## WIND OF FURY - SONGS OF FURY

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The sling of my rifle presses on the base of my neck and in the hollow of my shoulder-blades...

- Monique Wittig, "Virgil, No!"

I'll stitch the wounds on your body with my hair and kiss them until they heal

My black-browed companion rises my black-browed companion opens her eyes And I see them like butterflies

moving fast in the dark

and flashing

She smiles baring sharp teeth in her strong mouth We walk across the red dust I can't see where your body ends

I can't see where your small hard fingers end You say that beyond the horizon there might be something for us and for other women like us

Slowly we move as fires flicker behind us and warm our backs There are no nights they're finished

where thousands of hands dropped in desolate factories There are no nights they're finished

where all the lovers fed on one another

There are no nights they're finished where dragonflies and lightening bugs are transfixed by the blaze

No nights they've dissolved in the blaze Now there is only red dust The wind doesn't whip it up The wind is finished

 $\label{eq:where becalmed seas have drunk their fill of oil} \\$  The wind is finished

where I breathed a confession of love in your ear And you lifted your head To meet my eyes And we saw the blaze

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I don't see any women on the dark squares
at night their transparent silhouettes wander in
mushroom-shaped treetops
in empty metro cars I squeeze a key into my tense and
sweaty palm
and I emerge from the underground passage
into the world of men

I see them in their clothes styled to look like military uniforms above swim brackish eyes they slip along my body they give me a signal:

you're just a woman

you were born to disappear/you were born to dissolve into a cloud of ashen fingers trembling with lust/you were taught to get wet at the mere sight of their

terrible smiles/to sigh from their gaze that cuts your body/to choke on it

I walk along narrow streets through the whisper of catcalls hey you Across the squares I walk like I'm naked

Through dark parks I walk

trying to distinguish the shadows of trees from the shadows of men After a tender meeting with my beloved I'm walking And I carry the warmth of her kisses in my belly
After a tender meeting with my beloved I'm walking

And I remember every hair on her

body

After a tender meeting with my beloved I'm walking

I'm walking
I see the look
That she gives me each time we part
This looks says

kill anyone who dares to touch you

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My mother has become an Amazon

she sat upon a boulder
and in one stroke cut off her left breast

To make it easier to hold the bow

To leave nothing for the feeding of babies
her right breast became heavy wood long ago

Mama woke up one day And decided – what mama was Is no more

she got on a train and went west and then south a ways

she rode and thought: I am an Amazon the ivory gears of steel factories rustle beneath me my evil past lies beneath me my children who were never born lie beneath me

Enough now I will be happy Now I will be warlike and beautiful Now I will pierce the bellies of men My fingernails sharpened like knives anyone who doubts I have become an Amazon will learn the truth I'll spit in his face

And mama sat on a stone The stone as if covered in frost

shards of mica glistening in the sunlight

Mama felt a chill

And inside herself she repeated: now I will be an Amazon
And she drew a sharp black knife across the base of her breast
Blood filled her eyes

The pain hardened in her body

She understood that rejecting her breast was not enough She had to become a lesbian And she will if she has time If she has the strength to rise from the cold stone And walk across the desert To meet her sisters

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I had a lot of blood in me

It has all gone black with fury

I have no enemies

They've drunk their fill of my fury

The one who dared to touch

My white body

My tender white body

My white body

star-strewn with birthmarks

The one who dared to touch me

My fury will sing in your throat

I will walk with heavy steps my iron steps across your fingers that dared to touch me and sow crowds of gnawing worms in your eyes and all your parts still defecating and slowly moving I will hack them off and feed them to a dog and the dog gone mad from your foul meat will run across the steppe run along the roads stumbling from madness in its eyes madness and a chasm and from the wasting of its own flesh the dog will drop dead

That's how the life of your filthy dick will end Everything else that's left of you I will leave upon the earth under the wind

Unburied

And women will come

To urinate on your body

To spit upon your breast

To comfort themselves

And defile you

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Their faces are made of earth and sawdust
their faces tinted yellow in the light of factory lamps
all of them looking as a thousand-headed woman
all of them waving with the hand of

thousands

Their alarm makes the leaves of heavy trees tremble their stomachs absorb potatoes and meat by the ton they are looking at us with one full face

