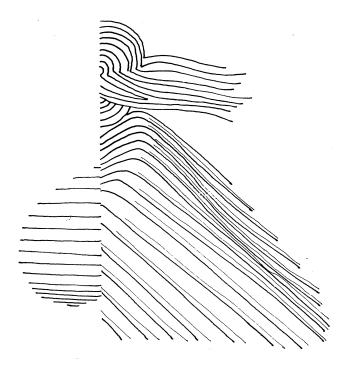
Hysterikos



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-childs,

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