

Sestina for A Woman
By Megan Mitchell

I am a girl, they tell me I'm women
but the way I work is sort of backwards.
The average high school girl's hands
are tainted if they are true,
and what this women is and loves
in what they call the real world, won't stand for long.

I have seen this cause grow long
and lean like the calves of a magazine woman.
That independence isn't love
it's falling the top step backwards
What you find is false, what they take is true
But they can't take my hands.

Dare to believe that my esteem is in the hands
of that man with the beard grown too long
Dare to believe that the blue so true
would be washed out without the hue of women.
You can read our chromosomes forwards and backwards,
the affairs of science masked by affairs of so-called love.

The girl is labeled and defined, while the women is refined by love
Reality wriggled free of its cage of two tightly locked hands
and soured upward, never looking backwards

over its shoulder, or it's a pillar of salt and so long
sistah, you'll never have the control of a real-live women.
Sodom's center-fold was never one who was true.

Young girl wondering how she can be of true
robust and glamor and she looks at her mother with love
and confusion. Flipping through the women
magazine. I am a center-fold in an oversized t-shirt and dish-pan hands
wondering why it's taken this long
to fall off that highest step completely backwards.

She's got a head on her shoulders, but the logic is backwards
to when high heels and office life were true
living. The women you can reach out and touch loves long
grocery store lines and climbing the staircase to love
And rips up the magazine to mop up her hands
Men and magazines long for this real women.

It has, and will, take too long for this door to flip backwards
on its well-oiled hinges. For the women to peel off the page and have true
flesh. She is calloused from love, which makes her soft enough to cradle it in her hands.

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