

## Channeling Persephone

### 1. Dryad

The lightning bolt  
didn't really enter the room  
the poor woman who looked like me  
confessed  
to the rest of the therapy circle  
that's just how I remember  
Dr. Hymn's dick  
he'd spit on it  
make it wet, slippery  
then slide the Muse of Mental Illness in

now with the tree  
the PTSD  
the drinking  
the hangovers  
the 3:00AM nightmares  
there's a bolt of lightning  
a crack of thunder  
and the storm's in the room  
bullying me like a grizzly bear  
no one ever saw  
in Yellowstone

I want to puke  
because I can feel it  
all the way up  
into my head  
telling me  
become a dryad  
in a tree in hell  
or else

## 2. Channeling Persephone

I spread  
my legs like a slut  
trying to get back  
physically remember  
the black leather seat  
my skirt up  
Rembrandt painting it  
the chariot  
the rape  
the maidens behind screaming  
grabbing at the ground to stop the screeching wheels  
the flower petals trailing from my hand  
the yellow flowers on the wallpaper  
the Sistine Chapel ceiling  
Mr. Finger  
the euphemism  
for python  
pythia  
the suicide storm  
shoving me from behind  
to save poetry

trying to remember  
Eurydice's sex change operation  
how I became available all the time  
your mongoloid moll  
your story of O  
your zipless fuck  
in the back seat of mental illness  
with the shiv slits for quickies  
with the burning river thing  
the car bomb blasts  
the new diseases  
the demon lover choirs singing The Magnificat  
backwards  
on acid  
to little Amahl crying in the corner  
because of what the Night Visitors did  
with black panthers  
and white doves  
after the Reverend Hagee let them in  
to incubate Hitler  
in me

### 3. Saying No

it came in increments  
no  
touch me again and I'll scream  
touch me again and I'll tear out your eyes  
touch me again and **I'll rip out your jugular!**  
the vampire fangs grew then  
I quit smiling  
for fear someone would see  
touch me again and I'll kill you  
I meant Dr. Hymn  
the lightning bolt  
that came in my room  
paralyzed my entire soul  
raped me  
because I could not say no  
to Inspiration

I began to make weapons  
the heart exploder  
the jugular piercer  
the annihilator  
the widershins  
so I could swallow it with the whirlwind  
for sowing in the beginning  
with the murder of crows  
the black sewage sin  
pouring from the past  
I became  
the scalpel  
to cut off Genesis  
walked around  
with it in me for days  
centuries  
until it got rotten and stank  
because I said no

#### 4. What Was It?

this invisible thing in the night  
this incubus  
pressure to get in  
make me  
Rosemary  
amidst dreams of goats  
a bedroom used a scat site  
shit mixed with ashes  
tears dribbled in  
a musical spell from behind  
the Mars section from *The Planets*  
The Dance of the Sacrifice  
from *Le Sacre du Printemps*  
someone shredding a poem  
naked people  
in animal masks  
I can never see any faces  
just this invisible thing  
on top of me  
that spreads my legs  
and presses in  
playing a red hot Calliope  
the B Minor Mass in napalm  
not the burning little girl  
running down the road  
that lives  
through the end of the world  
but 12/26/2004  
the Indian Ocean tsunami  
in the Christmas creche  
on the radio this morning

## 5. Adrian

drive your plague up me Revelation  
all the way up  
through the peony bud  
of my heart

lance it  
trance it  
force it  
pale monstrous horse  
while I lie here  
on your Jacob's ladder drug  
your dead poet's ashes  
your jukebox full of screams  
your ice cream cone Dies Irae  
on Waiting to Rapture Highway

as you ram it in  
the woman dies  
turns into a tree  
where Whitley Strieber cries  
terrified of praying mantises  
with Apocalypse rods  
poking up out of their cassocks  
driving Lost Poets to therapy  
suicide  
on Delphi's stage  
where they bow and hope for hymns  
not you, Dark Daddy

even hypnotized by beauty  
I can still see you  
behind your masks  
your wrapped Christo coats  
your Saran Wrap skin  
your Keene painting eyes  
with Nixon nominated the next evening  
Reagan famous for toppling the wall  
Billy Graham for converting Russians with Bibles  
the Pope praying at the Burning Bush  
Ira Levin making millions  
off his kid in the crib  
1968