

Woman's Year

The side of Adam
is stitched; a
woman emerges
from the womb
of Adam's Grandma.

It's your birthday,
heaven bless.

The angel of death
in a pin stripe
suit
conducts a press
conference. He
sweats upon
your declaration
of equal pay
and yoga.

It's your first
honest day,
the hour of yin
with a punch
and damn
the whore-spiced
madonna.

The macho
fruit of karma
looks meekly
through the keyhole
of your cross;

he calls you
a hyper bitch.

James Strecker