

Feminist Fatale

Sandra Alland

Avec ses deux poèmes, Sandra Alland répond peut-être à la question "où est la scène première de votre séduction féministe?" Ses poèmes nous offrent deux scènes sensuelles où s'entrelacent féminisme et séduction. Des mots rencontrent des mots; des mots rencontrent des corps; et des corps rencontrent des corps.

i) It's ridiculous to say
she lured me in
(to call her a seductress
seems sordid)
really, her words were the
most rational I'd ever
heard.

ii) How can the truth tempt?

iii) She never once undid her
blouse whilst saying,

*Middle class white women have a lot of
work to do if the women's movement is
ever to achieve any semblance of equality.*

nor spread her legs across my desk
with a sultry

Take up space because you can.

iv) yet she caressed me,
beckoned me with her mouth's music
promising fulfillment with
her consonant-clicking tongue.

Awaken the Mother (A Tale of Seduction)

I don't know why I came here
(maybe too much beer),
but her breasts are staring
right at me, saying

Awaken the Mother.

Sister, I don't know
what it means either.
I've got a fever of
104.2, so
I'll be dead
if I try to concentrate
on the ancestry of
her nipples my nipples
ripples of fear irrigate
my groin
(she's coming closer).
the balls on the table click
and sink
(and she's approaching like
the due date on the phone bill)
soon I'll know that her story
is mine too.
wordless and ancient,
her hand grabs mine
full moons
a glorious cunt
spilling forth life healing hands
of women, women whisper

Awaken the Mother

This is crazy shit
and my cigarette is lit
and she's gone
and my underwear is
soaked.