

The Night Woman

Sia Figiel

*for Tere and Mānoa with love,
and for Pounamu, that you might understand. . .*

The Night Woman endures
the stares of Day
People who point
fingers at her
throw stones at her
spears at her
(smiling as she bleeds. . .)

The hurt of the Night
Woman is buried in her
silence
Her pain hidden
in her laugh

For she alone knows the secrets of the Moon
the stars
the sea
the land

And in that place
Where the sea meets the land
She abandons her Day
Skin to feel the Night's touch

Birthing sons whose gene
Ologies hang
From the faces
Of constellations

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