

Men are from Mars....

By Peta Evans

Odd, this passion for disinheriting ourselves.
born malleable and naked,
immediately propelled or rushing
For Mars or Venus.
Proudly adopting their alien insignia:
Ares arid and angular mask of dust
for bustling distantly off to lone trumpets,
tinny and blustering.
Or Venus' bridal gauze, her painted surface
over the salt and heat of her,
Aphrodite's lightly floating foam on a wave.

Having thus exiled themselves to a safe distance,
they gawp at me,
asking the same questions – where shall we exile you to?
How much further?
Splinter-tongued Mercury?
Pluto, that erratic and friendless wanderer?
Or are you (sniggering) Uranus –
guilty of witchcraft, twisted alarmingly out of true?

But it was you ran off and left me here.
I am from Earth.
Clay of earth and breath of God, *adamah*.
All the way from fingertip to heartbeat, the same clay.
Moulded and remoulded, utterly true
and covered with the thumbprints of my Maker.

On my skin feeling the dust and mud,
the frost and fire,
and singing back, stubborn and fiercely,
my one true heart note.
No hybrid, or exotic, but a wild strain,
as seriously grounded as wild garlic.