

AUDACIOUS
WOMEN
FESTIVAL

AUDACIART WEEKLY

The Comeback

10 April 2020



Photo: The Tide : Anne Conrad

An Audacious Women Publication



AudaciArt – The Comeback

This week's theme, The Comeback, was suggested by an [article](#) by Dr Jill Murray

The comeback is always stronger than the setback

Introduction

The Audacious Women Festival is a chance for women to break personal, political and institutional barriers, and to celebrate audacious women. The Audacious Women Collective would like to invite and support you to Do What You Always Wish You Dared and take your first steps on a journey to audacity.

AudaciArt provides a perfect opportunity to try something new. No pressure, no competition, no judgemental comments. Just a weekly theme to get your creative juices flowing.

Physical Distance – Not Social

During these days of covid we have all been asked to remain *physically* separate from each other. We at Audacious Women do not believe that this means *social* distancing is also necessary. Many of you will have started or been invited to neighbourhood whatsapp groups, or to a virtual dinner party, or to continue with your regular dance sessions, book groups and movie nights, but to do so in one or other of the online forums. Some people are even reporting that they feel less lonely and isolated than usual. Nevertheless, this is a very difficult period for many people, especially those who are more vulnerable and unable to leave the house at all. Others are missing regular social contact and friendships.

While many of us are isolated at home and others - not only health workers but all those in key jobs - are putting their lives, literally, on the line every day, it is more than ever essential that we support and honour each other. So during this period of physical distancing Audacious Women is running a series of [online events](#) to help build women's community, and to keep in touch with each other and our audacious natures.

AudaciArt

AudaciArt is a weekly event: Every Friday we will publish a word or phrase suggested by a quote by or about an audacious women. Women are invited to create and submit any type of work inspired by the theme. A selection of the submissions are published weekly. This is the first such publication.

Many thanks to all our participants and to the Audacious Women Collective members and volunteers who helped to make this possible.



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Through the Window

Emma Gibbons

You nearly stepped through the window back into reality.

The window of the wing that was burnt down.

I should have stayed close to you, showed my love for you, been by your side with you not abandoning you.

But like stale milk on the high cupboard all day

You have been left out of reach and stagnated

A ghost of your former self

You have not had anyone to show your whole self to, to be reflected in, who knows and understands you.

Wandering on auto pilot towards the gap in the wall

A trained assistant stands in your line of sight

I comply and guide you back to the barn where a care manager was married

Signing and saying three times sit

Like you I have no will left and now have more than cognitive dissonance just from my vegan mistakes

The number of people who have let us down and the shame and injustices have been terrible

Instead you come to me in my dreams, you speak to me and we live in normality and fun.

That day could have been your grand homecoming, the grand reunion, but the risk was too difficult

You have gone back to a Covid 19 filled place.

The other residents you share the premises with and you 'signed' the Mother's Day card

I don't change your unique bathroom you don't like too much change,

And so I stay here with your garden, your bedroom, your house and home



They manage change, phasing in and out

Too much change for anyone to endure let alone you with your autism.

Are you aphasic too now? Like Simon and Trevor and Peter.

Early diagnosis to prevent, should I have prevented you. But I wanted you, but the neighbours didn't want us.

Signs and symptoms, there have been so many of those. No first aid though, not even paracetamol two days after the sign.

Our pain is like being brain damaged,

You are like a young rugby player I knew who had an accident.

Come back to me sweetheart, my child.

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The Comeback

Hilery

Tick-tock mocked the clock, pretending that the world hadn't stopped, that the world still turned, that hours continued to be played out.

Time for her stood still: hands made hands motionless, cloth covered mirrors, eyelids drooped dully.

For her, the earth had ceased its heedless spin. She drifted, unmoored, through the void. Time no longer mattered, had ceased its flow.

The long anticipated end had come.

But ... still she breathed, felt a modicum of thirst, hunger even; slept fitfully.

Despite her, the globe revolved. To spite her.

Gradually, even during the darkest of nights, she noticed the stars.

Eons passed.

Hope sidled in, whispering of a brighter dawn.

She strove to resist the force of the cosmic plughole, this black hole in which the pull is so strong that nothing – not even light – can escape. There lay his despair, his torment, his fear. She chose not to tumble down, down, down until she too evaporated into oblivion.

She clung on.

Life went on. She adjusted to the new normality, his corporeal absence incorporated.

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STITCH YOURSELF UP

nonA

Nice little lady
Do your knitting
Keep your mouth shut while you're sitting
Keep your thoughts inside
Stitching and sitting

Rock
But don't rock the boat
Make yourself useful
Useful woman
Utility. Uterus. Utility Womb.
I've got you by the throat.

Keep your hands busy
On things we need
Once you've dealt with the mouths to feed
On inconsequential crochet,
Jumpers and quilts
Stitch and bitch
Knit and natter
So long as it doesn't really matter.

STITCH away anger, stitch away pain.
Stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch
Stitch yourself up
Little Lady.





YOU'LL NOT SILENCE THIS BITCH

I'm making
To stop myself from breaking
To keep from being eaten
By the thought I might be beaten.
Hands make from my core
Quietly spinning
Silky, strong and pure
Internal truth web
I'll catch you in it
Watch me spin it... prick!

I'll stitch in my anger
I'll stitch in my pain
Quietly risking ROARING the truth
.....FUCK YOU!

My things won't be useful
To keep you warm
To cover your shit up or for you to step on,
To hold you or carry you 'til they're all worn
I've been that mat for far too long.

They'll open me up and lay me bare
Then you'll have to face it when people stare
I'll hold them high for all to see
Reverential Motherfuckers
Stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch
You'll not silence this Bitch!

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