

Cyclic Blues

(for the one whose cramps are my pains)

you were barely of age enough to
stand straight and spell "ibuprofen"
when the first wave of uterine spasms
hit you below the navel,
tied you down and rolled you back
into a helpless foetal curl

of course, it was a turning point and
there was no blissful sucking of
a thumb for you from that day on

for every lunar round-trip since then the
cyclic blues have come to you and
they have gone from you

with each episode of the visit
you moan and you curse for days

with each pang you wish to fly away but
you only sink deeper down the
tantrums of distemper with labored
breaths and unbearable headaches

not even your solemn sighs of resignation to
the gods of fertility ever softens your
dread when your sanity snaps and
an affliction of the moods drenches your
soul and deadens the spirits like
a plague with no known cure

the cycle of nature, the agony of womanhood

with regular rhythm beyond your awareness
you are obliged to always return to
that awkward “special time of the month”
when you are supposed to just shed some
blood-soaked debris and make a new nest for
a new life that might come in the next cycle

but it turns out that these are times when
the raging flares of luteal-follicular
transitions overpower and cripple you with
a painful rebirth not known to any man,
throwing you down the inglorious
sink of unending mood swings

the cyclic blues of womanhood
the eternal pride of femininity

may the life of the one who’s cramps are
my pains be eased by the balm of the
sweet nothings I whisper

and may she be blessed with the
abundant bliss of motherhood when
the eventual flooding of my seeds along
her fertile canal produces faultless fruitage

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