

Dorothea Lasky **Thunderbird**

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## Thunderbird



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Dorothea Lasky **Thunderbird**

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*I fancied you'd return the way you said,  
But I grow old and I forget your name.  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*I should have loved a thunderbird instead;  
At least when spring comes they roar back again.  
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.  
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

SYLVIA PLATH



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## Thunderbird





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## **Baby of air**

Baby of air  
You rose into the mystical  
Side of things  
You could no longer live with us  
We put you in a little home  
Where they shut and locked the door  
And at night  
You blew out  
And went wandering through the sea and sand  
People cannot keep air in  
I blow air in  
I cannot keep it in  
I read you a poem once  
And you called it beauty  
And then I read you another one and  
You called it harmony air  
My brother is not air, he is water  
He is not a baby, he is older than me  
And when he brushes the hair from my face  
I cannot see him, but he surrounds me  
I cannot see you baby of air  
I put you in your bed and you get out

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I put you in the air and you blend  
I put you on the beach and you blow out  
Like an air bird, flying and flying  
I find other things similar to you  
And like you, they are air and  
Are nothing eventually  
I am not made out of air  
I hold your baby body in me  
As I am a mother to you  
I am a mother to you  
My brother is my mother  
He tells me when I have lost you  
To grieve grieve  
He says grieving is good  
He says crying is good  
He says sadness hits you in waves  
Of water and air  
I feel your fine hair hit me when I am sleeping  
I feel your hair hit me in the head  
Will you remember me  
When you breeze upon the other world  
O you are already there  
O you are already there  
My brother tells me, you are already there

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He is already there, he says  
And I cry  
And he tells me  
It is ok to cry  
It is ok to cry,  
He says  
You are not made of air  
It is ok to cry, he says  
When you are not made of air

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### **I had a man**

Today when I was walking  
I had a man tell me as he passed  
That I was a white bitch (he was white)  
And to not look at him  
Or he was going to 'fuck me in my little butthole'  
I wandered away  
Who is to say  
I think I am a white bitch  
My butt is big  
But I believe my butthole is little  
This violence that we put on women  
I don't think it's crazy  
Someone I know said  
'Oh, that man was crazy'  
I don't think he was crazy  
Maybe he could tell I had a look in my eye  
That wasn't crazy anymore  
Maybe he could feel the wild cool blood in me  
And it frightened him  
And he lashed out in fear  
Maybe he knew I was the same as him  
But had been born with this kind face and eyes

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Doughlike appurtenances  
What about the day I left  
What happened then  
Still I'm glad he said that to me  
Still I'm glad he was so cruel to me  
What bitter eye knew I had a voice  
To say what men have done to me  
What unkind wind has blown thru my brain  
To make me speak for the wretched  
To speak wretchedly about the ugly  
To make my own face ugly and simple  
To contort this simple smile into a haunting song

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**Is it murder**

*for Jasmine Fiore and Ryan Jenkins*

What is murder  
This is a very interesting poem to write  
And to consider

I am coming from the devil  
Living in the devil's house  
Eating of the devil's food  
Am I devil?

No  
Large  
Grey and red bird  
Holy symmetrical  
As in Asher  
As in the book where it all started

What was evil?  
I loved  
And I loved truly  
Yes  
When I said I loved one

---

I loved another  
When I said I was empty  
I was indeed full

Take this bird  
Large, green, itching my skin  
To hold  
Feathers that are liquid mice  
At my touch  
And eyes that are small round  
Dragons  
Take this room upon me  
What is the purple motel  
Where the bird lives?

That is the Thunderbird Motel  
You go there on a plane  
And land in a crash upon the pavement  
And then you enter  
And we die there again and again

When I am sitting on  
This chair  
I am staring at his dead body  
From here



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