

Womin

Written by Burton Beerman

Some chaps
Boom the truth
As their eyes feel
About women
How they are afraid to look into their own flesh alone
And feel the softness
That is only female
To touch the gooey tissue
That brings warriors to their knees
Paranoia without emotion
These men
love baseball more
And sell coldness
As manliness

A bit hesitantly
We observe what winter has done to delicate daisies
As the priests of darkness grow louder
In the advancing cold
Bad times inevitably come
As a flower's breath disappears into the wind
The warrior's lance defenseless

Perhaps if she were womin
She could survive alone

Real male pros avoid fairy tales
And use their manlessness to touch souls
The Cheshire-cat muscles
Chasing demons away
In partnered battle
With the emerging womin

Moonlight cuts the darkness
Shining in her smile
As their holographic images
Climb from the marsh together
Standing taller
Than apart

Both should not fear
The sloppy side of love
It's brief wars and scratches between them
Worth the battle

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She has the right to be womin
And spit into the wind