And if a tear should fall from their eyes

we'll all choke on the salt

salt will eat through our skin

And if a woman loses but one organ of her body

another will say – take my breast take my fingers there are so many of us that there is enough sweat and flesh for everyone And no one will notice

and not one of them will say and not one will dare call you damaged

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they sleep under the earth

like large tired beasts
moles and shrewmice feed off their sweat and dead skin
I hear them breathing under the dry barren soil
sometimes in the steppe you see hollows in the sand
between bushes of thorns

the passage of oxygen to their dozing nostrils sometimes you can come and listen

to their singing as one a single song in their sleep it has no words only a drawn-out sound

they are sleeping

they are waiting for the dry cratered earth inflamed from their strides

to touch the sky

and they will walk

their hair long with time sweeping the roads
collecting thorns dry grass and roots in their braids
and they will walk
drinking up lakes when they stop to rest
and they will walk

tucking the hem of their skirts into their belts each will walk

inhaling the air

with a breast without breasts

and exhaling

the slate-gray spirit of fury and destruction

and they will walk

leaving traces

all these women – disfigured by violence. murdered. imprisoned by feelings of guilt. humiliated. broken.

they are lying in the earth

they are walking across the earth – to the kindergarten to collect their children – the fruit of domestic violence.

into a shop for bread and milk – to feed their rapist

they sit on swollen penises with a whisper: and you said you didn't want to, look how wet you are

they moan from the pain cutting through their vaginas

they are all lying in the earth

they can walk this earth they can sleep they can drink tea in the kitchen swallow sticky sperm

they are all under the earth

in the dark

and there is no language to describe the fury it sleeps like a tired animal in their hearts

many throw up their hands – how can we punish our rapist. we can't touch that. the ones who raped us. or are raping now. the ones who will rape again.

who are they
we can't stop it
we can't respond with violence
we can't do anything at all
we look on petrified
and wait

when N. was in the fifth grade during the breaks the boys from her class and the parallel one waited in ambush for the girls in the dark hallway the girls were afraid to walk there alone this dark intestinal hallway can be found in every school the boys (and in the fifth class that's 10- and 11-year-olds) waited for their female classmates in threes they'd push them up against the wallpull down their skirts and stick their hands in their pants the noise of the break drowned out the girls' screams the when the girls told their teacher about scream dissolved they like you that's all she smiled and said those insensitive to violence explain it as attraction or deny its when the girls didn't find the protection of an existence adult woman several of them hid in the corners of the hallway it was called using live bait one of them was the bait she walked back and forth along the hallway during the halfhour break until the little rapists arrived they came and surrounded her pushed her up against the wall and then the other girls came out of the dark corners and doorways they went up behind the backs of the little rapists and beat them beat them as hard as they could they emptied little juiceboxes on their heads spat in their faces the little rapists cried and told their parents there was an investigation the little rapists cried – it's not fair

there are no words in their song only drawn-out sounds

some of them have no breasts no teeth
many of them remember the faces of their rapists
and all that was done to them

but as if not to them

but with some other bodies other bodies someone else's vagina someone else's hair someone else's eyes

their glassed over eyes watched and couldn't cry but only blink and see

they couldn't make a sound but howled howled about the loss of their body the loss of their will the loss of self under the earth they howled

and their howl didn't hit the walls didn't rebound to their ears it dissolved in the rootless gray earth the earth dissolved their bodies the earth eased their pain the earth sang the petrified to sleep the armless the eyeless just as long as it doesn't hurt so much

A. tells me that when the murder of a woman is discovered they only try the perpetrator for murder it's like a sale the second thing is free and you can choose any second thing with the same price or less all the rapists who kill women are given a few years of freedom on top of their sentence for murder A. adds this means that almost all women who were murdered were raped first and only then killed

the wedding gold

has fallen from their fingers now darkness is our home now subterranean darkness is our home now hideous, subterranean darkness is our home

my mother told me he only beat me once yes, just one time compared to that rapist who lived with her after the divorce one time is just a fart this fart dissolved in the air when ends we have forgiven all of them and you will learn to forgive I will never forgive

