

Norma Timbang

Revolutionary Women at the Edge

We walk beside each other
Apocalyptic tales shared
Desperation confronted
Like at the edge of a cliff
Though you know I don't even
Like heights much
We screamed
And were silent
As the cliff
No longer had edges
And we willingly fell
Just the same
While holding each other's
Stories of trauma
Knowing each other's
Anger and grief....
We fall as if falling
Could no longer harm us
As we fell together
Shamelessly taunting
The dangerous depth
Of a lasting fierce moment.....

We *are* alike,
You and me
Facing truths
Not meant for most,
Facing battles
In fields of hope....
Because the midst of struggle
The depth of dissonance
The work of the revolution
Hangs on the precipice
Of our intertwined histories
and our dreams of
Liberty and justice.