

gendered etymology

by Anna Zade

sorry slips through our lips as soft as silk
a magician's satin handkerchief, the word spills out.
it dances in our wombs:
a place where sounds spin around generations of women.
we repeat:
like grandmother's recipe for malasadas
like her music kitchen—an aria she thinks too loud.
we listen:
when she mumbles, mutters, and murmurs the word.
we stand under her breath, spinning, we
learn to serve the word back, spinning, we
carry it in our palms,
an open apology for our existence.
bodies hanging like silk in the firmament.