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Unapologetically Woman

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Unapologetically Woman

A collection of poems

By

Dominique Donald

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Dedication

To all the wildflowers that dance all night to the moon and get lost in the sun. We are the ever work in progress; the final delight. We don't belong here but in the moment of bliss. To the wildflower in all of us, I hope you show the world what it means to be here. Here in the stance of the moving consciousness. This is for you; for the flowers that know no other way than wild.

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size

But when I start to tell them,

They think I'm telling lies.

I say,

It's in the reach of my arms,

The span of my hips,

The stride of my step,

The curl of my lips.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

-Maya Angelou

Prologue:

I have been fascinated by the art of evolution within human nature. How people choose to grow as human and why they want to develop the way they do. Within Humanities I have studied the psychologist, the artist, the historian, the scientist, the theologian and have seen the evolution of humanness; it is the very transformation of the soul, the enlightened heart glowing with mutuality. The freedom of choice and liberty of life.

As I, a woman, was thinking about my choices and the liberties within my rights, I was angered by the continued oppression of women throughout all time. Women since the first bite of temptation (knowledge) have been shun down, beaten, raped, killed, for being who they are and the choices they had made. Over and over again men have shut down the idea of woman, they have excluded the very right, the very choice of whether we live or not. But we evolved, or how I believed we survived, was through the art and magic of shapeshifting.

Women have touched down deep within their roots and have used the very power we were once given. Women chose the arts to escape male dominated speech. Women have chosen nature to be their guide, rather than a home structured around a man's appetite. Women chose themselves first and have succeeded through the very notion of shapeshifting. Women from the beginning of time to current present are the very definition of evolution. They have built power and this community only known to women has feminism. I was inspired by this true nature, the choices and the liberty within the women of the earth and how they used their ability to not only make this world what it is, but have built a foundation for the silent voices. We are the very definition of change and have progress the human race, to be what it is. Women have shaped this world to see, we are more than just fuck tools and workers, we are the very nature everyone steps

on. We are the sun that raises the flowers to life, we are the angels of death that grants all peace. We are the makers the truth and carry the very backbone to survival. We are the geniuses who grant wishes and dreams to be true.

Though I believe this to be about all women, the world and history have proven opposite. Women have been rejected from their homes, society, life because of their sexuality, their love for others, grief, depression, their anger, and hatred. We have been silenced and cut down to be servants and whores for men. We were never given choice, though we gave choice back. I was inspired by women in history and their involvement to be better, to be the shapeshifter in their own time. The very thing that makes us women so magical, so human, it is the ability to be changed. We honor and understand mutuality.

I do not know how women shapeshift into adaptable beings, but we just do. This is just the beginning, of discovering my conception of identity. To promote this, I took several doses of psychedelics to really challenge and face some different realities of truth. Within this process I encountered a massive episode of depression. Through this depression I began to grieve. Everyday was like waking in constant numbness and waiting for day to end and my eyes and heart to rest. I was a walking zombie that was faking most of the time and I was not happy.

I was afraid to talk to someone about it and still kind of am today. But I began to allow myself the choice of expressing these emotions. I chose to do so and went through the stages of grief. During this time I was visited by the memories and the spirit of my long passed sister. She was always familiar, but distant at the same time. In her guidance I looked to her and myself to move on. I shapeshifted and became and began to not feel sorry for myself. For me, I shapeshifted using my depression, not as weapon of self destruction but a tool if self

improvement. I found great power in that and I expanded my view on who I was. I rejected the rejection society had place on me when I was publicly depressed. I chose for myself.

With this idea of rejection I wrote in a creative format, poetry as an easy, yet complicated way of expressing who I am.. It was easy in the sense of natural rhythm, but hard to put such power statements in such few little lines. Poetry comes natural and I feel it exposes a sense of my heart that I would not be willing to share just in talk. I myself have been going through a person evolution or some might say enlightenment. Through this, I really internalize what it meant to be a woman and to think of all the times I was rejected for my sexuality, rejected for the mental illnesses I carry, and for the anger and the unwanted hatred I hold in my life. I translated this whole feeling into my subconscious and work through multiple components to evolve into what I think is better. To say shortly I had to endure an ego death. I had to admit faults. Complete raw confrontation.

The women who inspired me to think about this subject even further would be Eve, from the Garden of Eden, Nina Simone, Lydia Yuknavitch, Frida Kahlo, Marie Antoinette, Maria Gherardini, Angela Davis, Audrey Lorde, Syd Tha Kyd, Joan of Arc, and my mother, Rosa. Along with many other women, my mother taught me the truth will set you free. Kindness is a necessity to live. Love motivates us to survive and share the moments of being human.

