

MEGAN COOPER

*i capitalized "Woman" and
it hasn't killed us yet*

I am a woman. And once a month, I am Super Woman. That's how I'll tell it to my daughter, my unexistable daughter.

I'll swing her from the porch steps like I swung her from my hips and set her down on root-cracked sidewalks, grass-wrung courtyards, ancient asphalts—it's just nature in its order of things.

It's just nature taking over. Just a towering suit & tie system blotting up the blue overhead. It's just what's not between your legs that's flung to clog up your mouth instead. It's just a rumor, that a ring around your rosy broke and gave you the neighbor's disdain to abort. It's just a costume that's not designed to contour strength, let alone your breasts in combat.

It's just everything you'll never be able to hear, darling.
You were carved out of my cavernous heart and spat,
bloodshot, into the order of things already bristling
against you.

You were born to bleed. Once a month. Once a day.
Once and for all your life.