

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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