

HIMANI BANNERJI

To Love The Little Bad

The good woman
at heart a good girl
sits in a magic circle
she has a doll with her.

The good girl
she wears a mask
and has no voice
she speaks with the voice of her doll
young or old.

The good girl
she sits all day
moves her doll by threads
doll says 'yes, yes, yes'
all day long in the sun.

The good girl
she is the world's delight
she does not worry father
make mother weep
and picks up after her brother.

The good girl
she spreads her skirt
and moves the threads of her doll
far and wide
husbands enter the cavity
children exit.

The good girl
she is a living doll
she has no secrets
she avoids desire looking
for the little fire that burns
in her nether belly.

The good girl
she covers her crotch
with a discreet hand
and stops the stars of her nipples
shining with the other.

The good girl
she does not unprompted
open her arms, thighs or mind
or gaze into the good night
of her lover's eyes.

The good girl
she births a doll
she lies low
her body disappears
but her doll grows day and night.

The shrill cries of her doll
fill the world
the doll pries into the good girl
to discover her little bad.

But the eyes of the good girl
are turning into stone
onyx, turquoise, sapphire,
her arms are gold
and each act of goodness
is a piece of rock
with which they will stone her.

The good girl
she pleases him
pleases her
pleases all

But sometimes in the secret night
in the nether belly
in the curly hairs of her dark
in the crater of her mount of venus
glistens a little dew and light
a bushfire spreads from head to toe.

She drops her doll
her madness runs wild
burns down the house
of her fathers, husbands and brothers
screams a streak of blue
curses for her children.

It is then that we hear a voice
shrieking in the wind through us
it is her bad she searches
her little light of the nether world.

And she calls us to love
to love the little bad
that is the good in us.

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