

## Rising from the Grave

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*Content warning: The content of this poem contains subject matter on sexual violence, rape, trauma, and gaslighting.*

are you angrier about a couple of  
walls and statues and some glitter  
or that this desecrated body  
is boldly putting the pieces back together?  
you tried breaking down our bones,  
you tried making our bodies into urns,  
cold matches, waning embers, crumbling ashes: a ghost.  
because it's never about haunting someone else's door,  
it's always about never being able to close our own.  
you buried our ashes, our rape cases, our femicide  
six feet under bribes, police impunity, apathy.  
but rising from the grave – a force of reckoning,  
a frankenstein of fury, wrath, injustice, retribution;  
fury resides in our tongues  
injustice straightens our zombified back,  
demanding to carry and be carried  
wrath and retribution turn our hands into fists  
and the stitches that hold them all together,  
tell our story that no longer begs or laments.  
you will never get the commodity of our silence ever again.