

Poem for Laurel

While on vacation years ago I happened to meet a colleague and her 19 year old daughter, Laurel. My colleague told me that Laurel had always hated her period. This twenty-year-old found it disgusting and just wished it would go away for good. Mom said she could not understand it as she had raised her in a relaxed way about her body and thought she had taught her well about menstruation.

I was working on my dissertation then, *Celebrating Menarche: A New Paradigm*.

That night at the ocean's edge, with waves providing earth's great rhythm as our background, I listened. We talked. I shared a story about two of my best women friends and I spending 2 weeks in a 50-acre private forest on a lake, on my father's land, in Maine one summer.

All of us got our periods at the same time and decided to go naked and not "catch" our blood, but to simply wash in the lake if we felt the need. Doing that turned out to be a very deep and expansive experience for me.

After a couple of hours of connection with Laurel, I went back to my tent and wrote *Blood Poem (For Laurel)*. I gave Laurel a copy of the poem.

After Laurel went back home and back to college she wrote to me, sending me some writing of her own. **She wrote about the transition from hating her period to finding it sacred.** She wrote about becoming "Feather Hawk Woman." How thrilled I was to have been able to assist Laurel in finding who she was all along.

Here is the poem I wrote for Laurel that night in St John's Virgin Islands, with soft breezes and ocean waves soothing us both into our sacred centers.

Bloodtime, for Laurel

Squatting...
Hovering over the moss...
I watch my blood...
Slowly drip onto the earth...
Drip...
Drop...
A glob of red...
I watch as I have never watched before...
My blood...

I breathe...
Smell the smell of it...
Fresh...
Alive...
Different than on a pad, old and brown...
Or held within me...
Plugged up...
Inside...
Never to be seen...
Felt...
Acknowledged...
Flowed...
Celebrated...
Or allowed to be my teacher...

I see the inner juices of my body...
There on the living moss...
Soft...
Green...
Spongy, as I step...
Or sit or lie upon it...

Like the inner...
Uterine tissue lining - bed...
Which creates...
The possibility
Of Spirit...
To take hold...
and turn to flesh...

Blood.
Trickles slowly down my inner thigh..
I watch...
Time stands still...
Marked only by...
Drops of crimson as they hit the earth...
I enter dream-time...
The altered state of blood-time...
This blood, my blood speaks to me...
Come into me and dance the dance of life, It beacons...
You are Dancer Woman...
Powerful...
Fresh...
Feathered Hawk Woman...
Bleeding Time Woman...

I have mysteries to tell
And powers to unfold...
Listen with your heart...
Your blood pump of life...
As it moves the saline mother of all fluid...
Blood of passion...
Through your womanly body...

Come into me...
My blood calls...
I hold all things known and unknown...
Come!
See, feel, taste, smell...

Pamela Chubbuck © 1993

Pamela is author of *Passages Into Womanhood and What My Mother Never Told Me About Bleeding and Other Essential Stuff: Poems to Amuse, Enlighten, and Empower Women*
www.passagesintowomanhood.com

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