

My Poetry Wants Women

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My fingers have been aching and crying when I look away. They're tired.
They've been writing about the white women and their beauty, the perfections that they carry.

My paper-cut fingers want to write about the coloured women
that hang in my curls
with their legs crossed and their arms reaching across
their chests to stop the men from staring
at their breasts,
my poetry wants to bring their eyes back to meet ours.

My hands want to write about the coffee and koeksisters
that sit on our table but only on a Sunday.
About the fulfilment a coloured woman only gets from family.
I want to write about the beautiful black women that ride the taxi
with me, their voices that have more life in them than their lungs.

My hands want to write about the colourful women
I live beside and my poetry will show
us combined into a rainbow
that doesn't end.

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