

Intersection: a poem

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Volume 1

Issue 2

Autumn 2018

Keywords:

intersection, poetry

Citation Link

Shall I speak to you of my skin: bleached birthright

Born of blood and unseen despair

Child of colonisation speaking with the tongues of conqueror and
conquered

Twisted in the double helix shared breath of ancestry

Haunted no-man's land; the privilege and poverty

Of too many voices, too many stories, too many contradictions

To ever safely claim any

*Would that I see you within the shared skin-hunger of mammalian
longing*

Map the shape of your scars until I have learned

The colour of all that has hurt you

held you

made you

unmade you.

Shall I speak to you of my body politics: pregnant expectations

Grown within cisgender womb words; daughter, sister, mother

Umbilical of beauty myths nursed and nursing

Sung in the oblivious voice of Patriarchy's lullaby

Platinum hair, blue eyes not defense enough

To exempt me, to raise me, to save me

From the degradation of objectification

Would that I see you within the fluxing fluidity of altered spectrums

Trace the artistry of your portraiture until I understand

The ownership of choice of all that has claimed you

rejected you

assaulted you

esteemed you

Shall I speak to you of my economics: class(room) learnings

Bred in degrees and elitist fairytales

Princess in the land of opportunity dressed in the finery of power and flawed science empiricism

Schooled in the divorce story downward mobility of (un)happy endings

Shifting stability; the gratitude and shame

Of all the charity, all the hustle, all the subsidy

Within the provisions of worth

Would that I see you within the vast richness of life experiences

Open the gifts of your resilience until I buy

The tangents of fate of all that has fed you

starved you

stolen you

gained you

Shall I speak to you of my worship: goddess voice

Summoned in rite and rolled eye ridicule

Priestess of paganism dancing invisible within the fervourous rights to freedom and fear

Brought to knee in the social church of Ignorance's (in)tolerance

Fetishized outlier; the villainy and veneration

Of sacred worship, sacred sexuality, sacred oneness

Exalted on lips stained with hypocrisy

Would that I hear you in all the languages of divinity
Cultivate the transformations of humility until I reverse
The world view etiology of all that has created you
destroyed you
damned you
absolved you

Shall I speak to you of my pain: tripartite alienation
Held in the unknown third space
Student of solipsism living in the disparity of connection and disconnection
Shadow identities grouped by the commonality of their difference
Existential loneliness; the prerogative and suffering
Of what is known, what is told, what is shown
To survive untethered alone

Would that I know you within the complexity of contradictions
Ask the questions you long to have answered until I know
The multitudes of belonging that have wanted you
abandoned you
excluded you
overlapped you

Shall I speak or shall I listen
Would that I have open hands, open mind, open eyes
For in the expertise of my process I know
I don't know you without the shared lived experience of your voice, your story
Only when I have heard may I speak
Would that I be the bridge between
Story & Voice

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Hunt, Andrea (2018). Intersection: a poem. *Murmurations: Journal of Transformative Systemic Practice*, 1, 2, 103-106. <https://doi.org/10.28963/1.2.9>