

Poetry

Various Authors

1993

MY CUNT POEM

by Lisa Last

My cunt is a battleground
of life and death
pain and pleasure
it opens up to swallow
whole beings
then spits them out on command
My cunt is a battleground
of senators and stockbrokers
of you and me
who gets the last draw
My cunt is angry and mean
it is sad and sorry
My cunt is a landscape
fill it with trees
cut them all down
My cunt is a screaming hysteric
it's a tired old dog
My cunt holds wars
bloody battles to the death
My cunt grows old
over and over again
foaming at the mouth
My cunt is a garden
fertile soil
grows many things
My cunt quivers at a touch
drips at a suggestion
My cunt burns like a desert
it rains like the sky
My cunt destroys cities
builds temples to the moon

My cunt is psychic
it knows all
it sees inside
My cunt jumps like a fat cat
flattens itself against mountains
My cunt begs for sympathy
it gives no mercy
My cunt wants revenge
wants to be a black hole
wants to be a pinprick
My cunt wants to intrude
on private parties
it has demands
My cunt would bring gifts
if it had a holiday to celebrate
it wants one all to itself
My cunt does a chickendance
does a snake dance
doesn't do anything
My cunt itches
My cunt scratches
My cunt is full of razor blades
you had better watch what you do
My cunt creeps like a vine
says prayers in the middle of the night
My cunt is a morning bitch
won't do anything before noon
My cunt is a slipcase love song
it's a bebop jazz rhythm
it's a steady drum
My cunt is an ice breaker
a ball breaker
My cunt is an occasion for any
parade

VACATION IN DETROIT

by Maugre

I've been busy dancing on the moon
scrawling, moving in, moving out,
dancing in my head,
sewer-gazing, star-eating,
playing games with molecules,
dream-counting,
making bone-music, hoping
groping, moping and various other
activities.
It's a living(or so they say).
We all do things.

Yet these days the shadows keep
falling out of my pockets.
There's a surplus of shadows
both gorgeous and profound.
I guess they keep me going.

STAFF

by Antler

I have worn smooth with the grip of my hand
branches found by the trail
Caught by my eye and lifted,
Thrown in the air and caught by my hand and tested—
if it's not too long,
if it's not too short,
if it feels just right,
I say to myself—"This is my staff!"
and thump the ground with its end.

·
Carry me far! Take me where I must go!
Miles away from miles away from every road,
every house, every human voice
or voice of machine,

·
Through woods I love,
Past lakes where no one is,
Beyond where the footpath ends,
up where the mountains glow
and the sky has never been breathed!
And should I again among crutches and canes
umbrellas and books under arms
Walk in the skyscraper's shadow,
It will be with my staff
It will be in clothes smelling of campfires
and moss.
And if myriad strangers stare
curious, suspicious, indignant,
I'll grip my staff tight as I pass
and let wilderness speak through my mouth
How the feel of this staff
puts me in touch with the Gods,
Transports me back through the eras,
To the epochs of staff-bearing men,
To the heritage of this wand
of power and prophecy.

·
Isn't the only way to write with a pencil this size?
For words to be so large
you must get out your compass,

And the only way to write mountain
is to climb to the top?

.
Numberless possible staffs
wait on the forest floor,
Or fallen from high trees
caught in their lower branches,
Or resting against a stump
as if someone left them there.

.
My walking stick urges me on,
takes my hand as a friend,
Comforts me, steadies me
over rough terrain,
Beyond where it's ever been mapped,
Where no human ever set foot,
Following the voice of the stream
up where the mountains glow
and the sky has never been breathed!

THE LOW-RIDER TROUBLE MACHINE

by Christina Pacosz

(for Judith)

That Detroit engine, a lethal rumble
climbing the hill,
a gangster carburetor without a heart
It is Hazel Motes,
driving a resurrected rat-color car
It is fear, the mother of violence,
acrid vinegar in the mouth,
bright headlights cutting
a swathe in the dark cloth
of night. It is automobile, audible
automatic, a lead sled,
badly in need of a muffler
and you are the girl, the flesh
and blood hood ornament,
upper thighs gleaming in the flashbulb
light,
the wild creature
all tooth and scuttle
cowering in the roar and glare
of whatever it is
that has arrived.

SMOKING IN THE DOWNPOUR

by Mick Vranich

how many signs stuck in the ground
to figure out where the spot is
what the direction is to go in
or go out
where there's this man washing
a thin towel and a t-shirt
at a dripping fire hydrant
on canal street just up from
a homeless settlement on a mound
of ground at the foot
of the manhattan bridge
cars bottled up on the entrance
the cab driver stuck in the jam
stares at the tipi sticking out
of the tangle of cardboard and crate
shelters they built
checks his mirror
noses forward a couple more car lengths
a tall dark canvas tipi
the rattle of broken shopping carts
the crack of the hammer
busting the crates for the fire
smoking in the downpour.

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<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/342-summer-1993/poetry>

Fifth Estate #342, Summer 1993

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