

The Silence of our Lives

Disease comes like winter
quick on it's haunches
cold in breathless winter
the trickery of sunshine on snow
dreaming into evening
too sorrowful sunset brilliant too

cozying in for the evening, a cardinal
red as dawn darts into naked woods
hibernation again, slowing down our bodies
skies crystalline, crisp with a cold affront
limbo, day into day, loss after loss,
time creeps on as we watch
from our windows the world
whispering, waning, wailing.

bundled for a long winter,
but boxed in too, romance removed
more than hot tea, unread books,
cigarette after cigarette,
bread baked and onions pickled
no relish in our separate
contemplative solitudes

loneliness commonplace as we disconnect,
connect to light, another blue light
against quiet night. weekends waiting,
watch our world trickle on, empty train cars
smiles lost beneath safety, eyes drift away
evening cheers now sound on the wind
hope may surge though mournings endless
cocoon long burst open, bodies long dissolved
our transformation unending, our final form hazy

another wintering confined to prisons of loss
uncertainty, grief upon grief, heartaches
rendered insignificant, silent sidewalks
quiet rooms, the hiss of death
in wait, we wither, work, tend to our elderly
relish our young, hold tight to life
in our little worlds, microcosms of everything

we are trying to save, hoping to

still we stay home,
whatever our metamorphosis unveils
it is lucent, alight with radiance
we breathe in guilt, hope, relief
every last breaths here, ever in air.

Yes,

Yes, time will trickle away like a summer Sunday.

Yes, even though the sun sets at 8:30
somehow you find yourself again
in fields barefoot when bugs descend.
Yes, your day draws brutally to an end
when the heat has finally burned off.

Yes, you find the dogs have torn around
the pond kicking up mud, staining your cotton trousers,
stirring up earth's sweet smell, beginnings of decay,
as tender and green as grass between your fingers.

Yes, you will find yourself longing at sunset
for another moment before tree-line swallows sun.
Yes, cicadas grow louder, sharper as mosquitos whine in your ear.
Yes, a current of energy may run through the soles of your feet,
hopelessly hold you to that place.

Yes, you may try not to be moved at all.
Certainly, you might succeed most days.
Yes, when the sun did not show its face
and muck swirled like hawks around the lawn.

Yes, when your tea went cold as you trudged
boot deep snow to gather more firewood.
Yes, when the television blared of record lows, of windchill.
Yes, you might find it easier to be bitter then, even mournful.

Yes, but not today. Too pristine.

POP goes the rape poem

He said
she was playful
He said
she was drunk too
He said
she was into me
He said
she fucked me before
He said
I knew what yes looked like
even if it came out as no, no, no

She said
he pushed me
She said
he tricked me
She said
he betrayed me
She said
he watched me fading
She said
he heard me say no
She said
he felt me fight

She said
he knew what yes sounded like
but was enticed by no, no, no

a fragment of time
a fraction of a fraction
a tiny percentage of her life

Now it fills up like a helium balloon
expands until its translucent
thin like the bruised skin of her inner arm
his hand prints, his knees

POP

They said

move on now
forget this moment
drop it, let it go

She said
I can't
It's expansive
It's ready to break
It's filled with air
floating up and up
no matter how hard
she tries to hold it down

Private moments
permeated by him
by what he mumbled
by what he ruined
by what he did

Forced to be frozen
stuck in a moment
a loop that won't end
an endless recording
flashing behind her eyes
at her most vulnerable

POP

No one publishes the rape poem
because after the crime scene tape
peels off, no one is left to listen

No one publishes the rape poem
Because no one wants to know her
because no one wants to be her

Why are we (feminists) so angry?

The question itself enraged me
Why wouldn't we be?

We'd been fed the rage
of boys and men our whole lives
been made to swallow it
in big gulps or endless drops

We were molded to filter it
facilitate it, fasten it as armor
to the shell of our selves
insist that our anger was
actually irritation
actually sadness
actually anything
but the thumping
 pulsing
unfiltered rage
of the oppressed
the forgotten

to become secondary
to become sub-humanity
to be subdivided and categorized
until the only ones to fight were each other
nails and teeth and aches more than flesh

We stood in front of them
quibbling over who deserved
their degradation more
and they laugh at us
and our petty disagreements
our gossip and derision

We had been trained
and quickly forgotten our training
We had been twisted into parodies
for their comfort, their ease

Our voices a muffled shout