

Yes: It have been awhile since I have wrote, but thanks to Tricia I am blogging once more. I can't remeber what all I have written, but I hope this poem I am about to post is not one them, because I want to dedicated ^{it} to Tricia.

My Greatest physical asset is my body. My sex is a weapon of pleasure. Being a Woman; my body a temple. My sex a treasure I have a place and it is side by side; Face to Face. Equality is all I ask. I can stand behind you, but do not expect me to kiss your ass. My feminine qualities make us distinct. Understand my essentiality, because in reality. Extinct is the only possibility. Work with me, that how creation come to be: Life. You my husband and I'm your wife. Do not reduce me to anything less. Think of me as an individual not excess. I can stand on my own because mentally I'm equally as strong. I do not mean to be threatening, uncertain or a jeopardy. I'm just being and giving the best of me. If I **ASK** for help do not see me as weak; from ~~me~~ also; Help you will seek. See that our mind are the same, so my physical qualities can longer be the blame. I - to want equal respect, being a woman is no reason for it neglect. I will not be only an **object** of sex. I can matter fight wars and win battles. My blood bleed **just** as red. We can progress to-gather in the world ahead. If you just acknowledge my mind in my head.

I hope everyone enjoy this.

Thanks

Take care

R. Cooper

P.S. This poem was originally written for my sister Clare whom I love.

Rain: Tears of a God
Mourning over a lost life.
Only to give life.

Haiku by: Reginald Cooper