

Feminist Poetry

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This particular poem was inspired by the ways in which feminist researchers weave together thoughts and the concepts of others to create new and advancing ideas on research. As a feminist scholar and social work activist, I found these ideals to reach far beyond the paper, encompassing the greater movement of women's liberation. I find that writing is a form of liberation that—through the sharing of stories of other women, particularly those who have come before us—aims to set us all free.

THE RESEARCHER'S LOOM

As research activists, we are weavers of truth
Delicately forming an interlocking tapestry that tells the intimate stories of women's lives
We string together the sacred words and thoughts of those before us
To bring forth a new work of art that tells a burgeoning story
One that expands to reach new lengths, heights, and the greatest weight
That binds a vast array of narratives and journeys still unknown and untold

We honor our foremothers of research and activism in our efforts
Never forgetting those who have made a path for us, even if only a few feet wide
We remember that their struggle is now our struggle and we are honored to take up their cause
We strive to honor their memory, as many are unnamed, unclaimed, and known by few

And all the while we cry out on their behalf, on our own soul's need to see justice walk freely
To weave the greater story of forgotten lives and bleeding souls trapped in patriarchy
We cry and plead: NO MORE VIOLENCE! NO MORE DEATH!
For far too many have lost their lives and voices to the silencers who reign in fear of truth

Yet still...

We derive *strength* from the Indigenous Mothers
whose contributions are foundational, yet often a mere whisper
We derive *wisdom* from Black Feminists and Womanists
who were unafraid to set the world ablaze
We derive *power* from our sacred ancestral sisters
who put their lives on the line, many who were lost
Each delicate thread they have spun warp and weft into a new movement forward towards
Our time in history

For women: Our time is here, our time is now.

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