

Men and women

Is it too much to ask that a man,
with his head in his hands,
should shuffle off his festive shroud,
though fecund and fighting fit,
to shrive himself of all
a furtive shame should shoulder;
fighting fit and fecund,
forfeit for ever festivity?

Is that too much to ask?

Must all worldly, wondrous women
behave with the fake worthy winsome wisdom demanded by the world
to defend their fecund selves before that man,
his head in his hands, has shuffled off
and shriven himself of his furtive shame?

Must they bow yet again, yet once again,
in and to perpetual servitude?

Must they? Must they?

Or shall the world turn as turn it should
to free those finally
whose freedom was always a false favour
to a tribe whose fecund fate it was always
to give way, give way, give way our die?

It must.

It must.