

Homo Femalia (Feature Poem for Woman Rising 2020)

For me,
It began in 2023,
Early fall.
It started with a tingling,
Then, a searing pain,
Right above my shoulder blade,
By the next day,
Feathers were beginning,
To protrude,
To exude,
Energy.
I was feeling the sensation of
Sympatric speciation.

The first documented case,
Of a woman sprouting wings,
Came from a village in Guinea-Bissau,
Three years earlier.
That same day, a frau in Liechtenstein,
And an elderly mujer in Madrid,
Developed angelic appendages,
Now, thousands of females,
Worldwide,
Are learning to fly.

Last summer,
In Chicago,
A young girl was shot,
But, the bullet,
Didn't permeate,
Spurning scientists to investigate.
They discovered a sheath,
Tougher than Kevlar,
Had grown,
Just beneath the epidermis,
It gleamed iridescent purple in the moonlight,
An amethyst armor.
Girls across the globe,
Are becoming impenetrable.

The sixth sense of second sex,
Is also exponentially expanding.

We now,
Read the minds,
Of those who plan harm,
Then, issue a silent alarm,
Telepathically to each other.

We now,
Exhibit phenomenal
Strength, speed, and agility.
Possess the power of invisibility.

We now,
Converse,
With the universe,
Respecting all its living creatures.

So,
While the male of the species
Has chosen to devolve...

We, women,
Have decided to diverge.

Darwin's illustration,
Reaches its final destination,
With the upright homo sapiens.
But, now the diagram forks.

With unmalleable men,
Who refuse to adapt,
Groveling and grunting their way,
To extinction.

While winged warrior women,
Rise up and march forward,
Emerging as a new species,
Homo Femalia.

My feathers are coming in,
Thick. Strong. Pristine.
Black as tourmaline.
They'll blend beautifully
With the starless sky,
When I take my first flight,
Tonight,
And, soar
With my sisters.

By: Donna Ison