

The Shedding

22 April 2020

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The internal monologue

By Donna Vo

BODY SUIT:

Your words permeate the flesh,
stain the mind and map out a way of thinking
(to cause second guessing and fear).
Am I a bi product of your words?

When you are Venus living on Mars, are you an Alien in your own tomb?
Expectations of your beauty and approval,
Is this what I need to seek?
Is my worth determined by a non existent scenario in my future?
You ask me to question my moves as it may hinder my reputation.
My dress code. My manners. My emotions. My feelings. My thoughts.

I feel in no way your passive words intended me harm.
Yet, they branded my soul.
You taught me how to weave, and the technique stayed with me.
Each loop.
Each thread.
Each in and out, represent how I have remembered your sweet words.

Here you pass on your tradition.
Here you give me a skill.
I take it with a grain of salt, and accept it with a smile.
I weave in the words you tell me.

They are warped, twisted and embedded in my mind.
They map out my behaviour
Those comments, suggestions feelings and words,
pulsate through my veins and become one with my blood stream.
Beating through my existence,
triggering my nervous system, to map out my behaviour.
I am possibly a bi product of your opinion.

Fragility of paper, binding becomes strong.
A structure that emulates my muscles.
Holding my self together,
Yet flexible to bend to your opinion.

Like a loose rope during Shibari,
I let your words enter my being.
Once embroidered in my mind, they knot tightly.
Building my infrastructure, my armour.
Your voice enraptures my knots, and weaves my flexible muscle structure together.
I am flesh, I am mind,
Do you influence?

Here I challenge your words.
They stained my mind eternally.
Like a Shibari still, I am submissive to your words,
I take each one and knot a place on my body.

These knots become empowering
I am no longer submissive to your words
Yet, I am an infrastructure of them.

CAPE:

You gave me the veil of protection, a woven tapestry.

A quilted unity blanket modestly covering ,nurturing and protecting my flesh.

It is woven from the words of who we look up to.

It is quilted with ideas of the past.

Beaded with the coordinates for an ideal body image; 36. 24. 36.

And laced with the expectation of my daily ritual of nurturing.

It is a tapestry of suggestions from a tribe of Venus.

Embodying the taboo on how

I Grow life

Birth life

Feed life.

Is this judgement or is this uncertainty of experience?

SHEDDING:

Here I stand now.

Like an armadillo once embodied by scales.

I stand vulnerable. (and strong)

Like the snake sheds it's scales and a mother sheds her hair after producing life.

I am shedding your words, ideals and opinions from the surface.

I will grow my own.

Will I pass on my words?

Have I passed on to many?

Words penetrate the flesh,

Stain the mind, and provoke behaviour.