

# The Ragged Girl Doll (The Dea(f)th of Feminism)

**Gerhard Genis**

<https://orcid.org/0000-0002-6097-5681>

University of Pretoria, South Africa

gerhard.genis@up.ac.za

My sister  
from across the border wall  
your limbs ripped off

Now  
it's my turn

My private part –  
ploughed  
like yours –  
is now a landing strip

I lie  
on an old discarded couch  
in a ruined house

An old TV suddenly flickers on

The Old Man speaks to me  
“Little doll,” he smirks,  
“I was waiting for this day, for a long time, anyway”

And like you  
my sister from across the border wall  
a man rips an arm away

On the screen, another face blinks,  
“More weapons  
more arms,  
feeding industrial complex alms”

The face adds, "It's all your fault, my little doll,"  
and more limbs  
from my body roll

"We'll take all your parts  
to fix your sister from across the border wall,"  
someone says from the BBC  
with perhaps too much glee

"I'm not an evil doll  
I am a little girl's companion,"  
I protest

I look up – at last, someone has heard my cry –  
A *tannie* from a local church towers over me,  
where I lie on the broken couch,  
and smiles down on me  
"look, the nice little doll," she croons  
and mangers my bit-less frame in her arms

But soon

She spits:

"You're not quite right"  
"Yes, I'm a limbless doll," I explain  
"No, it's not that  
it's your smell,  
like something  
fallen  
from hell"  
"And your colouring  
unlike an angel – white,  
is a daemon – black"

She shudders,  
leaves me

Later, the Old Man walks in  
and sets fire to the couch

I want to call out  
to my sister  
from across the border wall

but my voice burns away

it drowns

in mouths of told-you-so congratulations  
that keep on blinking on the TV screen.