political
union

You call me ‘Sister’ Brother,
yet it seems you speak with the empty kernel of the word,
and sometimes
when you talk to me
there lingers after
a void
far more empty than existed before.
When you hear my anguished silence and are reassured by it
then I know that your strength depends on my becoming weak
that you have not questioned
the bars, deeply entrenched,
of the barbed cage, externally defined
that is the oppressor’s role you so emulate.

When you look above the waist
see my face
touch my skin,
nestle on my breast as though
to reclaim the ease of infancy
then I know
that you have concretised my body
in your mind, into a temple
for your fantasies.
When you fraternise with my sisters while demanding my fidelity
then I know that you yourself are unfulfilled.
Many times you have seen my nakedness
but not noticed my eyes
as you surrounded me in your taunting caress.
Can you, physically a part of this body
Try to see, inside this body
the joy and pain at once housed side by side?
Can you stop wearing me, playing me
stop strumming my emotions?

You call me 'Sister' Brother,
yet I know
that it is simply a Psychological lever to prise apart my legs.
'Sister, make coffee for the movement,
Sister, make babies for the struggle'
You raped my consciousness with your body
my body with reason,
and assuage your unconscious guilt by oral politiking

'Sister, Sister'.

When you yourself acknowledge the Occidental fetters that truss you,
When you yourself see the hidden fenders that seal the seal
over your mind's eye
against me
When you can see that my political significance is
a vertical one
that my contribution is
a vanguard one
and you can see my total

Then you can call me Sister
Then you will be my Comrade.

Iyamide Hazeley