Unapologetically Woman is an creative outlook about the rejected woman. It is about the deep truths about what it means to be woman. It is about the choice to change and acceptance for growth within the change. It showcases what the human emotions can range too and it shows that even in weak moments we have the strongest wills. *Unapologetically Woman* is statement not

only to myself, but to the women all around the world. It is the ever work in progress, the divine treasure. We will forever change the future and will be apart in the future. We are the change.

Part One: Love and Sex

"People came to see her because they saw her not as a person but as a pure example of this one part of the natural world" an on looker during the exhibit in 1810 for the showing of Sara(h) "Saartjie" Baartman. The repression on Black sexuality has inspired me to be more sexual. I was inspired by the true events of Baartman. A woman taken from home, used as a tool for amusements and tricks. She was exploited and never given her choice over her body. Someone saw it for there and took it like that. While fuming in the anger of repressed sexuality I embraced a nature most humans care to admit. I embraced a side I thought I never believed would belong to me. I found a self-love, a self-respect for myself and my body. In doing this I also add suppressed others, whilst trying to find mine. There are my moments.

Questions:

Taste my pussy and tell me what you think.

Is it sweet like glitter upon clear waters?

Or salty like the tops of trees?

Do you think it beautiful?

Do you think it soft?

Do you think it should be yours?

Tell me,

What do you think of my pussy?

Onyx

I dream of nothing but onyx,
Pressing your lips on my body
I slowly put my hands in my pools
Pulsing and falling — I tighten
I tighten
Gripping the work, your work
I'm flushed.

Waking in dawn I see your eyes so deep
Of Mughal emeralds.
Glazing over at my sweet flush skin
Your tongue meets my infinities—
Holding unto my pillars I try to run
But where your mouth meets my lips I

Come just by gazing. Your wicked games
Make me ponder. With all your weight
We stretch and feel. You feel yourself in new skin.
My skin. Our skin.
We encircle with growth
You quake, I shake, we re-make.

Now we both dream of onyx.
Dreaming of pleasures we spread
Our springs — coiling back together.
Touching the white waves in my pool again,
You feed — I feed on your nectar.
Once again we are gods entranced with onyx
Only this time we see red.

Cotton

The cream floats onto my babymaker
Allowing small cells to ravage within me.
Scraping my insides I never wanted him.
I never wanted his seed to stench my sweet
Flesh

He wouldn't leave. He wouldn't stop.
Though he called me goddess I felt like
Nothing.

He raped me.

He stripped my subconscious
And turned it into the black hole called nothingness.
He made me feel used.
Like one of his t-shirts.
Cotton.

He called me lovely.
I was the best sex he had ever had
I rocked his world
But little does he know he ruined
Mine

I lay in the bed only to pretend it was me.
His burning touch spilled into my sheets.
He left
Leaping only for boiling water I
Burned

Only to remember I still smelled of cotton.

Here

I warm your stiff feet in cold mornings
Here for your sitting comfort
I lie with you as you cry
Soaking your sodden tears into my fibers

Horses play upon me in etch
They dance upon you in the happy moments
Dark nights I support your drunk crusades
Scattered with endless lovers and fights

Stretch upon me with your will
Let me appreciate all that I see
Water velvet skin with ancient oils
Your body is a gift to me

Gladly step on me, my dear love
My red skin was meant to disrupted
Soft I once was
But now I am pleased to speak to the sun

Lie on me with your naked body
Let me embrace your softness
To gravitate on no reality
Together we can touch the sun

Jared

He asked me not to leave.
To stay, in bed with him forever.
We were to dream on acidic clouds
Painted by unknown gods. We would dance
Like the coke-filled bodies.
We swirled in our afternoon delight.
Pure childhood dreams.
He was supposed to stay.

I stayed

I stayed for his beautiful.
For the flight of love and
I fell from the sky.
The acidic clouds vanished.
His Green eyes gone
He left
Me
To do something more.
Little did he know he left the sun.

Angels

We can not touch —
Though our eyes are drawn to each lips
We simply cannot taste.
Eyes filled with heaven's fire
The devil chases our desires.
Both you and I are only meant for
Chaos and Order
Something of this time.
With these earthly vessels we were never meant to be
For we came from the heavens, only known to earth as
Angels.
Your heart and body belongs to another.
She is fair in all realms from
Beauty, wit, and mother-like
—earthly
She is yours, and you are hers.
Not mine.
Though you show subtle glances,
I deny our every right to be heavenly
We will never be those angels again,
Not in this time

Only may we meet at death

Could we be again.

I ask you, angel

To not look at me once more —

For we may never showcase our life.

Tits

Have

You

Ever

Tasted

Your

Own

Nectar?

I

Have

And

It

Is

Known

To

The

World

As

Milk

And

Honey

The

Food

Of

Paradise

And

Of

The

Lost.

