

To the Women Poets of Kandahar

Women in burqas swing invisible partners,
toes worn from years in too-tight shoes,
orange calluses thickening on the heel.

Burqas swing from the trees, invisible light
from women's wombs, rainbows and fresh water.
get down and boogie all night. Wonder bras,
poodle skirts, and saddle shoes issued at the door.

From women's wombs, fresh rainbows and water.
Radical poems scribbled on placemats.
Slide across the kitchen floor on cooking oil.
Decaf mocha lattes, and chatter.

Exchange notebooks, translate the poems
into your own language. Write notes in the margin,
remember to balance your teacups on your knees.

Heroic couplets grow from women's wombs,
rainbows and fresh water,
orange calluses thicken over the wounds.