

The Feminine Mystic (or how I made love to God)

I.

The rape-whistle hum of my own heartbeat
as you descend above me –
heavyweight and sweat and the sickly smell of oranges.

I can hear you, God, up in the heavens,
slapping your wife like an alcoholic father.

And the earth, the aching earth, opens up beneath you, cracks
with a bruised right eye, blood
trailing down her pine-covered cheek.

It would be like a tear, beautiful
if it were loved.

She opens up beneath you in pancreatic oceans,
and I can feel your body above me, heavy, erect –
but somehow you seem to be touching Adam,

and he cannot even hear your name.

She lies wounded and forgotten. I lie
within, and know, somewhere,
I am loved. The sky opens up above me
as you leave, dutifully, for the kitchen floor.

I can see the blue where your head would be,
swollen and heady like a bottle of rum or
a field of wildflowers.

Still she lies, and I can smell her
in the daisies and carnations, birth
without a Jesus, impregnated
by the summer winds.

I am heavy with the potential of life, but now
you stand weak and limp, lingering
before you disappear. She will not
disappear.

II.

My body opens and closes as a heartbeat,
and I can feel a hand like Jesus
beneath my right breast – the blood
blossoming carnations
between my fingers.

“We love you,” it says,
as if it were a promise: “We
love you,” the warning
on the earth’s cool air – breath

inhaling and exhaling
across my bare back.

My spine protrudes like buttons
keeping it all in. Still

I bleed with all the heartbeat certainty
of the ocean tides and daisies
opening their faces, sun-like, in spring –

I open
and lie before you.

III.

If you cut yourself open in the shape of a cross
would Jesus come pouring out?
Would he hold your hand and bleed all over
the godforsaken page? Would he even notice
that your flesh has been divided, hanging open, exposing a rawness
we cannot even understand.
No one can grasp their inner workings.
I am not familiar with my intestines or
the complexion of my right kidney. Does God know
the complexion of my right kidney?

Yet Jesus looks down
from the cross all serene, and I
cannot help but wonder
if he even knew he was dying
for anything beyond himself. If he knew
the inner blood all humanity has given him: wine
populating tables centuries later. Would he
be proud? Or would he instead
wish that, somehow, he had chosen
instead to grimace and cry out
with all His pain. For what greater pain
than the eternal resurrection of a blood
that was never yours?

IV.

I don't think I can be platonic anymore.
The oceans caress my ventricles,
and I can feel the trickles
of their sands across my back.
You trace me, God, like the cut-out
of a paper doll, and I imagine little-girl fingers
Fingering the white.

I don't think I can keep pretending
I do not feel the sun between my legs and the shadow
beneath my shoulder blades – grass
whispering secrets to the world – my ear
an echoing cave where the smallest noises
multiply like bunnies: I can hear them
Humping against my ear drum.

And Jesus grinds against my mind and God
touches my sighs and a little cherub sings love songs
to the rhythm of my hips. Would anyone notice
if I suddenly stop moving?
Would that lack of movement
make me cease to exist? My lips
brush against the breeze; I can feel it
kiss my neck. Then
it pulls out strands of hair like harp strings
to lay across my back.

The soil massages my soles, the leaves blush
When I pass, and the air feels me up in places
I did not know existed. Yet somehow
We all seem to believe it is only life and
There is no necessity
For ecstasy.