Orbs

The green lights, cannot leave my thoughts. I began to love
His hair, long like god — he was beautiful
Soft and gentle. A man transfixed on a girl with brown eyes
Simple beauty — me.
We fell in love.
The magic created by the stardust poured by Ursa Major.
The glitter sprinkles from our big dipper, dripping into the brains of lovers
Kisses
From hints of american spirits and the light fog of whiskey
I fell
The man, longed for hollywood streets
I fell
He was the orb of light, she had longed for.
She was his dreamed of captured magic.
He left
Uncharted magic still burns in the red embers of the american spirits
His charred stardust left like water in the sink from washing
I needed to let go. Let go of the spirit that was not mine.
I now sit in smeared ashes only to remember his green orbs.

Fuck Hole

Desperation
Reaches
my lips
only known to me
as a
fuck hole

Part Two: Grief and Depression

In the depths of ultimate sadness I found complete happiness. Simply temporary at fact, death and the process of death inspired me more to discover why my depression has shaped me. In this time period I experimented a lot with psychedelics, specifically acid and this was of my own volition. I wanted to go into uncharted waves within my brain to find my super-power and that is admitting my sadness. Through psychedelics and choice I discovered that I will forever be a sad woman. I honestly think I was born to just grieve. Sadness was always drawn to me, much easier than happiness. Grieving for my sister and for the women in time who were constantly turned down by their emotions. I wanted to show other people, that it is okay to be broken.

I.N.U.

I grieve for your lost spirit
Once I knew you through maternal blood
Now we only share distance

Dearest I wish I could see your face
From green eyes to your smile
How I would have loved to form to you

Maria, do you hear me?
Crying for long advice
I need you dear sister.

I need you

Twin

She's gone
I'm gone
Stark, stiff sheets
Bleached.

She's gone
I'm gone
Broken mirror there
Lost.

She's gone
I'm gone
I think I'm
Dying.

She's gone
I'm gone
Only a simple
Step.

She's gone
I'm gone
I'm never going
Back.

Jump

Consumption

I fear you,
Though I bask in your richness.
You dance with me and I feel beautiful.
When ribs peek through thin clothing

I invoke you
To play within my weak eyes,
I invite you
To mask my hunger, thirst

I love you.

Untitled

I raped you.

Your soul and body were only
used for my temporary comfort .

- i'm sorry

twinkle

twinkle lights

jump

into my

eyes.

i

was

floating

on top

of

clouds

made

from stars.

asteroids

filled

the windows.

i

died

in the

house

full of

gas.

exploding red

consumed

my purity.

i

died

in the house

that was

built

for me.

The truth

I'm naked on my knees in the praying position. Just like how I was in the ancient days, to the old gods. I cry, with the wet droplets dripping from kinky curls onto my exposed back. I check the door to see if it is locked. It is. Don't want anyone walking in on my release. I stand and grab my belt from my antique closet. Gripping the rope-like texture I return to my puddles of empty prayers. I inhaled the dry Arizona air and look around my calm green room. I notice I am sad and the only way to clear myself of this demon is to inflict physical pain. I need to hurt myself. He told me to do it. He told me if I do this, I will be in control. So I begin to lash my back. I hit, though not strong enough. The second hit is inflicted. Third hit just right. I keep going until the seventh lash. I stop. I begin crying. I stop feeling and that feels right. I stop being.

I would never wish
Loneliness on anybody.
For the human mind
Is not capable, of being
Alone

12-29-17

Second Trip

I cradle myself in my pillow womb called a blanket.
Stiff cotton wraps around my face
I can still hear them.
Demons running past my ears like loose fairies amongst the gardens.
Laughing — shrilling
The Blue glazes over my eyes as saltwater runs into my mouth.
I hate being alone.
Seven hours have pass and I have not moved. Sweaty hands and feet rub together to create
Eraser markings - only to forget those marks made by me.
I smell a familiar scent. Me.
Incense, lavender, and coconut oil.
Calming.
When will this end?
This wasn't like the last time.
Creamy, whimsical, emotional.
Why am I doing this?
Alone
Disrupted by the dragons from the skies
They grew from the dewy green ground and caused me to fall.
Fall into the illusions of death.
Stay focused I say. Stay grounded I say.
I am alone
And the demons only remind me,
I was never alone.

