
Sad little arbitrary word poem

by Carol Christ

I'm tired of talking.

Words, strings, webbed
Ziggurats tied to the tongue.

Somewhere the sun
is sun.

Where are you, Walt Whitman?

Tramping some parallel universe.

And I,
a corpus of vowels.

Perpetua

by Carol Christ

We raised one another.
Ditched school with Hell's Angels,
rowboat to Palace Island.
Paddled back one-oared, bug-bitten,
braless.
When have we had so much fun? you wondered.
Red birds flew over summer field--
flowers gone mad smelled as green
as sharp as sticks in the eye, moldy feathers
ensconced in museums
the red birds flew
scattered like apples rolling from limbs.

We raised our children.
Learned to cook with babes on tit,
canned, quilted, and smoked good dope
(now a misdemeanor) read book on
Tantric sex, grew pumpkins and slept
outdoors with the babies a lot.

When will the pumpkins ripen? you wondered.
Pumpkins gone wild taste as rich as thick
as raisins at dawn, clots of blood
against white thigh
the pumpkins grew
covered our houses ceiling to sky

We lost husbands.
You--
pawned wedding ring,
drove to Reno to bail me out,
laughed so hard, pissed driver's side seat
I--wore bar hair, tight pants, ate red meat
(now a vegetarian). Cried all the time and
fucked too much
When will she ever grow up? You wondered.
Tongue as spiked as barbed as
cactus in June a shattered windshield
an ochre bruise

You've taken to spoiling your grandchildren
sticky fingers reaching for you
little cat voices crying.
When will she ever come home? You wonder.

I am alone--a lifetime away
No one knows me here.

And I wonder at the love of which we never speak
as the roof moans under darkening leaves,
and red birds fall from trees . . .

And I see you often now
at the edges of my consciousness
that space before I
fall

asleep

your body white
and young again
you smile and call me
to the boat.