THE CROSS (II)
(LINES TO THE PATRIARCHY)

Ma. Zenaida Bernabe French

On the battlefield of bed
  we cross unequal swords
you thrust in greed and manpride
  I parry in humility, yielding up
my guile when you lunge
  and rend apart the layers
of my finite world, breaking
  through the soft wall
of my womanhood to lay bare
  the blood-pulse of
  my womanheart
Ambushed in my innerspace
  I limn the limits
of you and me, grope:
  to define my She against
your He, your One against
  my Me whom you
misread to be the Other
  of your fantasy ---
while high above the
  battlements the words
of love unspoken
  hang between us
lump, lightless and
  unfurled
  
  Now we plant with
bloody crosses the windless
  wastes between your
  life and
  mine.

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