Haiku

Maria, I miss
You were mother's favourite child
Soft, gentle, you died

On Thanksgiving day
The Lord brought you home to rest
Causing grief to start

Life won't be the same
A childless mother lost
I miss Maria

Dearest Heart,

Please don't break. Only break if you need the final rest. You are the strength within Dominique. The very thing that makes life drawn to her. Please remind her to smile. To allow herself to create and break when needed. Pull her from his depths and bring her to the sun. Right now he is winning. Dragging her into the cave of nothingness. She needs to live, not just for herself, but for the wildflowers that chase her. Fight for her, for she is losing a battle she has fought many times. Remind her to be gentle -- to love herself even when he says the opposite. Dominique knows love, but not to herself. Show her love through her dreams. Through a sense of vibrations and sounds, open her ears to the bird's song. Allow the wind chants to filter her spirit and spark growth and thought. Allow her to express the natural and primal self in this hard artificial life. Bring peace to yourself and invite the anger to sit and drink on thoughts. Wrestle with humanness. Do not provoke but dance with the ideas of free thought. Make her see she is worthy. But give her space to wallow in the sadness. Not his sad, but our sad. Remind her to touch and look within her soul and allow the water to come down. Give her air in her collapsed lung and ease the strings around yourself. Tell her she is beautiful. This is her destiny — to be the struggling artist. Artists were never meant to be happy. They were meant to interpret life. Believe in her. She has graced us with healing. Invite all you know and dunk yourself in the truth. In beauty. Discover everything and begin to be better. Not only to live, but to be. That is all you need to be.

*Love Always,
Me*

Normal

I have thought about killing myself —

Everyday

Chapter Three: Anger and Hatred

In the last chapter I attempt to capture my essence of my anger and hatred I have towards certain people, climate change and the pale faces, known to me as white people. Though anger and hatred do not rule my heart I was frustrated with my end goal. I felt like I was not angry enough or had enough hatred to fuel me. So in a sense I feel like I did not give women the justice of their anger. But I attempted at least. In this final chapter I expand on the various forms of anger and hate one can hold and expel to the world. As a Afro-Latina, I have a lot to be angry for, but I find it to be exhausted and soul-taking. So I tried to be angry, but was fueled more by sadness and disappointment. I realised anger does not have to be loud, it can be still and sometimes positive. While in the moment it might be chaotic, it does have a sense of order. We women have known this order since the first bite of the temptation. I allowed myself to be more free in the sense of anger and hate and just put down words that felt right. In the end women have every right to be angry and hate, we just use it in different light.

To the S.S.

Sarah and Sam,

Stop living.

It doesn't look good on

you

Real

To the artist

-starve

Alex

She is beautiful

A broken creature

Meant to fall

A face meant for closed fists

Key scratches — cigarette burns

Alex

Soft and loved

The world raped — drugged — beat

Her

But all she could do for herself was to

Smile

Boxed Trees

Have you, yes you, the reader, seen a tree in a box? Look around, they're everywhere. Right in front of your eyes. The symbolic piece of human order. These wild trees grow. They grow into massive life forms only to be knocked down and made as tools for our own good. Never a thank you, never a please. That is who we are as humans. Greedy consumers, only taking what was given to us as life and gift of mesmerising beauty. We took it. We take. It was already beautiful, but we disgraced them. Mother Earth is dying. Every day she is dying. The bees are fading, the birds fly low. Consumed, they have become filled with our plague of black smoke. This will be the end of us. Man has written of the issue of our own death with our very own hands. Monsters we have become. Mother Earth is screaming.

So I ask you reader, what shall we do with the boxed trees?

Apollo

Pale faces I ask you, why weren't you blessed by the sun?
Kissed by the orange rays - we Black folks were dunked by Apollo.
Chosen to be different, we were God's gift to earth.
The forever movement of thunder and jazz
We created this world known as culture.

Pale faces stop trying to be us.
You will never be us.
You were not kissed by Mary, but by Hades.
You pale faces have no control nor soul.
Meek bleakness of nothing.

I was kissed by Mary
Designed to be like earth - curvy
Every step I take there is a ripple of divine-ness
You will never be like me.
Dripping in Blackness and Glory

the Beginning

moons creates power

unlocking the blood flow now

causing Womanhood

tides pull together

beginning the red sea flow

just to remind me

Womanhood creates

leading to a new life form

life starts with Woman

Epilogue: The Song of Eve

There she was — naked, hue of God; Eve.

Made from the flesh of Adam's ribbed chest, they walked

Side by side. Knowledgeable of all He meant it to be.

Day and night came to be but Eve was curious by the talked

Of Thebes. Outside the garden stood nothing but wonder,

She looked for the hidden thunder. Eve a woman after

Science, wanted to understand what He must see. Hiss

there, slither there, came an angel. "Taste the fruit of the

Tree beyond the center. There Thee shall find the mind of

God." Eve ventured then sprinted with Joy - naked bosom

Show giddy and her heart full of stars. Eve felt free of He

And escaped amongst the trees. Huffing of lost air she pulled

From the tree. Ripe was the pear. Sweet aromas filled the air

And with the bite, Eve tasted the mere gift of sight.

Thank you Rosa and Kim,

You two reminded me I still had magic. I will never forget that.

Many Thanks,

Dominique Donald