

# How to Flip the Script

Blessed love, Empress Menen I, hail di I. I am woman. I nuh wash plate. I nuh sweep house. House da what Kingman give woman fi turn into home. Home gat different meaning when you grow up and mek your own

## SPACE

Space fi woman joy limited caz what sweet you soon sour you. You done know how costly sad is but what fi do? 'Do what come natural, wear tall skirt, queenly crown pretty'. Pretty lasts as long as Kingman care fi watch. Watch his googly gaze go when prettier win his

## ATTENTION

Attention da the most precious gift fi give a person. Person da who me fa since I buss, fa I da lee gyal, before 'I am woman'. 'Woman come fa MY ribs, pikni come fa MY balls.' Balls mean entitlement but it used to mean

## COURAGE

Courage push woman fi stay alive. 'Stay alive, stand strong ina Babylon, di struggle bigga dan we.' We forget 'strength to strength', kudos fi de ya, for staying here. Here, this place, is the crucible ah domestic discontent, condemned confidence and stifled

## SELF-WORTH

'Self-worth', 'knowledge of self' da clever abstractions, man fishin' lines. Lines ah sacramental ash quarantine bleeding woman during sacred cycle. Cycle time fi sistren mean break. Break da nuh reprieve fa the heat, neither fa

## SERVICE

Service da what Kingman demand fa ih dawta. Dawta, as in daughter of the faith, is brought to her knees. Knees once bent fi Jah now calloused in oral service to man. 'Man wa get fa out de what you nuh di give ah home'. Home, weh woman fashion her own fleshly trinity from her orifices fi seal Kingman

## LOYALTY

Loyalty force woman fi maintain composure in spite ah what overwhelm her. Her life tough enough without di constantly justify her existence. Existence bland when ih nuh bitter so Kingman ital season with tears. Tears preferable to drifting thoughts, reminiscences, noise not-so-

White Thor, Captain America under my beans, under my chips. Muscles. Height. Rank white. Short men nice. Stand-up sex, comedic. Had a favourite short boy once. Sent him erotic notes two classes down. He avoided me every break. Ha! 12 years later, still short. Middle finga Kirk. Kurt the skirt.

Black. Tall. Bald. White beard. Incient sexy. If he didn't smell so old though. The short, fat, big belly, old man tell ah, 'Mek sure you tip generously.' Me, shotgun. Whore? Me, backseat. Kool-Aid? He, 'Checkout Redda new flava, Bredda'. How about the flavour of shit? No bly, straight fingatip to clit.

Good fuckin morning to Eneman who says 'Gmrnin' with tulips. Hate his lee-bit-ah-vowels-talking ass, enema-gifting-to-save-my-ass ass. No name man. Eneman. Another forever. Like I care. 3 months later, lick ass application stands. Hate me back. Cuss me back so I could justify rejecting you. Eneman hamster on my wheel. You ... you kind-hearted, ugly man cooing, 'How was your day? You hungry?' Everything fit good. I hate you for it. Climb the mountain with me. I still hate you. You're short. Middle finga Eneman. Shorty. Shorty. Shorty.

She read my letters. They always do. Must have copped some skills ... boring gyal. Fascinated by my antics. This is hard. I could have chosen a short cut; them instead of their boyfriends. Save myself some pregnancies. Straight shock therapy. Me, black Barbie: natural nude to imperial purple. Labias. Chiney mind- perm too. Instead I husband this licey, lousy lout who lacks

## COMMON-SENSE

Common sense da what I use fi anchor myself to home Kingman gave as house. 'House and lot da the security I provide, what man due fi give'. Give your life and invariably they leave you with nothing. Nothing and everything between us, things, children, things, pillows, more things, people never hear Kingman 'no'. No degrees between us, 'Zero fucks given', thirty-two flavours of entanglement called marital

## BLISS

Bliss nuh live inside these walls. Walls bare; no mouth, just ears, dark draped windows keep lion cave private. Private parts shared outside home, once house, once trees is not why woman leaves. Leaves of fonto in every nook betray man battle between heart and head. Headstrong woman raise grown boy, teach nouns from above list. 'Listen, not-yet-King man! You wa souls with broom and caress plate, til you own 6 words outta deh 8!' Eight years' tutelage under second ma sent courtesy that tall, black, fine fella Jah; thank Zion fi feminine

## GUIDANCE

**GUIDANCE, RESPECT, ONE LOVE!**

*Sheryl Leslie*