I lie in the darkness under the earth
I lie and beneath me I sense
other women sleeping in the

darkness

their hearts beat in their ribcages like whispers interspersed with a song of hatred and pain I feel under the earth I feel above me

winds are blowing full of fury they sing the song of fury and call us to rise and walk to avenge ourselves

our womanly tribe

he only beat me once when he found out I cheated on him the linoleum was covered in blood and the wallpaper and the molding good thing the wallpaper is pink imitation marble I thought at the time the blood won't show and then when my eyes filled with blue spots when I spat the shards of my front teeth onto the linoleum he threw me against the radiator it

was summer so it wasn't hot he raped me for several hours and then when it was already getting light he brought me a bucket and a rag and told me to clean up the mess I couldn't stand up for a long time everything hurt no tears though! heard the birds singing outside my window in the dawn and him snoring on the other side of the wall he was sleeping! got up and mopped the floors

We are covered in a crust

of blood and sperm

she stretched out her skin she lowered us into the earth

new breasts will grow new lips will grow new hair will grow black breasts black teeth black hair will grow new black with fury

awash in blood up to the vagina it will harden into a black scab an invincible armor it will grow into our meat and there will shine upon it like clean steel on a black ground long sharp spikes

we'll tuck our skirts into our belts so we don't soil them in the blood of our enemies so everyone we meet will see how our legs have gone red up to the vagina our legs are red with the blood of rapists
they won't be able to hide from the blood
the wind will lead us in their tracks
the wind of fury
the wind of vengeance
the wind lifting us
sweeping the earth
the wind of fury
the wind of vengeance

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motionless at the bottom of the plain they gaze into the distance women waiting for a new world

their hands will grow full with care the moist muteness between their legs will shudder into life

when at last just one returns
from a walk in the heat
from the smoggy city
from the war
from idle strolls along paths hard from the heavy tread of men

when they return

they will see that our eyes are dry we've learned to see thin bent shadows among the quiet trees our eyes see the plain settling under years of movement and the horizon rises above our heads they will see and will cover our eyes with their hands and our strained inflamed eyes will rest and grow moist our eyes have already seen it all
we saw the light it ended before our eyes and then lit up again
they'll cover our bodies with heavy bellies
they'll warm our skin with their hot love
they'll help deliver the heavy burden of expecting a new world
with them we'll give birth to a new glorious entrancing world
of precious beings
precious people whose steps leave only light and pure water
upon the earth
grown still for a moment

## the wind

brings the smell of fire brings flakes of ash sometimes it smells of burning skin the wind moves our forelocks caresses the hairs on our calves

it sings – no one will come no one will ever return from the war no one will return from the walk no one will return home

you must fall upon the ground yielding to a gust of wind give up the pain of waiting to the earth to grow and sprout anew to grow up and walk to become convinced

that there never have been any men

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we smell of body and earth we drag a trail of blood behind us

blood on the grass it means we're alive

and nature is alive and it carries us upon its body

it takes a great strength to bear our weight

we move out wide and on

this means they'll hear our howl they'll hear it and be terrified that's not the wind in the trees brushing through rough hollows that's not an animal moaning caught in a trap it's us breathing it's our pores secreting the poison steam of pain and everything changes when we pass

the green grass under our feet is filled with blood charmed beasts set off after us and become indistinguishable from one another their bodies weave together into one cruel black body with a multitude of paws and heads a multitude of sharp nipples

they follow us and with each day their bodies grow more firmly into ours

we walk with our exhausted body close to the earth with myriad glands drained of milk with the plucked petals of lips and we gather up everything that crosses our path no one will touch us now
those who reached their hands toward us have stuck to our
body and move with us
those who looked at us with lust have dissolved in our black
blood
and choked on our black anguish
and without noticing have themselves become our body
those who saw us out of the corner of their eye sleep without
rest he sees before him he catches
the scent of our terrible body our heavy body

only the earth can bear our body when it is covered with us and swallows us and explodes

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And if I am not these bright-red

Desperate poppies
Above the graveyard earth
collapsed under the earth

Then who

Their procession
With tender petals like the fingernails of infants
They touch the air on the wind

And if I'm not them then who

Above the paternal grave fluttering like the flame of flowers

Black flies land on my face

The sticky steppe sucks in my gaze

Who am I

If not these bright-red poppies

No not crimson

Bright-red

Translucent in the sunlight

They cast the shadow of threads upon the dry earth

The blood has faded

The blood will grow up through the earth