

Eve

Bone of Your Bones

happiness is when I

squiggle on and ummm
open on push

unfurl me
yawn my body apart and back
back and bash
full gaping mouth on sweet-licky mouth
of your candy pink frou-frou babe

gonna slide my gun up you
jiggly jelly blubber ooh
hahaha
shh hush children's door creaking

squelchy sluicy drowsy
oozy smell of comfy white moosh
ask me who I belong to
quick tell me again 'cause I do
and it all whooshes up and up and wide wide wide SKY OPEN
air through my throat

my empty mouth - I'm cracking - waking outward
shot like a duck by your warm gun
shot from belly through my cotton-ball hair on the top of my head
busted out alive, like I'm new-born - suddenly

lowered on this familiar milk-warm mushroom-brown pillow, where the ceiling fan keeps whirring
and the cat stares, head cocked at this one particular Eve, receiving like showers on my open face, my
orders: be fruitful and multiply

Eve

Faustus Prays

My soot-black curled-prawn body
Shoots through heaven's membrane
Free falls to earth down - away
And out of His sight

Even while locked in my rebellion
I knew He'd sent His angels here
With mauling hands I pried
Off the hound of heaven
That pinned me like a beetle scuttling
Under a schoolboy's thumb tip

I rolled my eyes at Your steady pursuit
I dreamed delicious dreams of waking
Laughing and free of You

I pick through Polaroid pictures now
Of my twenty-four years lived away from You
And know my memories are not Yours
My life's scenes flicker, wane, recede
And vanish soundlessly

I don't pray for You to save me
I pray: Remember me
Let me, pixelated and half-formed, emerge
In Your mind's eye again
Straining for a chance to be;
Your forgetting me is my death

Eve

How lovely it would be
If Mercy stood on a porch
With blueberries and lemonade
If Grace like a mother welcomed me in

And stroked soft the clenched jaw of the boy
Looking up at stars and telephone poles
From apartment balcony steps

How good it would be - how unjust
To be embraced now - how unfair
For this charred face to be lifted and seen
Birthed amongst Your irises

Eve

Nine Hours

The night my birth-son was born
After the nurses left and my breasts began
To swell and drip, his mother lifted him
From my arms, a soft, plump log
No bigger than a wiener dog, his sweat
And hair-plastered head craning
From a burrito-wrapped body. She clicked
Her tongue on the roof of her mouth
Held the blanket, firm across his back
And lifted her chin when he yawned.

Her hair shielded his face, the two, languid twins
Draped in a golden cocoon, yawning open
She pressed her hair against her neck
The line beside her mouth folding
And blew a thin breeze on his forehead
They were still. She studied his eyes
As if she saw a time when some garish thing
Might disturb the quiet of the soul
Waiting to be hoisted into life
And was by the strength of her gaze
Staying him against that time

From the salty marshes of her six-year cry
To press this body to her chest, a tear grew fat
And round, strayed over her cheekbone
Splashed on his upper lip
Crawled and snuggled into his chin
He looked at her, wide-eyed, unflinching
His innocence whole and wide and silent

Eve

Her lips parted, met, and rounded
To a song of consonants and breath
Without vowels, till her hair fell in sheets
Around him, the whole, bright world
Canopied within, this holy shell of first love

I turned my face to the tray of boiled chicken then
And thought of your cheek curving into your chin
And held steady the chestnut in my throat
That's how it went, if one day you ask
I will keep to myself your slippery legs
Wet on my stomach, the perfection of your little bird lips
Your unblinking eyes as I rocked and I sang

Eve

The Gas Lights Flickered

I wish him unmedicated
when it's his turn to say
we need to talk
I wish him marital issues
that turn up only in the car
when his prozac is at home
I wish him no further discussion

I wish him shocks of rage
I wish him low serotonin
as the explanation for every. one.
let him hear of the mother-in-law on the other line, praying for her dear child
and the st. luke's behavioral helpline on the assistant's and in-laws' speed dial
I wish him a him that is not *him* right now
and an adulterous lover affronted at his questions
let him be swatted away like a fly

let him observe her smile at a midnight text
When he asks, let him perceive eyebrows raised
a flickering of eyelids
and a slow soft voice entreating logic

Eve

Invisible Girls

Under street lamps at an outdoor hawker center in Singapore, at a table shined with fresh efficient streaks of soap and water, clattering with plates slid across, dollar bills thumped, and chopsticks rapped, two lovers lean their foreheads against each other, the girl's thin arms on his shoulders, she in a white chiffon tank, hair dyed auburn, a twinkling bracelet, the boy with bangs across one eye, a graphite shirt that drapes around the V tapering into his waist, a silver dragon lusting after the collar.

They're a Hong Kong hotelier's son and boutique salesgirl, after the clubs have closed. While hawkers reel around them, balancing on their forearms plates of mutton satay, oyster omelettes, stingrays wrapped in banana leaves, chillied watercress, mussels, the boy for one minute looks at a woman walking by. She turns back, smiles, he gives her the finger and the lovers laugh, the girl pressing her cheek into his neck, her hair's wisps dusting her shoulders, and his silver necklace glinting beside her upturned lips.

Two Singaporean college girls sit down at the same table, chattering earnestly, in English, about Carl Jung, Freud, a film by David Lynch, and when they order two Ovaltines, no ice, and a prawn noodle soup to share - extra bowl please, the Hong Kong boy glances sideways at his girl, she sucks her cheeks, and they whisper in each other's ears about pimple plantations, four-eyed monsters, and walking chopsticks. She giggles, pushes against his shoulder, and he combs both hands through his hair.

The college girls share a travel-sized bottle of green Purell.

They pat mini-packets of Kleenex on the table, invisible to the swarms of transvestites, gold-chained Chinese boys roaming in packs, the sarong party girls with white men's bodies pressed against their backs, the Bangladeshi laborers, eyes bloodshot.

The pimply college girl smiles at the boy and flicks her frazzled hair around a shoulder.

Eve

The boy stands up, hand on his girl's jean-pocket, flings a red ten-buck bill down and strides away, his thumb hooked around her belt loop, the spindles of her sandals grinding the rice and cigarette butts sprayed upon the asphalt, while sparrows peck in the cracks. Gazing up at the lovers, the pimply girl says, "She can get whoever she wants."

Chiffon gently dusts her smooth-skinned waist as he reaches toward french-manicured fingers.