

Rx

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Cover Photo Dana Lomax



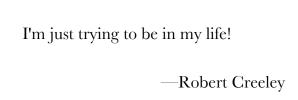
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For Una

who teaches me so much



anxiety is a birthright

the bridge falling, tilting and violent weightlessness of panic

the shaky take-off, odd fuselage bing-bong, bing-bong, the belt and latch

crawling bugs consuming the bed all staunch legs and dark shells

the fear of losing ----- even in memory stains over his chest fading

america perched in an unnatural tree—danger hides in what we push away

i am in no condition to think i am fit for motherhood pretense of democracy would you use your words, please a startling lack of clarity & impulse control drawing lines between us consequences the future's of

i have no reason to believe we are fit to rule this scene inventors of fig newtons and the microwave beacon looking behind us skin & dust ahead the same

teaching a repertoire of magic a thrown voice, coin out of the ear spells & leprechauns, santa's bigass red faeries to be queen of

you ask which is real and what's pretend the ripple of belief, believing

onomatopoeia is every word sounding itself Houdini's indictment of psychics tree achoo spindle dread

closer in comparative evolution to red bread mold than the fruit fly is pyramid schemes make us sad

not understanding fallow we and the carrot peeled and gleaming nipple's been in your mouth hungry or not

sorting out luxuries fields not tilled "breast milk and crowning poems make me ill"

dear one, this is for certain-we work out matters on each other

hey look
i am my country's
daughter
with an ego-tied heart
hard-wired damage
fault line of anger
no one will treat me bad

scattered suggestible i apologize in advance

i have carved obscenities into my own table savoring berries big as bullets spit seeds through vertical holes at the power lines then helped build

so come here child let me hold you a remove will wrap around us each and warn

cradling the bomb, nuptials written scribble scrabble pen what we'd (speak for yourself) risk

this week a reading 500 miles away a jet-set overnight, contact the list

pounds of plane fuel to say what we're "heir to" concede "we" "god" "trust"

what needs to be mouthed working out a suspect

Lullaby and Goodnight (music box version)

Einstein's brain in a jar Cut into 10 cm cubed O his genius! O such efforts! What ambition leads us to

Which proves that when a person or an event comes along to jolt or appraise me I can take some appropriate action, although I am better known for my hospitable remarks.

--Grace Paley, Wants

Lullaby

an effort to Pan's lost child

you check the difference in priss and tomboy

opt for androgyny

write early liberation songs keeping options open

mom what's fellatio & where where where did you do it?

voice wanting to know the power of sex & language

unafraid despite the city's best effort

with fucked up shaky resolve (what kind of revolutionary am i?)

i waiver

i know what R says is true:

the infant takes on all the unconscious conflict that resides within the mother's psyche

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then, the conversation lightens, a little:

your daughter is human with human problems

i brush my girl's hair, the ritual symbolizing respect for her ideas as i do, she screams:

you're not careful! you're not careful!

Mutanabbi Street starts here in San Quentin in the cell of the rote in the fear of the written in the blood red states of affairs a heart or hand transgresses and is locked away numbered homes and names, pages in an unread book the narrative we've all been told: God raises the knife to Isaac creates the floods sends Eve out on her belly the prison in the story as we live hiding what's unknown or worse, claiming to know it but sleep tight my love although in the O of our doubt