

a violated girl is a field after battle

i was so angry, my hair turned red, like the inside of my body.

vietnam. how men love to ruin a nation, then weep in their pension-soft beds for how the killing hurt *them*. meanwhile, her mountains are pregnant with bombs. unimpressed by the turning decades. meanwhile, my lips are sealed, if only to muffle the crossfire inside.

don't you know vietnam is too busy living on to make blockbuster films of her pain?

you loved me

like,

the boy loves

the lamb

while his father slaughters it, wringing

pity

pity

pity

from his heart. but never intervention.

you see. an untilled valley is fertile. an unfelled forest is virgin. nature is a mother. i mean—it is the bodies of women which nourish men.

am i fallow yet?

see here. the bridal veil ; the molting of my mother. her belly like a taut bow, and I its arrow, the sinew purring away the last of her strength. the way if you point your arms straight to the sky on the top of dong ap bia, you can almost (*touch*) forget they call it hamburger hill after the six hundred thirty ground up like meat (*the*) forget where this body has been (*stars*) forget.

Aurora / Chairlift Soliloquy

Suppose this story outlives its paper.
Suppose you do take my hand,
our skin as thin as pastry /
Twice as rough, and push—ski sailing skid-ice,
pines shredding by, the snow full of commas,
eyes squeezed shut
Not because we are afraid to see,
But in the dark,
We see best.

I swear,
My boots printed the snow three times
Before thudding road: ellipses.

But what if a blot of ink
Interrupts this slope?
What if it knocks
The nose of my ski - my hands
plunging into white, the numbness
Spreading through my fingers
Like chime-sounds?

Now that I have made myself silence,
Now that I have interrupted this story,
Would you close it? I mean

The space between us
The hour — of thread-silence
Between songs,
Shed to minutes,
with each step,
the music,
closing
in—

Your beckoning fingers then, the fragilest
Three-legged stool beneath my chin-
I inhale sky, because sometimes to be more
Is to be less; to be weightless; tilt-pulled
to the little tooth that glints between your lips—

The moon,

I meant.

dissonance

*A water lily unfolds in her hands,
fringed in dizzying light of swinging lantern .
tilting shadows across the farm road .*

Her wrists coated in the grease of siblings
and scraped potatoes .

Silence like miles of yarn
purred taut into one impenetrable sweater
now limp in the living trees .

*Heels sink in the mud of lake bottom .
The night numbing the tips of her fingers
into dull knives, cutting currents beside the boat .
The stars like another unloving mother -*

*The hot words so cold
Burning holes in the sky, so the wrong wind
rushes in her throat
the mouth-skin hanging in threads
like curtains after years of war
When there is no thing left to hide .*