

Patience in a moment

With a knife in her hand, she sits and peels an orange.

The season of rest bows her lips in honor of this act.

Her subtle defiance to busy herself crafts this moment as a silent protest.

The skin of the fruit quietly unwinds on to her lap.

A chapter of her life ends, and another begins.

The story unfolds in between the lines on her knees.

As the orange rotates in her fingers,

The sun kneels beyond the horizon,

And the dead bird resurrects by design.

The wisdom in her body is a revolution with form.

The skill in the single task of unbending is one for the books.

She cuts into the fruit a slice to savour as she settles into a sigh.

As if nobody's watching, she unwraps her doek.

The safety pin used to hold her heart together comes undone.

Yet she continues to chew.

This, a sight unseen in the break of light,

Where she wakes with her wings wide open.

Here she is muse and deity to her own disarming.

The debris collects into a pile at her feet

And becomes a throne she claims without shame.

Her displacement, her undoings, her disorder all a monument.

Undisturbed in her pondering position,

She parts the rotting pain from her lineage and
Wounds unseen with the naked eye are healed.

In a moment of deliberate calm,
The history of learned pain unearths
And Patience eats an orange in silence.

The tool here is no weapon with sharp endings.
It is a time device, travelling to her ancestor's sweetest dreams.
The juice of the fruit dripping down her thighs is a river of memory.

This radical act is work too, though not of her master's rules.
She spits the bitter taste of the thirsty passersby over her shoulder,
And returns to remove the remaining sourness from the back of her mouth.

Some sores need Patience in an imposing posture,
The kind of repose they deny a women's structure to adopt.
An archived trace of self-preservation.

She sits as an unmovable statue of decadence,
And the sky watches in awe at the graceful nonchalance.
She smiles at her sorrows with mounted pride.

The remains of her lost children witness this ritual of rest.
One she practices not out of suffering, but out of love.
A declaration of her commitment to her destiny.

She is aware of the site of fetish she erects,
Her glances are no mistake in her mission.
She harbours her hate and horror where it can all be viewed closely.

Patience on a monument, a moment that must never pass.

Women who freeze things with their eyes.

Like, time. How it takes leave from constantly moving.

Everything sits for a moment.

And pauses in pleasure.

A woman rests in the midst of chaos.

Patience is a monument.