

Manena

My name means *mountain*,
and everyone says that I am made of rock inside
because I never show how I feel.
No one has ever seen me cry.
Long ago I swore to be like a man.
I have a plan to change how women are treated like dogs.
No, worse; dogs are free. You see,

I have a daughter, who may be able to escape from here.
She will show the way and more will follow.
I have heard from women in Harare of places far away
where a woman is equal to a man.
She can even own land without being married.

My girl is very smart and strong.
I teach her to be brave and to dream
while I weave and hid money in a hole.
As soon as she is of age, I will send her over the mountains
with money to last until she finds her way.

My plan keeps my fingers moving faster than anyone else's.
I breathe no word to anyone but weave my story into a tapestry
that I will send with her that only she will understand.

After she is gone, I will weave more secrets.
There will be twin women: one weeping, the other laughing.
I'll hide my child in every scene.
She is the small bird flying high.