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The Storm 2

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Cunning & Exile

The wind shifts, knocks my dark
We are in terrible shape, you & I
spouting sooty, choking smoke from
our mouths, our hips that lay, as
in an ampersand, curly-q. You tell me
how to touch another human being.

but you are soft, and I have great
terrable shape, you & I,
We lay, together, the night daica.

the World Series, the snow at the
I ask you if you mean forever as
a metaphor for a very long while
me, a space in the Venn diagram.

You take my head in your hands
pounds, silent. You are sinking, as
with stereo wires taken from a d
You were singing the blues with

tonight, they didn't realize you were
yesterday, the nights before that,
on the telephone all night, hot-v
straight-faced orgasms, as if a m

New York City. I feel your chest
something about love, how if it
which requires crickets to eat tw
The wind shifts, knocks my dark hair backwards.
We are in terrible shape, you & I. We are crumbling industry
spouting sooty, choking smoke from our limbs,
our mouths, our hips that lay, as we do, side-by-side
in an ampersand, curly-q. You tell me you don't know
how to touch another human being, can't be close to anyone
but you are soft, and I have great fingertips.
We lay, together, the night diacastic; I discuss
the World Series, the snow at the edge of the air.
I ask you if you mean forever as in perpetuity,
a metaphor for a very long while, or if you want to leave
me, a space in the Venn diagram where our lives intersect.
You take my head in your hands, kiss my temple, the ground shakes
pounds, silent. You are sinking, arms hog-tied in the back of you
with stereo wires taken from a dumpster down the street.
You were singing the blues with the homeless men downtown
tonight, they didn't realize you were unlike them. I think about
yesterday, the nights before that, the first time you & I stayed
on the telephone all night, hot-wired, amp'd, almost giving way to
straight-faced orgasms, as if a miracle had bought for us dreams of
New York City. I feel your chest begin to heave, you mumble
something about love, how if it exists, you have it for me: a pet
which requires crickets to eat twice a month, a hot lamp, a small
cage and water. Auburn and lace leaves scamper across my head