Woman

Edyson Julio
St. John Fisher College

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WOMAN

BY EDYSON JULIO

You: woman, the vessel of wanton loathe,
I have something to ask of you:
allow me, man, he who has over the years of our relationship pinioned you,
to swallow your pain.
Surely, the bulk of your woe shall clog my throat;
but, I deserve to suffer, so watch me choke.
Or, if you may, allow me to wash down this choking pain with your tears of rue—
only though, if you may.

You: woman, the mother of vitality, the sister of grace;
touch me, tell me it’s alright.
We together, both of us, are the limbs of love, the seeds of existence—
not I alone, nor you alone; but, us, we.
Please, do not fear me for the folly of my forefather;
but instead, embrace me for realizing his fault, the many.
Without you, the blind will lead the blind;
stubborn misery shall reign throughout.
    Without you
    only droughts, only a dire existence.
But with you
    Eden, with no risk of ruin.

So, you: woman, the gift bestowed to earth, not man,
    forgive me, forgive us.