/'wɒmən/

to be a woman\\ *assaulted*\\ what were you wearing??\\ *humiliated and ignored*\\ because i shared
my thoughts with the room\\ to be a woman\\ *his friends all laughed*\\ swallow
me\\ WHORE\\ *unrealistic and problematic*\\ I didn't want to have sex with him\\ but\\ to be a
woman is\\ for his desires\\ *I was wearing my favourite top*\\ he grabbed my tit\\ it's normal\\ to be a
woman\\ *he had promised me to his friends*\\ i must\\ OBLIGE\\ as a woman\\ do not argue\\ stay\\
pretty & pink\\ in all the right places\\

flaming dandelion

v i b r a t i o n s call
to action
the morning robin sings
red apron and all

through her wandering womb

curdled autumn leaves
wade in her
cotton underside
the veil is thin
this time of year

Now there's an idea

why can't periods
just last an hour
okay you've made your point
i'm not pregnant, you can leave

forced to collect
vampire teabags
keep her
safe from the ghouls
down
below

The Snake

serpent gas creeps up her body
rests in the small
of her back glass ash
smoke

muscles drought
contort
a snake tooth stab
the female graze

spills her insides out
runs wild on
her raindrop hollow

cotton cradle
at the entrance
to her unknown world
blood clotted tears

over porcelain cliff sides

twenty eight days
a p a r t
i'll book you in
for next time

/'wʊmən pt2/

She drank “too much”//we have to watch our backs// CHILL OUT BABE// *I only remember glimpses of what has happened*// gin hazed sickness wash away//ONE TOO MANY// for a woman//Behind the fog the red light watched my female form// FOR HIS BENEFIT//as a woman//I remember being in a bed with that guy who took a video//*Woke up with a man’s hand in my knickers and down my bra*// to be a woman//IS DANGEROUS// *I was vulnerable* // TO MALE AUDACITY/as a woman

Helter Skelter

churn over

taped fingers

helter skelter chunder

lids stick to eyelashes

plastic gummed teeth

corporate push pop

forgotten

woman

Blood River: Four

day two (pm)

now met with the dull sound of purple
in a low exposure lens
pain polaroids through her body
in glimmered moonlight to slice flesh
paper bag screams
to protect male ego

don't speak

we should not
discuss the discharge
period
keep her under wraps

damn the flow
suffer in zip lock lips
a tidal
wave fold

in butter blood croissants
road kill damage
drain my sweet dove
tail to beak

cold water wash
brittle strokes on
her shore line
close the door behind you

Sour

stone
my body
do not offend
be used to it by now
pull back

crash elastic muscles
do not offend
fiber tears
a broken zip

un-leash my female trauma
suffer under teeth
cracked smiles
do not offend

organs roll
crescent shaped
churn my body

bile builds
my lips
sour & chill
the porcelain fizz

listen to the /'womən'/

I was raped by a classmate in medical school//ASKING FOR IT// to be a woman// he refused to acknowledge it// LIAR// to be a woman//“exposure therapy”// one out of three// WHY// to be a women// they wouldn't help me

Mother

crowning
through you
i enter
a world i never
asked for

face up
far too soon
to burden the same struggles
painted bruises
acrylic love
in fibre
deep set
scar
the same
artist

mirrored we are o n e
same eyes
one from you
jealous green
the other his
anger blue
an open ocean
early morning sea
storm

funny i think
and remember
you rose tinted
part of me and you
we share teeth
tongue
lips fix

a likeness I cannot escape.

16

i want to be beaten
like mother
before
i am not yet
woman enough

eat
my young

absent flesh
from cotton curled
tiny bowed
fabric wish

yet to receive
maybe mine
has been forgotten
cog missing from
my sunday
morning mistake

i wish i was like
the others
free bleeders
able to live out
their *female* purpose

the feminist in me yet
to be scared
enough to bleed
through

/'wɒmən/ again

wear my low-cut top\\show just enough\\too much\\SLUT\\be careful\\ don't\\walk alone at
night\\ *he desperately needed a kiss\\if I really loved him, I would try*\\ MAKE HIM
HAPPY\\good girl\\ to be a woman\\ I am*expected*\\skin tight\\ SIZE TWO\\bile up chuck

Blood River: Five

day three (am)

her brain is a dial tone encased in padded walls
with sunken eyes she cocoons between seams
to shut out voices long forgotten
from the underside of the blood tide

roll through waves with salted gags
and churn up body matter
blood, vaginal fluid, and uterine lining
best served cold
a bobble headed sickness

as needles pierce through muscle
refurbishment for the next body
that takes up space in her

who are you?

i am reminded
monthly
about the

possibility of you
shattered & melt
a sewage swirl

what
who
my shadow
or his

you could have been
you could have been

a broken dream of
cocaine & bile
you had no chance

4 out of 10

i don't see myself as pretty
pretty good fuck
maybe—if the lights are dim
down enough
he can make out
my chalk outline

while he devours my insides splits
me in half and contours
my home to claim as his
another notch
on the bed
 post
 tell

the boys you managed to get that
4/10 drunk lemon
lime vodka soda high
she's a fucking loser
sucks dick well though
for a dis abled

Pretty.

