

HERSTO-RHETORIC? NA SO TODAY!!!

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Flower Me Free

Act I: The Flowering

The call to the flowering
Is a beauteous thing
Not to censor
Just to sense her
Deeply evolving
In da flowering

A call to encounter
Disarm her
A call to rest
Nest on petal bed
Find release in da weave
Of new narratives
Threading matriarch sagesse
Woman siren in velvet red
Be held in delicate laced caress

Enter, cocoon called desire
Dismantle ancient imagery
Ignite picto-emotional memory
Evoke vision fictioned as reverie
Evoke desire
Hold & receive, relieve
Desire...
A key colour
In tapestry of free
Desired, desirous
I come to me
I flower me free
Poised, open, released

I as rose petals unfurling
Suspended in slow reveal
Enticed In da free flow da flowering
Essence of me

Act II

Like circling bees
Diving for the honey pot
Silver tongued
With lyrics & jest
They seek to possess me
Reflections of da flowering in me
For, this is no flattery
For, as I flower me free
Desiring and being desired
Is a constant state of me
I, simply be
Flower me freed

Act III

Poised in flowering mode
Blossoms sweet sanctified
I emerge at will
Volition to peruse desire
pursue da fyah
Activate that which lies core
Central in sinew

Nurture or nature?
The long held debate
I sit, observe, Senseate
For, those women they run with wolves
Smile in deep knowing

They know their fortune
Wrapped around treasure troves
Fecundity wrapped in simile

The ability to craft the notion of free
Stories of the flowering... blossoming... to
free

Liberation,
no hardened act of protest
No pistol whipping shapes and thighs
This liberty, so often self-denied
Is a call to dwell in self
To behold, yes to be held

Desiring and being desired
Is a constant state of me
I simply be
Flower me freed

Waist Bead Serenade

It requires a certain gait
To carry dignity intended
To carry femininity
Rolling waves into honey raveens
Across curves
Waisted & hipped

All roads lead they say?
It is in the curl of your lips
Initiate the swing of your hips
And show dem girl
Roll those hips
In that certain gait

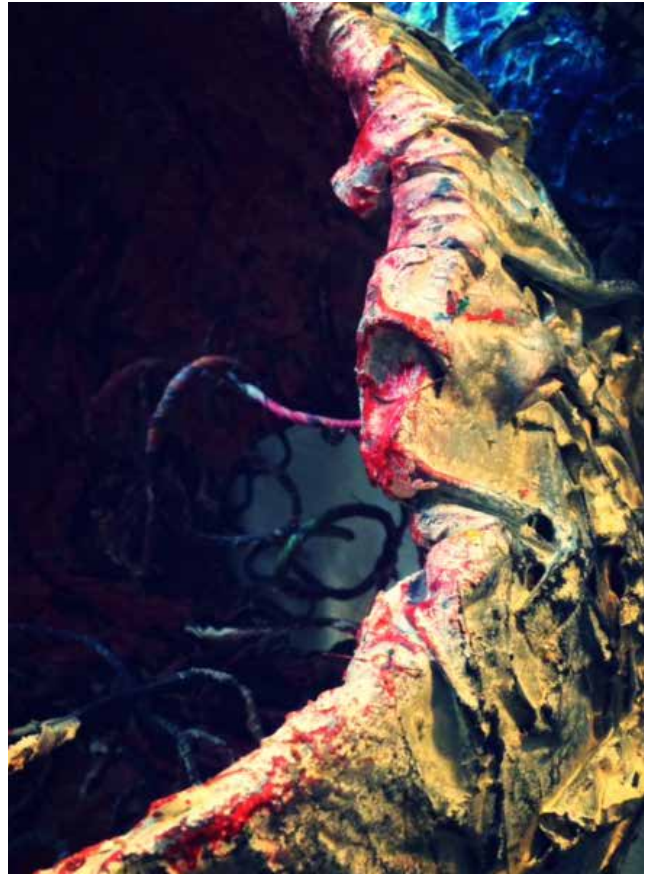
Bead songs crafted through colour, style and chink
Generations invested from she to she
Sweet fecundity is your prerogative
To be, all woman
Show them girl, show dem!

For, as you walk and wine
Feel the power of your being
From a single chink to cascade harmonies
Beaded waists and churning hips
For, it takes a certain feline gait...

Celebrate your rolling hills
Carry your serenade,
There's no space for bashful promenade
This place is yours, claim it
Work it girl, you hold da power
It only takes one chink....

Arrested, you have them
Alert, ready
You? P.H.A.T!
You hold the reins
It's sweet like dat!

Fade to black....



Foibles

Can I truly
Offer me...?
Less expecting
Secret wounds
Be seen...?
Revealed
Exposing inner
Prima materia
Sinewed channels
To soul chamber

I, tread tenderly
New-born naked
Holding sweet sensory
Celestial reverie
Tenderly crafted
Under moonlit shards
Magically traced
Through dreamflight

Gilded offerings
To... encounter
Beloved as
Enlivened being
Vitality invested
Deep within
Be akin feeling

Like dancing over
Hot-coals soon
Jumping river deep
In your gifting
For foibles
Dem Nuh worry mi
Dem be stitched creeds
Honouring fidelity to
Life's tapestry
For, less such topology
I be thirsting
Wanting emotion red relief

For foibles
Strengthen footholds
On earth walks
To eternity
Foibles make we
Human
Make for sweet meanders
Through love's poppy fields
To veritable embrace

Oh yes! I believe!
I can truly
Offer all
Of me...