

## 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.