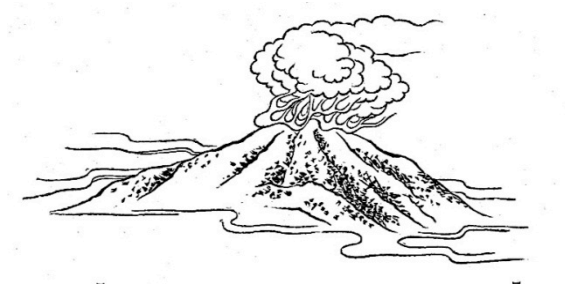


Emily Dickinson's Coconut Face



{Sarah Sarai}

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By Sarah Sarai

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{Emily Dickinson's coconut face came to me in a dream.}



DUSIE

{“Longing for a Blue Sky” was published in *Lavender*.}

Prospective Saint and the Christ Child

Will hands weep? Worrisome.
She's unrehearsed for a god so young.
Who's primed for miracles of time?
The one working quantum physics
on a blind man is more guy than man
more magician than holy message
more angry than leads to long life.
All that is was, curved and folding
into holy algorithms of eternity's
fancy script flowing from a fountain
pen's midnight inks, light and dark
folding into stories of quiet martyrs
in split-level homes here or anywhere
anywhere people live people sensitive
to our greatest fear (being loneliness).
And if spirit long last becomes flesh —
what will this young woman do?

With Monk on the Radio

She is back to being a woman.
Don't grieve for the imp
in another dimension where love
is not to be begged for.

Can you imagine?

See the beacon in her heart
as she steers her tempestuous brilliance,
hears wild Gabriel's trumpet.
Wings reach from a staff to her burst
pomegranate soul whose crimson seeds
she gathers, one now, and now another.

Confused Words

Woman, you show your lover your worst
girlish passivity, an incendiary sweetness
teasing her libido each time you approach.
And your petulance at boyish bumbling —
where the evenness and patience offered
those of us who ramble of our importance?
You have such good insights — friends
admire your well-spoken depths — they do.
For her you show no depth and would she
spot it as she flexes a loud brash rendition
of the woman she becomes seated across
a table where you pause for caffeine before
that rayon jacket-sheltered run to the place
you two tumble. You are a couple —
you lapping at cream — her filling the
chipped saucer as it overflows.

Longing for a Blue Sky

I am goal-oriented like an orgasm,
exhausted already by details of your ego.
My details are colored “hesitation”
and “confidence?”
though age, she educates.

My mood is London longing for a blue sky.
I take the Hudson River as my lover
the Southwest as my comforter
Mount Shasta as my tomb.
Who wouldn't want to spend millennia
in a fine female breast?

In my pain — everything I need to be pleased.
I am pleased already, could you shut up!
See me, in a woman's burial mound?
About your ego:
It destroys nothing, not even itself.

Emily Dickinson's Coconut Face

She's taking her break
with the other smokers
effecting indefectible rings
of heat and
and doesn't seek
your company.

She's eating tuna on white
cumuli with celery and
coconut cake in
the canteen
and doesn't request
your company.

Pressing leaves
in a vellum codex
she has more sex than
your lifetime total
and you
don't even get it.

She's not really your style
of person,
honest, is she.

When she dies pretty young
of that, Wow, weird disease
[a student]
she'll move on
and not miss you,

Though she loves us
as bees
love prairies
and flies
love death.

Pillow Book

A train steaming out from between your thighs,
the locomotive intensity of its
exit and expressively oriental loss of your forested
regions.

We pray for a layover, schedulers of passions:
hear us.

Oh, grant me a boarding pass for where
I want to visit so I can be a passenger,
a tourist in your underground,
eager for an infinity of pinks.

Last Words, Some Words

And in my remaining time
let me explain that my
wobbly tender yolk
hardens, if left in boiling
water past three minutes,
that pride and carelessness
are defects not defenses,
that everything I need
to tell you languishes
within these final lines:
trust the gentle flow of
universal intelligence —
and please buy my book.

Sarah Sarai is the love child of Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square. Her collection, The Future Is Happy, was published by BlazeVOX [books]. Her poems are in Say It Loud: Poems About James Brown (Whirlwind), Gathered: Contemporary Quaker Poets (Sundress), Pank, POOL, Boston Review, Threepenny Review, and others.

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