



## Autoethnographic Poetry on Bodily Autonomy: Watch the Womb

### Description

The AutoEthnographer



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## Author's Memo

“What’s past is prologue” (William Shakespeare). In *The Tempest*, Shakespeare writes and effectively utilizes this phrase to drive earnestly home that history indeed reasserts its fickle refrain in current times. In his play and across time, cultural examination and research has shown this to be true even as it relates to personal autonomy. This autoethnographic poetry is born of my personal experience and witness, as well as currently chronicled and ancestral lore. In addition to this, my personal and cultural lenses as a woman of color who matriculates and interacts within a variety of circles and finds herself in a diversity of difficult intersections equip me to reflect on the factors that influence many aspects of my being, as well as those with ways of being similar to mine.

As a result of these personal, cultural, national, and even worldwide realities, I have come to recognize the importance of voice throughout the width and breath of literary expression particularly as it relates to social justice and bodily autonomy. The three poems included in this submission reflect what, in this time, I perceive to be a historically reoccurring loss of control.

My first poem, “Watch the Womb,” starkly reflects not only on my own particular concerns as a woman, but the massive outcry that occurred upon the return of abortion rights to the states; in this, the US Supreme Court rendered millions of women almost legally powerless to make their own choices regarding not only the choice to reproduce, but also their decision to prioritize their own lives over the development of their unborn. This poem also offers stark warning of an increasing trend to limit freedoms, bodily and otherwise, to people of marginalized groups.

The second poem, “Deeper...Further...Back,” offers a poetic snippet of the collective memory of women, and historically assesses from where these issues may have stemmed. The origin story of this poem comes from qualitative accounts of family members, narratives of women in history (particularly oppressed women of color), and the experiences related through writings and discussions of post-secondary students. The ideas in this poem reflect the legacy of oppression in several areas of life and ultimately, the voice in the poem connects this legacy to her current assessment of self.

Finally, the third poem, “myth as latter life,” draws upon “Pandora’s Box” to set the stage of the revisiting of diminished autonomy and liberties. It asserts that what we currently are experiencing regarding the losses of autonomy and basic human rights is reflective of a continuing cycle except that in this time, the lid to contain our box of ills is lost. Ultimately, the voice in this poem insists that more and different approaches will be required for redemption. Therefore, we are charged to create stronger measures to bring us beyond this fear and fervor.

While these works reflect my encounters and observations, ultimately they also urge us to consider a past chocked full of miseries and reminds the reader that to cry is not enough. In history, cross-application and introspection is crucial in asserting laws and interactions that better the lives of the individual as well as society. To ignore this reality only creates greater chasms of disparities, resentment, ineffective and self-serving legislation, and ultimately violence, despair, and death.

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## Watch the Womb

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*Watch the Womb*

wounded by five loathsome hands  
gavels stretched forth  
pointing, grasping, mocking  
stripping the girl, the woman, of choice  
naming themselves “Gods of All” wombs  
these New Day Constructors of Tombs

*Watch the Womb*

that bears the joy and the violence, the weight of all that grows, all that enters in, all that presses down  
on every side, yet in her born possessor’s mouth no longer resides  
bodily right nor consent

*Watch the Womb*

that which is coveted by the will of the robed  
who have no desire to even empathize nor possess fairly informed framework  
with which to think  
They, that drum heavy fingers  
roll resolute heads and sigh  
and sign scrolls of condemnation  
and death warrants to those  
who live in The Now  
that breathe in  
then out

*Watch the Womb*

Shrinking in abject fear as rough  
hands snatch her near  
her rights as crumpled as  
the hard fought protections  
pages of care are  
shredded and tossed

*Watch the Womb*

and wonder why it is so coveted  
yet so villified  
and feel as it recognizes  
that it will not lie on the altar alone  
Love, Education, History, Equality, Equity  
will soon make that fiery shrine its home  
She becomes a herald who cries, cautions "There will be more!"

*Watch the Womb*

Cry  
Remember who did her wrong  
dry your tears and then  
from your lips and actions  
employ urgent and passionate  
Dissent

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## Deeper...Further...Back

*A woman's tale*

Starting here

going deeper

down deeper

Past petty

small sadness

Past last cursing

self-cursing

Steadily looking

Further deeper

Lower torture

Years before

Auto-maiming

Mental maiming

lived the renamed

formerly named

shame named

love named

birth named

ancient names

Buried bones burrowing

deeper in scorched earth

Back before

Pulled bellies

Stretching hanging

Distorted jelly

Roads back

Time back

Lives back

Back before

when simple

never was simple

Lost time

Long time

Dark hearts

made darker times

Before then...

Before then...

*When was it?*

What trauma-

skinned knee

changed us?

*Changed me?*

What wordless words

blamed me?

Why won't they

release me?

*Look further back, Woman*

Woman before...

Woman before...

Woman before...

Interference

*everywhere*

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## myth as latter life

*Pandora revisited*

box flung wide

out crawls the solid form of

what has been living

as essence

as whisper

as rumor

as silent talk in corners

it puts on clothing garish red

calls it 'blood o' Jesus' and paints

it across the annals of a familiar menacing history that births

again and again

and it boldly announces an

'extra coming'

we watch wince feel

the latter day mist shards descend as we silently erroneously patiently dangerously wait for it to  
dissipate that we might welcome our solemn rain of reason

back again

again

but fleshed out fear and rage is

not easily contained

remains uncaptured

positions while it can

destroys what it will

even when a  
gentler face emerges  
it becomes clear

the lid is lost

our strategy must change

now calling for sun spells  
that will evaporate  
this ever slicing  
shower of despair

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### Category

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### Author

regina-garcia