Luna Woes

28 days, 4 seasons
13 months every year
It never stops
“Before I continue
I ask of you
To receive the following
Words with grace, care
And patience
Please find the willingness
To understand and feel
The seeds I am to sow”

Something that is natural
To the female body
Innate to our rites of passage
Comes with so much calamity
Contortions and catastrophe
‘Is there something wrong with me?’
‘Is there something wrong with my
Femininity?’
‘Are they right to say that this is normal?’
When my body screams no and my mind
runs high on
Anxiety, Naprosyn and
Copious amounts of
Medical opioids
As this is the only
Way to quieten the pain
It spreads like Cancer
Leaking into joints and
Creavices
Decorating places it
Shouldn’t be
Bitter chocolate chips
Invasive cysts
I’ve been experiencing this
Since my 11th year

You came to me
With dread
You awoke my body
To a pain
Deep, unwavering ancestral
Your chariot
Announces your arrival
Every moon cycle
My womb
Unearths 9 swords
Present and ancient
As 3 let loose
Wrecking unimaginable havoc
That I can’t walk
Sit, stand, sleep
Even to eat or drink
Water is a struggle
As I battle waves of tears
Nausea and
Currents of unconsciousness
It’s indescribable
How every moment is
Dressed in pain
And even on my good days
I am haunted by it
Most will never understand
The energy and sacrifice
That comes with this
To even show up
For only I can fully advocate
For myself in totality
But I thank God for
Those who have
Shown me compassion

Yet I see it
I feel it

The questioning
And doubts that I really
Couldn’t make it or
Show up as promised
I swear – and I know that I said
I could and would
But what can I do
When my body has
No other option
But to shutdown
And disassociate
“I’ll pass out soon
Then I can finally rest”
I do my best
Every moment, every day
Having to start advocating
For myself as a teen
Often dismissed

As a hysterical young
Black woman
“Just get over it”
“The pain’s not that bad”
“You’ll grow out of it”
“Go on birth control”
“Just get pregnant”

The medical gaslighting
Wearing many faces
Was indiscriminate of
How it unleashed its poison
On me that I almost drowned
So all I could do was
Research, learn and fight
My body became a specimen
That I had to dissect
And interrogate
Yet when I spoke my truth
It took over a decade
For everyone to believe me
Only after they had to
Cut and see what I have been
Crying out so clearly

Now as I prepare for
My 23rd year
The pain is still here
Louder as I repair
And heal
My relationship with my
Womb, body, mind and self
Yet, I am more connected
To the women before me
Whose wombs speak through
Mine
Thank you Mama Celene
And thank you all for listening

As I close reclaiming
My femininity
For I am powerful in
My womanhood
I am gracious – an empress
In her garden of 9 pentacles

I am Lyv
And this is my experience
Of Endometriosis

Written by Olivia Opara