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Every Moment, Breakdown

GOLD WAKE PRESS, 2010

## Opening

My mind slapped the symbols,  
usurping the sullied fear of rats  
for the wisdom of black bears.

The wild woman, skinned in all her  
malachite grandeur, averted the fire  
trucks and asylums, clasping  
severed limbs of past loves.

*No one knows the sound of silence,  
only the pause*

Blood drew from the soft place  
just inside my thighs  
that causes all movement.

On a gauzed evening

in a kitchen full of cracks,  
I plead to a book full of hate:

How can we know  
life after death  
if we never know life?

Reading metaphors of fruit  
and fish, the smell of rot  
streamlined my tongue  
against bribes of stone.

In this kitchen, they say  
I was meant to be, but  
other rooms entreat

toward a Goddess of light  
who waits for me among  
gypsy angels that scoff  
at man's bruised heaven.

I stopped reading, abandoned  
the kitchen, went to the bathroom  
to ponder my wanderlust face.

Awareness stripped my skin of all  
regret, knifed the guilt out of my  
eyes, and blessed every single doubt.

## Longing

I long for summer, the hot  
sweat caused by an imaginary  
sun that takes pictures of you  
and changes time into feelings  
that glow with hidden phrases

I long for fluid transference,  
sockets pooled by liquids  
that show me an imaginary  
place where I had to find you  
so I could lose him

Dad

I stomach the fickle shifting of his                    stray  
left eye

the petite hands clenching

opening like pulmonary valves.

He greeted space with wanderlust  
strutting around  
a spread-winged  
peacock

His fingers strummed  
guitar, each                    nomadic chord  
a symphony traveling into

quarries of transcendent sound.

Brother to clouds,  
he crowed like lightning  
his blackness a subtle    etching  
cradled  
by the prescient gray before storms.

I churn within that gray  
folded  
into glistening concrete  
pleading for more rain

afraid to witness human sky:

The rainbow surfaced    absurd  
and    jealous

of his suicide,

as if it arced

a pose to *meansomething*.

## Eyeteeth of Goddesses

She looked to see if the moon waxed or waned,  
gleaned the sky for lightning, shadow-boxed the urban  
jar for men and structures she hadn't seen before.

She ripped-out perspective and saw without the spoke-  
lens of herself. Brain uncoiled, danced above, grew  
Medusa snakes. She pleaded him to cut off her head.

Begged him to take her to hell to live in the dark, just  
to keep those damned Persephone blooms from popping  
up under her feet. She opened Pandora's box full-

knowing the onslaught of chaos, tore synapses  
out of soft matter, her mind a faun-brood of questions,  
the crack-pulse of insight jaggling its way from the top

of her head to her spine like lightning— can't strike  
without an atmosphere— her past an oily tsunami  
bleeding for independence, fearing home and de-

pendence on anyone. Her love waxed with the moon,  
cried a burst of mare-heart. Better to be bitten until  
bled, to stoke anarchic fires within until they combust

in silky scars all over her skin, shape some other her,  
rupture inside out like lightning across the moon  
whenever someone pretends to look at me.

## Lofty Cues

The kitchen floor you walk on is slanted yet settled  
Your voice blood-lets a world without skies and trees

A serrated pacer who longs  
for a bin to recycle his wedding ring

I have scoured time for eyes so blue  
Tempered my skin with the ash of your dreams

The black tubes of half-rolled hopes shatter

For I am the mistress who stretches  
her tongue across the texture of your teeth  
Keeps you from gnashing the granite countertop  
Reminds you that your concrete shoes  
once held the feet of a magician  
Shows you that some floors are groundless

Writing Exercise

I send him words  
without the risk of meeting

project onto his lap  
that I am on his lap

rend myself into him  
toward some unnamable thing

He sends words  
knowing full-well his virile voice  
will be worshipped by my Venus

straddled by my thighs

raped by the curve of my spine

Morsels of his madness  
lodge inside my mouth

I can't stop chewing

The lines between

black and white

word and page

turn kaleidoscopic

until the risk of meeting  
turns waking life into lucid dream