

arium.
t hesi-
the aes-
ls is of
No Art
t to lie,
arantee
oses in
i truth.

A fiction of security.
When i spoke about rela-
tionships i was immedi-
ately asked: "between
what?" i have always
thought "within what?"

61 —Trinh T. Minh-Ha
"Mechanical Eye, Electronic Ear,
and the Lure of Authenticity"

two scenes

—after b.

first

see, rift ripe in the trunk body
a yonic yawn. eye walks
among the pecans and there
she is. tree woman crowning:
a golden egg, a pack of dogs
not pups, three frogs, three
snakes. a dank and spacious ark.
eye wanders through forest; eye
witnesses holy ejaculate,
orgasmic birth. conception
and child simultaneous. slippery
twins, absurd family fuckin' tree!
slime-painted scales, skin,
and greened fur, also slimed.

second

mirror on a steely mountain
good rose, a new sun casts crystals
from cloud into cornea. eye is wet
with refraction; eye is flighty
from fear. rumble of thunder
friction of air, diffuse and dangerous
as a wall. in monsoon onset
eye confused storm for fire
and why: the way mist wisps smoke
from water, the envelope, the growl,
the melting of flesh.

first

from the cunt in the copse
a cascade of offspring, tumbling
and disparate siblings: seven stones
in slime, a swarm of moths unable
to fly, a bear cub, two porcupines,
a charred branch that goes on
for miles. eye should not have seen
but eye keeps seeing. and
in the afterbirth, my own face!

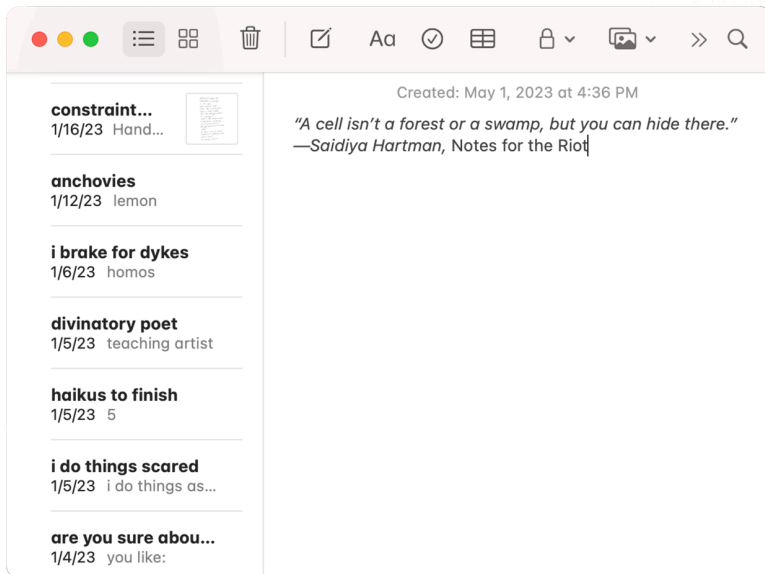
Hear the echo of a folktale: The Talking Eggs, adorned in jewels and shouting "take me!" and "don't take me!" Which sister, Blanche or Rose, is gentle, is cruel? She who listens well? She who distrusts what is true?

borderland of born — the clearing is an in-between place
open spaces BLM wilderness
how can a forest possibly be national?

whitening sky, shivering daughter
Blanche: obedient, tame, virtuous,
rejected

Rose on the path, chased by a cloud of strange and
venomous creatures, weeping and screaming. Why should
the natural blacken, why should the bejeweled bless?

mother, suffer.
mirror me



Sacred mother. Beloved mother.
"Your love is too thick"
Your love is a flood.

shall eye leave
the door open?