

Excerpt from FAST SPEAKING WOMAN

I'm the woman never made a fool of  
woman who hides her heart  
woman hidden in long sleeves  
sleeves of green & gold  
I'm the woman shelved one night  
while he beds down with the deer  
I'm the woman wandering the forest  
tilt moon  
full moon lights up a honey eye  
half moon he returns  
I'm the woman waiting  
the woman counting moments  
a moment never existed & he walks in  
I'm the woman who scribes this text  
long after the animals lie down  
chopping wood outside the retreat hut  
stoking the fire with my little stick  
a candle lit to light a teacher's face  
I learn by books  
I learn by singing  
I recite the chant of one hundred syllables  
I write down my messages to the world  
the wind carries them invisibly,  
staccato impulses to the world

I'm the woman stirring the soup pot  
the woman who makes circles  
with her arm  
stirring, singing this song about the  
Woman-Who-Does-Things  
many actions complete themselves  
& repeat  
she does this  
I'm the woman who does these things  
many actions carry words  
I say them, woman-who-signifies  
I light the fire  
I sit like a Buddha  
I feed the animals outside the door  
I blow out the lamp

I'm the woman traveling inside her head  
I'm the woman on the straw mat  
I bewitch the stars to my heart  
points of light, arrows to my heart  
pierce me as I sleep

I'm the night woman  
I'm the terrible-night woman  
I travel to steal your lover  
to steal your food, to take your words

I'm the day woman  
I'm the doll woman  
I'm the dew woman

day woman mends & organizes  
doll woman sits & stares  
dew woman is moist to the touch

I'm the Amoghasiddhi woman  
I'm activity demon  
I wait for him  
I walk away  
busy woman to light up the day!

don't touch me I'm hurrying hurrying  
fierce light of day he doesn't exist  
mayhem on the next block a proletarian urge  
& old tones deep from his gut I shut ears to  
hold back, hold back  
I'm the woman shouting "Hold"  
I'm running down the street now  
shout: "Hold, hold"

& old tones hold back ears sharp lobes hold  
tainted I'll strap pathos back  
that love comes to this ecto-morgue  
& ties on craving & passion  
but face I loved –  
die! die! I'm the woman who loved  
a woman who lost

turn it around  
I'm the woman in charge  
the woman who never succumbed  
woman off the couch  
woman up and about  
I'm the organizing woman  
I'll put this place under my spell

I'm the woman who drives  
the woman who drove to Siliguri  
I'm the woman who walked to Nepal  
I took a train to rest my weary limbs  
I'm the one who took a sponge bath  
the water was cold

another woman soaped my back  
I'm the woman slept upright in a cave a hundred years  
I'm the woman over the next peak  
I learned to drive on the Peak to Peak Highway  
    all my signals intact  
I provided fresh fuel to the hikers  
fed children from my milky breasts  
I rode the crest of my own wave  
I thirsted for books, books  
I took a plane to not calm my nerves  
I rode a boat for expediency's sake

I'm the chopping wood woman  
the woman with the axe  
I'm the trailblazer  
I clear the woods  
I take out my own mind

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