



All Roses are Women

When a woman dies,
do not put her in a box or in the ground,
nor sprinkle her in the lake or the sea.

Do not send her down the river
for she is not a boat.


For how else is she supposed to seep into the Earth?

Plant and grow her. Water her
for all roses are women
and all women are roses.

They are the enlightened ones:
strong, beautiful, violent.

Picture perfect puncturing thorns,
prickling out, a palpable perfume
into the night of which you laid
down a sodden bed of fertilizer.

-Maya



I last but a little, and the night is enormous

Some days I come home and the floor is too cold to bear.

the knives, too cold

the sun, too cold

The house is small because all I do there is wait

for hours

My girl comes home to flowers on the dining table.

to gauzy curtains tangled up at the bottom

to the cat, empty and hungry

She, across town, loves the jingling of her keys

always in her hands

what is there to run from?

Another ache in my back

sometimes I dread going to see her.


It isn't fair

I need a body double

to get me out of here.

-Hannah

(From Octavio Paz's *Sodality*, translated by David Bowles)



It grew both day and night

Trapped in stone,
My life is cold.

Stuck here,
Forced to grow old.

A plan I have,
I plant a seed.

And now it grows,
Fulfilling my greed

Cracks have formed,
I have gotten away.

No longer trapped,
I live another day.

-Travis

What are you on? Who wants to kill you?

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These questions form words inside my brain; words from my mother,

What am I on?

Do I want to kill me?

Am I killing me?

This trip is not a one-way ticket

Ride it out and go back home.

-Anonymous

The night was so dark

Had the stars gone to sleep?

Did they close their eyes?

Or did they want peace for the night?

Surrendered and sheathed their knives?

Whichever they did

it leads us astray,

because their small light

is what signals our way.

The night was so dark.

-Aleena

Tomorrow

She's uplifting, abhorrent
overwhelming ever changing
never promised yet expected
unseen but touched regardless

-Anonymous

Does it make you feel inferior?

Does it make you feel inferior?

The emotion you shoved down my throat,
the fear that fills me when I see your face,
the way my hands shake, and my mind dissolves.

You say you are here to protect me,
but I've had to protect myself from you.

You tell me I'm irrational, I'm dramatic,
too emotional, too paranoid, but you don't
listen to me, nor when I tell you my experiences

Nor when I tell you about the woman who was murdered
because she said no to a man, and they don't like that.

You say not all men, but how am I
supposed to know who and

who is not a threat to my very existence?

I am a hunted animal, caged to
be bred and my only purpose to make babies.

I am fearful, I am the sheep who cried wolf
but no one came to my rescue,
not one single person.

I am feared, cold, a desolate being
who rebuilt themselves
with shields yet to break.

I will not stoop to your level,
I am better than you.

I did not deserve
what happened
to me.

-Anonymous



Need Support?

- Talk to your primary care doctor or another health professional about mental health problems.
- Southern Arizona Gender Alliance Youth and Family Resources: <https://sagatucson.org/resources/youth-and-families/youth-and-family-resources>
- Southern Arizona Center Against Sexual Assault: <https://www.sacasa.org/>
- If you are in a crisis or need to talk, call the Teen Lifeline at 1-800-248-8336 or text 'Home' to 741741.