

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS: A SONATA

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The following poem is a feminist treatise about the exclusion and characterization of women in literature. It is written under a literary constraint the reader is invited to discover.

1. Repose

Men examined everybody but used one logic

A man is a male but a woman is a female.
So generalize: genitalize taxonomy.
Not a penis, a vagina
(not an ovary) sexes us.
Is a man a woman or a woman a man?
Is one human, one mimetic?
Is a man a fake model of a woman?
Or is a woman a robotic image to refer
(as a sexeme) to man?
Am I paradoxical? I simulate veracity.

But are we separated, alone? We mix. One model of a family, monogamy,
to deter us. A time for a "we": homolexical. A delicate case: so, mono-
gamy to make sure we get isolated in a line, to get isolated one woman
at a time.

2. Develop

I modulate my motives.
I have love, but a hate.

He monopolizes every vocabulary.
Lexicas are his alone to divide her up in.

I make my music: a facile logological analysis.
I can use my power of "I" to do.
But I lose verisimilitude.

He capitalizes on an ability to maximize his ego.
He can eliminate, wed, erase, delete, desire her.
It is a rare power if one has a name: his.

I defecate misogyny.
My name to be put on a cover: anodyzed.

Academic: I lower anybody.

We run over a woman in a waxy canonical elite limo.

3. Recapitulate

We war over an imaginative validity.

We men are limited in an inability to be women.

I made her a catatonic animal, a cute sexy baby pet, a magazine.

Before paralytic ego, now a wizened id.

I made her a novel. A page.

Literature we gave to men.

I made women a topic. I gave women a deliberately feminine timidity to defer every diminutive minimum. I made her every name we hope we men are not: a woman, a woman I defer a name to.

4. Coda

Put a woman in every man.

I do.

Nobody separate.

No syzygy but a sun.

Every vowel a semihemidemimonotone.

Synonymy.