

**Subconscious Soliloquies**

Poetry Submission

April 2020

## Impregnated Conversations

How many children  
have you held  
in the eggshell  
of your body?

Maternal instinct  
shifts,  
considers alternative realities  
settles  
back into the chair.

I will not be baited.

- 1.) 214 students  
(tight smiles, laughter)
- 2.) Cervical cancer  
(bitter guilt, no answer)

The only cancer: lies  
in societal expectation:  
I am a vessel, crevices filled,  
the seed of men  
embedded,  
growing patriarchy.

The devout proselytize.

Today's lessons:

Retiring eggs  
at the North Pole.

Biological extinction  
of fish in the sea.

Conversion of career  
into framed diplomas,  
abbreviated MRS.

Science believed  
when bible verses can flutter  
and procreation is absolved  
of sex altogether.

I want to grow a science  
to freeze gender  
conformity.

I could abbreviate it:  
education.

## **To every man that says a woman has equal rights**

I want to know:

why male rapists receive trophies,  
supreme court nominations,  
presidencies,  
deny rape kit legislation,  
remove Title IV liability  
for accusations  
deny humanity.

I want to know:

how women who have abortions  
are charged with murder  
but not the father.

Why my body is yours

to rock between  
talking points  
deny birth control  
insure Viagra  
ensure penetration  
serves its purpose.

Why even

the strongest woman  
knows

power is poisonous:  
eyebrow-raise, raised pitch,  
permanent label:  
bitches.

Accepted, opinionated words

only satisfy  
itches for femdom,  
not feminism  
like racism  
makes interracial sex  
a kink.

## **Lunch break at the diagnostic center; MRI in progress**

Why are the warning labels  
in the inside?

I lie,  
inside the curve of cold,  
floating between  
eggshell-painted magnets,  
tucked in by paper sheets.

The technician tells me:  
Be breathless!  
Refuse lungs.  
Even when lips spasm,  
corral in your laughter,  
reverberations of ghost  
carbon exiting sacs  
of destruction!

But I'm too far gone  
in imagination  
to take him seriously:

I ponder this

two-ton machine toppling,  
overcome by oxygen,  
three million tax dollars,  
celluloid film bubbling,  
black splatter, blurs:

perhaps—James Pollock-worthy  
pièce de résistance.

He'd call it:  
American Dream.

## **Co-Insurance**

I once slit  
a bill open  
for \$75,000  
like a throat  
or at least  
I feel like  
that should have been  
an option  
in the billing box.

I would have checked it,  
sent a check for it  
in the form of a dagger  
with a picture of Mother Teresa  
and the words:  
I'll pray for you.

## **Even after eight pills**

the pain is tempestuous.

It's shaky legs, metallic bitterness  
up nostrils  
that burn  
like sriracha, red chilé dust.

It's soot- colored clouds  
that roll  
down my back, rains  
sharp icicles  
as lightning bolts signal  
the thunder.

It knows-- I am iron:  
I rust like bolted locks on unsold acreage.

I am drumbeats,  
throbbing  
rhythms dancing in Dervish fervor  
legs breathing  
tension,  
like sprung-tight  
guitar strings.