Good.

Fuck.

The Janes

if pregnant call jane

a shadow
underground angel resistance
from the testosterone pumped air
clamped lips for the mars men
masked up
strapped down
two dimensional play thing

if pregnant call jane

he calls them the red squad
she is our saviour
forced motherhood hidden in ink
release
blood orange pressure
a metal dig

a
silent
fuck
you

if pregnant call jane

a solemn drive from
the place
hidden gravel
the pig's blinded cock
exposed

to
the front
musty hands
shaken sheets
hidden in white picket fences

if pregnant call jane

the unmarried venus
must walk down lucifer's lane
keep the equilibrium

for her own safety

if pregnant call jane

Passionflower

a love drunk fix, my passion flower
you climb acid walls and cling to rubber flesh
tied down by your cinderblock limbs
as your fingers carve a shadowed silhouette

tit tight tops your arse on show
when puppy dog eyes come barking
the hunt begins
web round silk and suffocate

till bones cling round meat
a featherweight beauty
for the dogs to devour

Sweet Nightmare

toffee apple film glaze flower edges
in the midnight bubble wrapped air
it seeps from petal to stem

down into grooves of white fabric
wakened by the slice moon through the curtain
dive in

watch rippled air rise
from upturned corners
her mouth that comes to rest
atop a mirrored edge

blister deep below
stick to her
shatter
a spider ink drop
that coats her flesh
a scream sweet glaze
of summer night

bleeding rituals

together
we
are
the
builders
of
humankind

/

Printed

with Tampax she is free

it is not polite
for a woman
to do a man's job

her *natural disability*
keeps her
laundry locked

she is
a *fish out of water*
a salmon hung
between her legs

with Tampax she is free

married women welcome
absorbent enough
for your new found
sexual desires
hidden in
silver rings

with Tampax she is free

leaking
she can
use the unspeakable
suffocate in
matted terracotta sheets

With Tampax she is free

flower edges

she vines
like ribboned milk
in early morning coffee cups

rippled between mountains
that sit and burrow into a starlight sky
as pleasure builds, she petals
round her seed
till the lotus grows from murky waters
violet ash settles

Carrie's Story

It arrived once

mid-flight

between NZ and the UK.

Consent

her body isn't your property
for your pleasure
saturday night snog session
heavy petting as you leave
your mark
her bell jar tears roll
from tar soaked lashes
you release pressure
burden her
with your troubles

put your
hands
lips
and dick
all over her body

teach your cock
stop controlling your limbs

paint the peaks
with unwanted
hail
her eyes crease
a paper doll sadness
she waits
the storm passes

an unwanted conker
she sinks back
dust settles
shaken
for your pleasure

Thin girls can't bleed

cellophane skin wrapped
twig bone flesh
butterfly wings too delicate to touch
in the name of health

defile my body
ignore glass
purple knuckle rings
on her
screams

shell my gluttony demon
she must cycle
a proper woman

/'wɒmən/ once more

he said*actually, let's go to my office because the smell of period is doing my head in*\\ to be a woman\\ but only\\ the way he wants you to\\ to be woman is to be tits & arse\\his play thing\\ WITHOUT CONSENT\\ *I was lying*\\MAN HATER\\ *speak up*\\what are you doing that for?\\believe you\\HA*you're a girl, get used to it.*\\ be a woman\\

Blood River: Six

day three (pm)

she falls from consciousness
a silk dress drifting on the riverbed
weightless

her pain is background noise
the tinnitus effect
as fluid drains from her body
like rain off the end of a rooftop pipe
a rhythmic drip
it fills her silicone cup

Ladylike

are we
ladylike because
we bleed no
you want to fuck us
that's ladylike
for you
a lady lie

ladylike is
inherited
from your kind
starved bodies
fit through metal bars

ladylike is
teaching our girls
to stand
up for

salt

words are taken
a grain of salt
thrown over his shoulder
forgotten

at the bottom of his
saturday night pint
balls deep in the woman
passed out on the sofa
as his mates cheer him on

society is sucking on your dick
but
she doesn't

second class citizen
forced to play
patriarchal hopscotch
jump bitch

full of air trying
take him down
for attention

our screams are a static wave
too high a frequency
for his dick to comprehend

say yes
keep the peace

she is forced to wear the skin of her mother
drenched in february wind
gravel skin

time has a way of repeating her
repeating us

Cum Dome

i am
so over this
vagina owning
ballshit
be sexy
he said
black lace collar bones
tight tit satin
undercarriage

hollow cum
hairless incubator
fuck you
not me
i'm sick
of this vagina owning
ballshit
unsolicited
male ego
slip
under sequined thighs

Cate's Story

Waiting and waiting all day for it to come... not because I thought I was pregnant, because I had shit to do and didn't want it to come in the middle of something!

