

Hysterikos



Hysteria, I am told,
gave birth in a womb.

A womb, of all places
unyielding and warm
and given to the gestation
of cranky old women,

mad with the coming of the
menses
and even madder when it left.

Mad with a greedy hold
on their man-children,

their misbegotten daughters
given to nature

and taught yelping,
and the eating of gravel,
and perhaps the playing of piano in
more civilized lands,

and the rearing of yet another brood of
castrata or mutilata,
according to their gender.

Good mothers all, nonetheless.
Back-bones
of history,

dutiful daughters of the revolution
and what have you;
imparting the word to us daily,
in healthy spoonfuls.

Simmie Moore