

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 .*