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### progress

the police code was played out to warn everyone:

Haiku in Progress



extend

doctors found gene to extend life; plan to use for anti-aging cream falling

falling from the sky
I can only hope I'll be
landing on my feet

civif

a civil war is raging in me, and I want a revolution

greatest

see her do a flip, walk the tight rope. This is the greatest show on earth.

## Earth is a Topiary

1. he said that maybe Earth is a topiary.

and she said, if the definition of a topiary is that it's two thirds water and a topiary is supposed to have worms traveling around and flies swarming in the air, then yes, Earth is a topiary.

2. then he said, but what if Earth is a topiary, and it's a centerpiece at a wedding table.

and the candles are stars, he said.

and, thinking of the candles reflected in the eyes of the guests at the table, she said, and the guests at the table are the galaxies. and at the end of the night all of the guests leave, and it's like all of the galaxies are traveling away at faster and faster speeds.

# Dn Becoming a Woman

When I was young
I never had any lessons in how to become a woman

No one explained to me the blood you have to deal with Every month, or the potential pain

like there are little people inside you, like little elves Just kicking at the insides of you

No one explained to me that this is the beauty Of being a woman

I thought women had enough to fight against to begin with

So one day I noticed, while reading a book That there was blood on my underwear

So, I guess the process had started for me

So I told my mom what I saw She said she'd buy some pads right away

That was all the talking we did about it I never got a talk about the birds and the bees

Because, when the world seems to go silent Just when you need it screaming loud and clear

You listen to the silence throughout life And just hope that you'll know what to do

On this blindfolded battle On becoming a woman

# Viewing the Woman in a 19th Century Photograph

I see the woman in the picture, I see their depiction of beauty —

of something that couldn't work that can't work...

I see the sepia toning, but I also see the dependency, and I see the degradation.

My mind has been cluttered. I can't see the women, I see the adornments of beauty the preposterous impractical way she has been made to be seen and not heard.

She was forced with this image...
And it most be a shame
because now I've been tainted
with the knowledge of society,
with the knowledge of it's motives.
And now I can't even see the beauty.
I can only see the oppression.

"Oh, it's not like that anymore" they say. as I wipe the make-up off my eyelids and wonder who I'm trying to impress.

#### Content with Inferior Men

there are some theorists that say that women need to be able to look up to a man in order to feel complete, these theorists would say that a woman could not be president, at least not on a personal level. think of it - here is a woman, the most important person on earth, and she would never know of anyone who had more power than her. how could she look up to any man? how could she admire any man? how could she respect any man? and you know, i can kind of see that point, how can you love someone you don't respect, i mean, i want someone in my life that can teach me something, that can help me grow, and if i was the most powerful person on earth i would probably think that no one could teach me anything. but the only thing i could think of in response to this theory is, why don't men who are the presidents of the united states of america find themselves unhappy with their boring, unequal, supportive wives? why is it that men are content with inferior women. but women aren't content with inferior men?

...from in the air

Have you ever noticed that the air isn't normal air in an airplane? I mean, there's just something about the air in the cabin that's different. It's got a smell to it, that's the only way I can describe it. A smell of all these people, maybe not going places, but getting away, as fast as they can...

Once, when I was on a flight back from D. C., a flight attendant walked by, stack of magazines in her hand, Time, Newsweek, Businessweek, and I stopped her, asking what magazines she had. And she replied, "Oh, these magazines are for men." This is a true story. So I asked her again, what magazines do you have. I had already read Time, so I took Newsweek.

### Dr., She Was a Woman

She was a woman who thought too much. She was a woman who accomplished everything she set out to. She was a woman who wore a crown of thorns. She was a woman who was punished for things she had not done.

She was a woman who was strong,

who was beautiful, who was beaten down, and she got angry.

She was a woman who would walk into a coworker's office, stand on a desk and do the twist, just to relieve corporate boredom.

She was a woman who worked eighteen-hour days because she was a woman who's brain was *always* on. She was a woman who fought for her rights. And

she was a woman who should not have been born.

She was a woman who wrote poetry.

She was a woman who believed in nothing but herself and trust me, she deserved more.

She was a woman who would jump on hotel beds every time she travelled and booked a room. Because it was hers. Because she could. She was a woman who belched out loud, she laughed too hard, she swore too much.

And she grew up too fast.

She was a woman who worked on eight different projects at once, and still managed to get them all done on time.

She was a woman who never lost control.

She planned everything, she demanded perfection, and she always had the answers.

She was a woman who raised the pitch of her voice when she was asking for something.

She was a woman who never played drinking games, because she never needed an excuse to drink.

Because she could drink most men under the table. She loved dirty jokes, and she seldom crossed her legs.

She was a woman who wanted to feel alive. She was a woman who could not eat something she could not kill.

She wrote letters to the editor, and when that wasn't enough she *became* an editor, because she liked making waves.

Because she was a woman who knew all to well that you only had one life to live.

Don't do something because it's expected of you, do it because *you* are a woman who knows what's right. That golden ring is almost in your grasp. You've got the brains, and believe it or not, you've got the brawn, so don't let anything stand in your way.



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