

Bel Canto

Inside me is a black-eyed animal
struggling to get out, be free.
Inside me is a failed attempt
at explanation, a frozen pizza,
a botched murder, and a consumptive,
fallen woman heroine. It's not love
until someone is willing to die for you,
or quotes you out of context.
Agony: St. Joan or another
valorous witch going up in flames.
My transpersonal gender falls asleep
and dreams it is invulnerable.
My metamorphic body falls asleep
and dreams it is inevitable,
this slow slog toward slaughter:
tragic fate of a ruminating cow.
Hand me my stilettos.
Hand me my Ativan,
my floor-length evening gown,
my fainting couch, my spouse.
Today is an envelope of money
I will no doubt squander.
Hand me my opera glasses.
I want to shatter a champagne flute
with my vibrational frequency:
I want to discomfit,
then bring down, the house.

Love Story

My body has never been my body.
It has been a bucket of asphalt
upside down in the puerile wind.
My horse faltered at the finish line.
I whipped it and it plunged forth,
like froth on the crest of a wave.
My horse is my body: my body
my horse. Slick flank, waxen
hair – do not bother to do
the math. My mouth is full
of epithet; my horse is fat
and tame. Touch me.
Announce yourself.
Now is the heroic age.

My God, I Will Have Won!



by

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Don't mess with a woman
 from Texas. No, I'm not
 from Texas, but I was raised
 by wolves. In saying that, though,
 am I appropriating the experience
 of those literally raised by wolves,
 as I was only using it as a metaphor
 for neglect? Whatever. But really,
 you're going to do this root canal
 without Novocain? I confess:
 I like witty people. I credit
 them with having overcome
 the shittiness of the world.
 What is my greatest dream?
 To become a jazz pianist,
 and see money grow on trees.
 It's the getting there that hurts.
 It's the getting there that costs
 a gazillion dollars, or its
 equivalent in virgin tears.
 When alone, we are all
 Judy Garland, and that is
 why I want to be alone.
 There is no way to describe
 the sublimity of music
 entering a room suffering
 under a gag rule for years.
 If I can learn to do that,
 my God, I will have won.

"I got you," the man in the porn
 said to the woman in the porn.
 Meaning, I won't let you fall.
 Literal meaning is a balm;
 acts of tenderness can occur
 just about anywhere.
 To be freed from the burden
 of being oneself is a joy
 rarer than orchids: a joy
 only animals and thespians
 know. The world is slated
 for liquidation, which is better
 than demolition, n'est pas?
 "I got you," the man in the porn
 said to the woman in the porn.
 Meaning, you're not going anywhere,
 anytime soon. In another context,
 in another poem, to get implies
 comprehension: a brief elision
 between sacrosanct worlds.
 I hurl myself against the glass door,
 like a spurned employee, or lover.
 It won't break. The world has me
 in its grip, when all I ever wanted
 was to be fucked, then left alone.

Some things are sacred. Other things, less so,
 though is that really how you want to go out,
 swearing you'll never go out like that again?
 Stoned at the car wash, in the grocery line,
 hoping your scent and purchasing choices
 don't offend: do you remember the feel?
 I don't have to feed a machine today;
 the low earth of duty has been paid.
 Oh god. Not another boyfriend who
 tells me I'm too hard on myself while
 simultaneously furthering the cause.
 We're scaring the neighbors again,
 but telling us to stop would be like
 telling a wild animal to keep it real.
 Phenomenologically speaking, it's
 the wine talking. Physiologically,
 it's a holy dove. I dreamed about
 you last night: it wasn't platonic.
 For argument's or goodness' sake,
 we created a third space and term
 between your advantage and mine,
 game point, slam dunk spike serve
 yielding a shared Olympic medal
 based on a rulebook technicality:
 you pound the ground, weeping,
 while I run in circles, screaming,
 in the barren middle earth of love.