



Read the poem to build your personal relationship to it. What can you feel, sense, visualize? Once you know about the feeling in the poem, you can enjoy it differently by checking out sociocultural references.

she is riding

down through the suburban grey
streets dreamed by developers and
implemented for traffic floes

comes riding the turquoise green Grandmother
riding her mighty Sow
onto the battlefield

down along the highway of decay she rides
between the crack houses and on to piggy palace
where the spirits of the women are lifted
out of the horror, out of the muck, like
troubled teeth and bone fragments
their spirits gather and rise, and rise

all of our dead sisters lifted by those winged women
well-versed in the protocols of the battlefields
recognizing the existence of the battlefields, here

as along the highway of tears

shoulders back open arms open chested
the turquoise green grandmother breathes
along with each one of us still travelling
our inner city streets

(...)



our turns on the quiet highways
our love affairs gone wrong
our villages overrun

shoulders back
open arms
open chested

letting flow the sounds of the inside
the sounds of our voices calling out songs of sorrow
the sounds of our drums rising through time and through sky
the sounds of our warm bodies travelling swift
through the families
and through the forests

shoulders back
open arms
open chested

we accompany our sisters and brothers to the threshold
we hold them until they are fled, and then
we hold them more

we accompany our mothers and our fathers
we accompany our children, our friends, and o
the many strangers, the star gazers

we hold our dying persons long dwell
inside memory

we lay each one to rest
slowly



(...)

shoulders back
open arms
open chested

tears coursing from the inside
across the outside and wetting
our multihued skins
the touch of a warm palm in passing
through hair on a child's head gently

the touch of lover to beloved
anywhere, at any time

the touch of Grandmother's warm palm
on the cheek of her adult offspring

or along the stiff hair on the Sow's back
she is riding



Poetry Workshop: "she is riding"
by Joanne Arnott in *A Night for the Lady*
Published at mujerpalabra.net > Conoce a... > Joanne Arnott

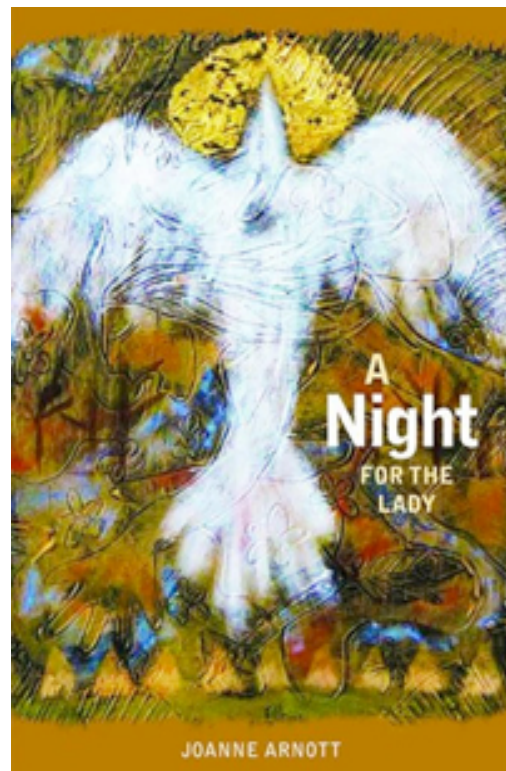
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THE AUTHOR & THE BOOK



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Photograph: Nadya Kwandibens
Red Works (redworks.ca)



A Night for the Lady
(Ronsdale, 2013)

There is a bilingual pdf download with the poem, and the poem translated into Spanish with sociocultural references in Spanish in a separate download.

