who gives her no gold watch after twenty five
years of
her bondage
who pays millions for mental hospitals and
houses of detention to keep her from her sisters
and her work on the planet

"Mr. VIP, we laugh at you and reject you."

Krystall and I start our novel.
It will take a lifetime to write this one.

Carolyn Gregory

JATANA AND CHILD

"Melody, Melody. Come to me my Melody. You are my lovely child you are the joy of my life. Come to me my Melody. Ah child. Ah child you are mine mine my little girl." Melody sat playing on the floor. She was tracing the tiles. When Jatana spoke to her she lifted her head and watched, but her fingers kept tracing the tiles -- flower patterns and wonderfully delicate birds and designs. Melody was a small child. Her hands were so little that she could fit them both into one tile space. Jatana sighed to her again, "Come to me my Melody." And Melody sat there as the woman came to her, and lifted her to hold her closely against her breast. She carried the child to the back room where the bed was kept. The quilted cover was worn but vague flower patterns still decorated the fabric. When Jatana released Melody on the bed, the child became absorbed in these flower patterns and she traced them. Jatana was singing as she unbuttoned Melody's dress. She sang an old French Christmas song, telling Melody:

Il est né le divin enfant
Jouez hautbois résonnez musette
Il est né le divin enfant
Chantons tous son avenement.

She sang the French sounds again and again and then Melody sang and let Jatana hum the melody. Humming and singing the mother and child undressed. Jatana hung her skirt on a high wooden peg and in her slip she reached for a flannel gown draped on the peg beneath her. It was cold and Melody's knees were drawn up to her chest, neatly folded against her white linen undershirt. She waited while Jatana, still humming, walked over to her and pulled the gown down over her head. Melody lifted her arms