Man's Share of Woman

Allison Eir Jenks

La part de la femme de l'homme
La petite école rouge
Dans ses poèmes, Allison Eir Jenks nous présente deux femmes éparses, victimes des hommes, devenues hostiles face à leur environnement. Dans “La petite école rouge”, la narratrice exprime son désir de ramener sa soeur, démolie par la vie, au temps où l’innocence (symbolisée par la petite école rouge) régnait toujours. Pour la soeur, il n’y a plus de naïveté: avant elle “voyait des taches de rousseur près de la lune. Maintenant les étoiles sont des étoiles”. Les choses n’ont plus rien de merveilleux, elles ne sont que ce que le monde cruel dicte qu’elles sont. Dans “La part de la femme de l’homme”, la narratrice décrit de façon intense une femme qui ne veut plus être une victime des hommes, ne veut plus leur appartenir. Cette guerrière, cette tueuse a décidé de prendre sa vie en main et de prendre la vie de tous les hommes qui ont des “regards coupables”. Cette femme est fière de ses actes de cruauté car maintenant c’est elle qui établit les règles du jeu; elle a volé aux hommes leurs idées, leurs paroles et elle leur redonne ce qu’ils lui ont donné: abus, hostilité, violence, haine, et mort.

The killer composes the church bells
they ring for her.

Chained to vows made by animals,
she takes over
She was once seized in a sexual prison.

With lines dented in her stomach
she’s at her prime for a war.

Needing no companions,
her tender veins thrive on the rush.
Her coarse skin and knotted hair
hide behind a gown of prayer for better men:
Men with the blood of a woman.

Jealous gods chase her. Worshipping herself,
she lives through her shadows.

Once, she had baggy dreams,
searching for light among the crowded stars.

All those impure moments against her will,
Trenched in tears, tripped by man's obstacles.

Now, those savaged men are dead.
Proud of her sins, armed with insight,
she invents the games.

They will be marked with deep bites.
Fooled, they are tightly roped
with silk pillows under their heads.
then they are sealed with a shower of nails.

Man's share of woman is none.
She has stolen their ideas
and transformed her body
into a thick block of muscle.

She can lift them and hold them down,
like they did.

She embraces them and toys
with their thinnest flesh.

When they scream for her,
she beats them with her stick and laughs like a beast.

Reciting their faulty lines
The Little Red School House

We drew pictures in the window's breath
driving where they made us go.
Her heavy eyes of sky
saw freckles near the moon;
Now stars are stars.

New cracks in the wall of my sister
who slept in the same piece of skin
as I did for just as long.

she is still young in my eyes.
though her soul is a glacier.

Every nail I punch into the wall
to hang a pretty new painting;
I wish I was nailing her back
to when she didn't know

Dad would leave and mom
would go crazy.

How can I be happy
knowing of her dark blood and
scattered head.
I want to wrap her eyes
with bandaids,

erase her backwards
to the front door of the
little red schoolhouse.
when we all walked her
to the front door and
kissed the soft skin
on her forehead.