

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

"If you think you are emancipated, you might consider the idea of tasting your own menstrual blood - if it makes you sick, you've got a long way to go, baby." - Germaine Greer, 'The Female Eunuch'

There were the years of abundance
when the moon drew my blood
through white pants, tights, skirts.
I took it for granted then.

Only when I was pulled out of orbit
and the blood became irregular
did I pause
to give it the attention it deserved.

That's when I took the time to look.
To smell. To put my finger *there*
and when it emerged slick and red,
to put it to my lips and taste.

Hot metal. A waxing penny
alive with the lives never created.
And as it dissolved on my tongue
it finally birthed self-acceptance.