

For sisters in jail

Sister -
let there be no regrets.
If tears must fall in weary prison nights
Let them be vitriol
That scalds through years
Of convict-polished floors
To open up the pathways of resistance.

Sister-hero -
Do not doubt
That thousands know
That we must fight
To end the fighting.

Sister-woman -
Do not mourn.
Your sacrifice of unborn children
Will not be in vain.

Should walls turn into gelatine
And melt away
And bars turn into sugar sticks
In bored jailers' mouths,
Looking out from that small cell
They deem your world -
You'll see
Our children play
As yours,
Our mothers fight
As you,
Our sisters love
As us.

Sister -
Do not doubt.

by Barbed Steele.