

OBITCHUARY (A Prose-Poem in Triptych)

by V. Rage and T. Notkoff

Part I: *C U 'n T* by Vikki Rage

Oh-bitch-you-wary me! And I myself (in defense from your cock-in-hand Trojan horse attack). I didn't see you coming, thought you were friend when you only intended to rape. You are like the vampire: in order to enter I must first invite you in. Now I throw sweet basil over all my thresholds.

Cat fight! Bet you looked, hoping to see womben in combat: tongue to tongue, tongue to nipple, leaving tooth marks in soiled flesh. Rent the videos. Visit the Colosseum. Collect the series!

Cat fight! Some compete—*she's gotta have it*. Worship the monument—nostalgia for our “founding fathers.” You worship the thing you think you own. Pinned, you hold others back. Sugar walls rule—scrawled on the bathroom walls where I thought we were communicating so well.

CUNT: A term of endearment I'm restoring to the goddess Kali Kunti—destroyer—transformer. Cunt: Womben without a womb of one's own—who haven't won the wonder of the womb they own. Barren. Depraved of their own ability to appreciate life. Womben against womben. Backstabbing, boyfriend stealing, undermining, undercutting: performing clitoridectomies on their best friends.

Part II: *Goddesses. Virgins. Snakes. Queens. Whores. Sluts. Sisters.* by Rage and Notkoff

Goddesses were cruel, calling for men's heads. And we wonder about our reversal of fortune? Did womben wield their power, threatening existence if they didn't have their way? Now men threaten extinction while womben separate: a divided species. Connections severed, decapitated. Start over.

Did Athena consume Medusa, claiming her snakes which would be reinvented by the Christians as evil? Hiss-tory was told thus, Kali denigrated. The cunt degenerated. Until revelation at Knossos.

And the rulers: Bloody Mary, the virgin queen, Imelda, The Red Queen. Magic misunderstood. And the wronged: Lilith, Mary Magdalen, Salome. Mother, what happened to the garden? We fell. Felix Culpa. What happened to my sisters? They killed each other. Then the men came. And they keep cumming. And sisters keep killing sisters (and brothers keep killing brothers).

Part III: *Obitchuary* by Tanja Notkoff (For Vikki Rage)

So I'm acknowledging you to get rid of you: laying you to rest. R.I.P. This is your o-bit(ch)uary. I'm tired of fighting. Sister against sister. *These boots were made for walkin'* ...far, far away from you. Obliterating your presence in my ovulating spectrum.

Sister to Sister. I'm going to forever more trust my gut. Intuition is intelligence. I'm making a new start, honoring womben who have remained true to their species. In all the cycles. Womben need to embrace their sexuality (with whomever). If you deny fire, it consumes. The crone catches up. The fairy godmother claims her first-born. The witch casts her spell and if deserving it lands with a blast! Blowing the perceptive doors wide open. Clearing a path for Medusa's stone-truth.

I'll never forget the time *she* called me sister. Or the sisters who help me every day: mom, strangers, friends tried and true. “let me call you sister, sister/ I been waiting for you!” says lucille clifton. Sisterhood IS Good(n)ess. I lay my bitches to rest. To fertilize common grounds. Rebirth.