I'm tired of this handmaiden bullshit

you may not
speak on my body
spit up white collar privilege
burn into my vacant uterus

for you to mould angelic
carbon copy women
my womb is not an origami play thing
squish under your gavel
six to three

you may not unload
into me
i am not a human factory
factory for your legacies
to oppress my future daughter

how glad i am to have
not
carried her to
this side
quite
yet

when did I wake up in the pages of
the book wrapped in blotted
ink *Offred*
glued to the binding of the silverfish

compressed in the flip through
the train
from dystopia next
stop
current events

/'wɒmən/ still here!

to be a certain feminine type\\an hourglass woman before\\ TOO MUCH\\ sand has passed through\\ my tight crevasse\\and my\\tits are still perky\\ *people-person*\\ YOU WILL*fail to meet expectations* \\ as a woman\\ you are\\ perceived to be failing at everything\\ that is to be a woman\\ TRAIN ME*His lonely male friends had requested that I should lap dance for them*\\ SLAG*you go and brew up, that's a woman's job*\\ DON'T SPEAK\\

xx

we are
chronic leakers
not by choice
just His design
taken from him
for him
a skin sack
for the
future injustice
we leak for
the greater good

continue the oppression
living ghosts

us
on the eggshell tightrope
to survive
our condemned existence
as paper beauty

Why Can't We Say I'm Bleeding?

why can't we say
i'm bleeding are you
embarrassed by us
superpower
does it not fit
into you
poor baby

you should not
mould your cock to me
i do not
deserve to gag
for your pleasure plum
juices run

do as i'm told
sexual fantasy
nine to five wank fest

are you scared to dive
into sangria
 punch
potent blend behind
white sheets

Blood River: Seven

day four (am)

spill over and out of lips
crouched over porcelain lids
disrupt bubbled blue with sticky warm womanhood

that whirl into purple foam
reminded of the low slow growl
below the surface

squish...push...pop

plug up and carry on
her dirty secret

(v.)

don't crumble my sweet
girl

stand up straight, white dress smile
hard with gritted teeth paint

it on if you have to
boys will not find you

pretty
speak only spoken to

sit prim
and proper smell
roses & cinnamon toast

be hairless
women are.
supposed to be
pink pleasure incubators
(Hu)man Domes
woman hood.

one for the homophobes

what are you
looking at
my queerness too much
for you i will
not apologize i will
 eat out

just the way she likes
her legs wrapped
satin hooked

around my neck
as i sip
 on her

rippled lips clamped
 to her
velvet cocoon
i dance
the bass builds
shaken
don't stop
yells
grip to ember hips

sweet lightening puddles
created rain that
form craters
 her back

 arched to echo
her haunting moans
my brain
rattle
 frequency on

bedpost grips cotton
high
as i finish

my last gulp

Xy

in the apple orchard
pears
sour
fruit gorged
wet and floury

normal is a straight white man
nectar stain
ego red cries
when they fuck
his access
all areas big man

little dignity

keep caution smiles
ruptured banana flesh
squashed between
splintered knuckles

from her
gold leaf damage
blinded xy privilege
bold
she is not welcome

Red Wings

dive into me
wrap your lips around mine
hit the spot and fuck me up
do it like they never could
sip on my winery
taste my tart cherry flow
gain your red wings

I'm a bitch not a feminist

you said
i couldn't be a feminist
because
i'm marrying a
catholic man
is that void
because i menstruate
black & blue
a bisexual who CHOSE the
wrong answer

baby
try me
you don't scare me
rip flesh
bone
wrist
&
ankles

O'
hear me moan
the way you wish
she did
for you

REMEMBER
us feminists get off
on your fragile
ego
come

back stronger
DON'T
invalidate
her hard
work never came
cheap

Free Bleeders

teach are girls to not be afraid
not to be ashamed of their womanhood
be proud
we cannot survive without
her blood

imagine a world where periods are loved
where it feels good to bleed

not embarrassed by the rip of the packaging
that bounces off the walls
the private stall we hide in

a world where we can talk
red brown and blue
with affection and warmth
share our grief

not keep a secret
close to our chest
buried deep inside
we must hide
from living

i want to bleed freely
my anger to be validated
sadness too
it's not because I'm bleeding
it's because you're a prick

Still Talking About /'woman/

She drank “too much”//we have to watch our backs//*glimpses of what has happened*// gin hazed
sickness wash away//ONE TOO MANY// for a woman//Behind the fog the red light watched my
female form// FOR HIS BENEFIT//as a woman//I remember being in a bed with that guy who
took a video//*Woke up with a guys hand in my knickers and down my bra*// to be a woman//IS
DANGEROUS// *I was vulnerable* // TO MALE AUDACITY/as a woman

Sunday Morning

you know
it's been a good night
red wine cherry
stained my
morning tongue

aroma of your manhood
sunken into
our saturday night
cloak up
your body to mine
we're twenty
two again

birds' nest

she builds a nest
flesh cocoon
calcium twigs
puckered teeth
chipped lips
stretch
release other
bodies
a woman's curse
//
unwanted
& forced to
ejaculate matter
carefully crafted
fertilise flesh drip

Blood River: Eight

day four (pm)

morning haze awake with the moon
a clouded throne she watches over
one seventeen after midnight
a rubber band film
stretches over open wombs
wash away
until next time