I Am a Dangerous Woman

I am a dangerous woman Carrying neither bombs nor babies Flowers or molotov cocktail I confound all your reason, theory, realism Because I will neither lie in your ditches Nor dig your ditches for you Nor join your armed struggle For bigger and better ditches. I will not walk with you nor walk for you. I won't live with you But neither will I try to deny you Your right to live and die. I will not share one square foot of this earth with you While you're hell-bent on destruction But neither will I deny that we are Of the same earth, Born of the same Mother I will not permit You to bind my life to yours But I will tell you that our lives Are bound together And I will demand That you live as though you understand This one salient fact.

I am a dangerous woman
Because I will tell you, sir,
Whether you are concerned or not,
Masculinity has made of this world a
living hell
A furnace burning away at hope, love,
faith and justice,
A furnace of my Lais, Hiroshimas,
Dachaus
A furnace which burns the babies
You tell us we must make
Masculinity made Femininity
Made the eyes of our women go dark and
cold, sent our sons-yes, sir, our sonsTo war.

Made our children go hungry Made our mothers whores Made our bombs, our bullets, our 'Food for our definitive solutions and first strike policies Yes sir Masculinity broke women and men on its knee Took away our futures Made our hopes, fears, thoughts and good / instincts 'irrelevant to the larger struggle' And made human survival beyond the year 2000 An open question. Yes sir And it has possessed you.

I am a dangerous woman
because I will say all this
lying neither to you nor with you
Neither trusting nor despising you.
I am dangerous because
I won't give up, shut up, or put up with
your version of reality.
You have conspired to sell my life
quite cheaply
And I am especially dangerous

Because I will never forgive nor forget

Or ever conspire To sell yours in return.

(Joan Cavanagh has served many jail sentences for acts of civil disobedience. This poem appears in My Country is the Whole World, Women's Peace Collective, Pandora Press 1984).

Joan Cavanagh