

Church Girl Pantoum

What more must our purpose be than to serve man and the Lord?

Hands clasped in the detest of sin— we know—

to ward off sins of womanhood

peace will be found in the forest fires of our minds.

Hands clasped still in the detest of sin—we know

our sisters have become the enemy. In the ocean of pleated skirts

peace is found in the forest fires of our minds

and skirts that reach our fingertips by our knees.

Our sisters have become the enemy. And in the oceans of pleated skirts

wild horses run through our bones,

under skirts reaching fingertips placed at the knees,

braying at the brashness of our obedience.

Wild horses run through our bones

leading us to a salvation of freedom.

Braying at the brashness of our obedience

they know I am something more than these pleats.

Leading us to a salvation of freedom

to ward off apparent sins of womanhood

they know I am something more than these pleats.

What more must our purpose be than to serve man and the Lord?

I am something more.