

Canadiana Jeans and the Templed Tomb of her Holy Womb: The Holy Grail. (Lost and looking to be Found Poetry)

C'mon Jean. Know.

It's time.

Don those East Indian belly dancing slippered shoes

with the brocade toes.

Let go Robert's Rules.

Get your own.

See.

Once girls were bonded,

intensely so by bloodlines

of stair-step generations of female. Strong,

safe in closed community, enfolded in mothered arms, sisters, aunts, cousins, friends,

~ safe hands~

protecting the children (the fruit of the womb)

enclosed by strong

community bonds.

Connected, tethered to eternity, linked

free to decide,

free

to manage her own womb

guided by a village of female and safe male, to claim her perfect right in her own perfect right time.

Until then, protected.

Friends aren't pushed, forced to have to dance to the beat of no

Grande Master, Lord or Lordless Maitres Dame's, no mattress, no banns, no one else's drummed up time,
beat out

on the head of a pin, on someone else's dime.

Neither need she be teased, tempted, wined nor dined to go jump off a bridge, whoever might have told her
it was a good enough plan --

nor dig up any one else's treasure.

Just her own, in her own good time.

Friends don't ask that of you

(to take what's been denied, a set-up, a 'divine-plan'! To fleece the lambs.)

It's not the Brotherhood of Man but mentors, family, clan.

She's Canadiana Jeans.

She's the Temple, the container,

The Holy Womb of

She can.

She encourages any who can to come up with their own damn plan.

Not over her dead or burnt -out corpse.

No hero like some snowballed, snow job man; no drug, no psycho on the lamb with some psychotic plan, nor
heroine (like some drug label).

She's 'I bleed, therefore I am, and then so too are you'

She's a s/hero pure and simple

Free to see, and free to be.

Go on ahead, don't hose steel toed leather backed bushwhacker genes, Jean.

Go rock bottom flat out dancing in the streets,

full out support the City of Joy.

Ev. En. knows few won't, can't, don't.

The monologues clearly reveal that.

There are no secrets.

Womb-en truly bare all, bearing all.

Follow that thread,

that link,

that lead -- allow this to lead you till

you

break those chains. Don't

buy in to no Long John's lame claim to fame to lay on you his no-name plain-jane game.

Contrary to the claim, you are not dizzy, crazy, or insane.

Fuck Freud, religion, Kinsey et al,

The rot at the root of it all

Clearing us out of the way

to open up the ever prolific, ever profitable, child-sex trafficking trade.

You're not a witch, not an anxiety ridden waif-like wane, ribless, sock wind cock vane, shamed, like a shrew, half-tamed.

You are no such mouse-like waif to be labeled the fault for the fall of all mankind

with such heedless, needless, wanton claim

but for the lack of choosing for himself,

for his

laying blame on you as temptress,

to have stolen from you the ability to name the truth of it. It is blatantly clear he could neither accept responsibility for himself, nor accountability for his actions. As though he had no brain of his own.

They're just afraid of female, is all.

They know now that she sees all and always has,
always will, always can --
with her eyes half-closed,
one eye open,
eyes at the back of her head, she scans, like only mother can --
seeing so perfectly clearly what they do not want us to. They can't
figure out how it is
we know, we see
what we ought not to.

It's
uncanny, mystical, eerie, for sure.
Like Merlin, a single man known to be given the gift of prophecy of sight
for having experienced
a shock or terrifying experience at an early age --
gifted with the ability to see what few cannot
what all women can -- unless they were deliberately blocked, by way of the searing of them, as Seers.

I'll tell you what I suspect

and why I suspect it, now that I know -- now that we've un-seer-ed our eye,

opened it wide.

See

the eye, all eyes, were shut, double helixed, vexed, stranded, branded, singed, burnt,
cauterized, chained, forged, seared -- the inquisitors in their evil intent prayed, forever
at genetic level --

female unbound, de-feathered, de-frocked, wounded, broken, fucked
at cellular level, cells bonded together, bound and sealed by fear and terror, to be
burnt alive;

of course

we died; centuries further, a symbolic death, to let go of our old selves and now

we rise, re-empowered (no mean feat that) to

spread our wings to soar smack dab back into our light-filled centre; to rise into our highest levels of
consciousness, like the phoenix

from out the fertile ashes of its own funereal pyre,

symbolically gifted with the ability to see, now, fully, freely

free to fully be.

She's the Temple of the Holy Tomb, the container of the Holy Womb, the raison d'etre, the need for all who
can to discover for themselves their own personal way, their own personal journey, their own personal plan.

If, ad sick-en-i-tus, an Indiana Jones then bring on a Canadiana Jeans too.

I jest. I scam.

The Great Mother, the Holy Womb, the birthing container, the yin yang;

The many breasted one who provides for all;

It is through her we come and, in time, are returned from whence we came.

We are not to take all but to give back in kind.

It is time, o Canada, our home's on native land,

Seek out the wisdom of the Indigenous;

they did not separate from this sacred all -- and if we have anything left at all, it will be directly because of them.

~ aileen o8. o8. 2017

Like An Intentionally Un Traced Faulty Dress Pattern Women Gone Missing

Women Children

Laid out flat

Her pattern in the shadows

Laid, splayed-form, cloth-pattern

dressed-out on a table

Readied for the tailor's stitch

Cloth prepared, tied, boiled, died,

cut on male bias

Ever on her knees

She doesn't

say

Prey

for the Lay

She Falls

for all man kind...

Like a dress pattern

She's be en laid out flat

Cut on the bias

Clipped, taped, edges flayed

Raped,

flat-ironed

hemmed, closed-seamed

Top-stitched

A-lined

V-neck slit

hemmed along dotted lines

Trimmed to fit

pressed, ironed, consigned

polished-cotton checked

paisley flour -sack-dressed

unfit, seam-ripped

quilt guilt

north starred

directionally impaired denim

Pinned, chalked, tucked,

pricked, fucked

man maid.

~ aileen 09.27.2017