

## Ouija Board Poems

### 1. the Oracle

I don't know how  
you put a monkey's paw  
a werewolf's jaw  
Frankenstein's bile  
a sieg hiel  
a bunch of vile prophecies  
about beasts and Bibles and 666  
into the Ouija board  
but you did  
then  
Wrath  
and blind  
into the white wine  
angels pissed  
across Athena's shield  
through snakes  
and venom  
her gory hair  
ghastly Medusa's glare  
trickling down  
turning little masturbating boys into stone  
and you put that in there too  
rammed it up  
our dreams  
wrapped in a magic bullet  
dosed with demons

hate from Hades  
crammed it up the Ouija board  
my daughter and her friend made  
from cardboard  
with crayons  
to block in the letters  
giggling  
and the first thing it says  
the first thing it speaks  
to my daughter  
is:  
“God is going to murder you within a year.”

2. Black Feather

let's take her to the pastor  
to the Church  
with his bookshelves stuffed with titles like "Cracked"  
and "Why Bad Thing Happen to Beautiful Little Girls"  
but not a goddamn thing  
about the werewolf  
that came from the Lutheran hot dish basement  
and attacked me in a dream

Let's take her to the school psychologist  
maybe he can explain why the Ouija board would say such a  
mean thing  
send it back to the factory for a mouth washing  
detention  
but you can't send Oedipus back for a new oracle  
a new fate  
a new future  
new eyes  
like the petrified boulder glassies Pastor Bob  
carries in his pockets as he prepares his sermon

Let's take her to see the doctor  
he'll assure us it's all just a superstition  
but then again he hasn't felt the planchette move  
like a poison spider in his pants  
heading for his penis  
with a fatal bite  
like Mr. Hyde gave your gay brother with AIDS

who does that leave to fight the oracle?  
that leaves you, pal  
you, Dumbo  
dad  
pathetic, underemployed psycho you  
poet on the burning tower  
with all your dream stuff  
all your Orpheus mumbo jumbo  
about how you can do stuff down there  
make OuiJa boards heel  
make a black feather  
stand tall

### 3. The Abortion

I do not have to explain  
how I know these things  
what it is you like to do with the knife  
how you like to slit the elastic  
on the underpants  
like an impulse repressed for centuries finally released  
part the trembling cold blue lips  
that do not want the prophecies  
in them  
with the blade's cold steel

I just know these things  
because I've felt them  
these roots of evil  
how the hot yellow terror  
warm, crazy  
bubbling  
bobolink  
pee pouring down her thigh  
just makes you crazy  
because you can't have any  
so you have to take  
you have to rape  
you have to force her open

I know you are only a you  
not a Thou  
not a dread I Am That I Am  
in one dream you wore a priest's broad brimmed hat

a black veil to hide your face  
as we sat face to faceless in a fancy clinic  
and you said you wanted to have sex with me  
like an invisible explosion from a Francis Bacon painting  
with nothing on  
but Four Horsemen  
with no evidence the next morning  
except a silly dream  
a nightmare no one will take seriously

that is how I know these things about you  
pious liberal pastor  
caught in the net  
the torn  
semen stained underpants  
where I aborted the blue Neon with death in it  
from the future

## 4. The Rollover

no poem can describe the horror  
of the phone call at 3 AM  
almost precisely a year after the Ouija Board  
made with crayons  
upchucked the vile threat  
the terrible phone call at 3 AM  
hello!  
it's your daughter!  
she (god) rolled her car over off Nancy Lake Road  
it's upside down in that cut over school forest  
is she all right!  
is she all right!  
is the future all right!  
is my gorgeous golden haired girl  
who gathered flowers  
who picked mushrooms  
who sat on my shoulders  
and was lighter  
than ten thousand Saviors  
and gave me clowns  
and gurus  
presented me my magic stick so seriously silly  
who made me make laughter  
sliding down the back hill on our snow pants  
who played the disappearing game  
made me play dead  
under a sheet shroud  
is she all right?  
oh, please, is she all right?

is the future ok?  
not the one in the crèche on the Lutheran lawn  
the other one  
the one so beautiful  
no one else would carry it except  
my gorgeous stupidly brave wife  
is she ok?  
is she all right?

they found her  
dazed, cold  
but conscious  
thrown from the car in the snow  
didn't know where  
who she was  
has a bad cut on her forehead  
but she's alive  
they've taken her down to Spooner Hospital

no poem can describe  
the cold sober drive  
through 4:00 AM morgue mist  
deer lurking like ghosts of suicides  
along the highway  
ready to fling themselves in front of us  
to keep us reaching the underworld  
alive



## 5. Not Virgin Spring

we wait in the cold, dark hall  
with high school art on the walls  
for the results of the CAT scan  
she sleeps through  
then hold her hand  
as glass is dug from her forehead  
nothing more serious than bumps, bruises  
and a totaled car  
it was a “miracle”  
says her friend  
she was thrown through the window  
otherwise she’d be dead  
it was miraculous  
we are informed she wasn’t wearing her seat belt  
otherwise her golden curled head  
would be smashed like a pumpkin  
her neck broken  
it’s a miracle she’s here today  
says the kindly local doctor  
considering what might have happened

no  
it’s a goddamned fucking miracle  
I have been dreaming about  
working this section of road for a year since the oracle  
she would be murdered  
trying to keep it free  
of grief counselors with vampire fangs  
priests and pastors with lessons to teach me  
homilies covered with blood  
psychologists who want to counsel me and my wife

fundamentalist with visions  
of the new church they plan to build on the spot  
where the spring  
the virgin spring  
did not  
I repeat did not  
will not  
will never  
will not ever appear beneath her head