

# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WOMAN

By Sonya Renee

There will be no bathing today.

Just the cayenne musk of thighs, arm pits

the unmade bed of me;

how creases of belly, fold and wrinkle like laundry,

ignoring the demand that I make myself up.

There will be coffee, the gasoline stain of my teeth,

The whitening the world will ask me to do later.

Computer screens will beg me to shrink, purge,

change to sell you cars and beer,

to sell you parts.

A request to perforate, to better facilitate my shredding.

All this before the dust of sleep

surrenders properly noon. All this,

before I get to name myself.

But name myself I will, with sharp letters,

with tools weighty enough for this planet

constructed of salvaged things. Truth is,

It never mattered what they gave us.

Only what we made out of it. We have always made light.

This planet with so many suns.

So many suns.