

The Feast

by Marzieh Ghiasi

“It is by eating the Other...
that one asserts
power and privilege.”
-bell hooks

I was cut into pieces to be served
as the other. A meal to savor on the
menu of some charter.

I was on a poster, a woman is but
an oyster. Fermented in brine, washed
with rosewater.

Gut me of entrails and took me to the
smoker. Mine was a fast for no sin is
pure as hunger.

Ground the pearl torn vicious from its
cloister. The plates were set for whom
I called my brother.

The table was lined with silver teeth
all in order. Mine is a feast movable
from one land to another.

Marzieh is Iranian-Canadian and is completing her MD-PhD studies in Medicine at Michigan State University. She has spent the past several years informally translating classical Persian poetry. More recently she has been formally invited to perform original works focused on personal experiences of womanhood across time and space in spoken word format (Ten Pound Fiddle Production, Michigan Institute for Contemporary Art/MICA Gallery, The Poetry Room/The Robin Theatre). She is passionate about women's health, and her doctoral research is focused on the epidemiology of women's reproductive health.