

MEAT

i spent the day walking back and forth between two sentences . That is a lie but so be it.
Let's say so for the sake of poetry . i read somewhere that mothers were once
lovers who took distance from the group to watch their bellies grow. At that point i
wanted to be a cow. To lie in a meadow and do nothing but chew and regurgitate and
chew again. To chase flies away with the shudders of my mighty curves. Take delight in
this. i read. i still read. And i did watch my belly grow. However
hardly or softly. Watched a thin line emerge and thicken. Watched it weave a
new rhythm that would come to permeate this meat. Called it bliss.
Called it prison.

i spent the day dispersed over three bodies
body of meat body of time body of the house
each body haunted by the ghost of its own lack meat was barely cohesive time
was always missing the house was never done
i stayed
with the first body sat in its gaze and felt its tongue on mine you know it does
not lie in my nature it said to have a nature or a husband it's just that
i was driven by my interest in landscape and ended up heavily embroiled
in it i didn't take distance and i can't for that matter. i did grow but desire
never stopped riding me the landscape was abysmal and meat stretched thin cleft
open by desire, production and reproduction

still i remained
inextricably this growing texture of opaque constitution pulsing i glided from bed
to bed stepped on soft toes past plants strips of light approached an old
thought sideways you're still here, i said, where we address our holes with caution
a distinctly us place were in order to circumvent a plaintive tone we take our
time yesterday we were animals squatted in a burrow feasting on the last
scraps of meat we'd grown together found sleep there
and woke up in someone's dream saw small fingers split time into
shatters sort the day in three watched it get stuffed with meat
said let's stop here where flesh reverberates from the sound of alarm clocks
or let me slip into your bed and pinch your hand like a memory
have the whole world closed off in there

it was touch that brought the discernment the long drive around the lactating
breast sad traitors of this loving meat woke up in the work room
screaming room hands corralled the belly with measurements
pressed down heavily
now let me tell you about this meat you can hang the nipples to dry in the summer
air but the breasts will hurt from the milk they carry you can nurse sitting
upright and guide the suckling child but the back will ache and the abdominal muscles
will be strained preventing their growing back together
use is obstacle and purpose it will utter it can carry the baby to soothe its crying and
keep the muscles of the pelvic floor from recovering it can sleep but a labyrinth of
dishes will surface on its skin it can revel in the night and walk the day like
an automaton it comes to steal precious thoughts from your dreams it's
hungry let us walk in a herd it pleads let me tell you it says
to be this meat is like dreaming of god to see clearly the principles that
organise this meat and have the words blunted against the hours of the day