

The Risen Barbie



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By Sarah Sarai

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&

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Notes: Jimi Hendrix, Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, Kurt Cobain, Jim Morrison, Otis Redding, Janis Joplin, Amy Winehouse, Nick Drake, Sid Vicious, Tupac Shakur. Died young and/or under less than pleasant circumstances.

I Ching also translates as Book of Changes and Changing Book; Philippe de Montebello is former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Qu Ding's *Summer Mountains* is a painting in the Met. "Like Breasts on the Copier" was pub. by *PANK*.

Cardinal Newman was an Anglican priest who converted to Catholicism and was a writer.

Wearing your jacket inside-out keeps elves and faeries at bay (per *Hear My Song* with Ned Beatty).

"Like Breasts on the Copier" "When the Sun Sets Like a Nice Salmon Mousse" and "No End Out of Mind" were included in my collection *The Future Is Happy* (BlazeVOX[books]).

Songbook

Overture (for Red Bricks)

Hickory! Hank! Zeke! (Farmboys' Swing)

Dorothy's Dream

Glittering Glinda's Gown

Mambo for a Daid Witch

I'm Thinkin' I'm Thinkin' I'm Thinkin' Thinkin'
Thinkin'

Lamentation in Yellow (Waltz for Poppy)

Hands Are Only Idle When They're Not Helping You

Is That You, Professor Marvel?

Not Gonna Be a Witch No Mo' (No Mo')

Red Shoes Polka (Ballet)

Heal Me (of the Bad Witch in My Soul)

Dorothy's Dream (Reprise)

She's Fabulous! She's Fabulous! Auntie Em Is
Fabulous!

Like Breasts on the Copier

Well, you see, that's because I'm what the *I Ching* would call "superior" at least unless it met me. From afar I shimmer like faerie wings and carry myself aloft, inclining the Changing Book to incline like a changing table, tired of all the crying, given the universality of poop and luxury of its being wiped away, like sin by grace. While I write this, a lucky few grow into new humanness, nourished by intravenous opposition to heroin injections, and infants are rolling to the floor, by the dozens, and what does it matter — they are Xeroxed like breasts on the copier, facsimiled like timesheets, imagined in oils so someday even after the great Philippe de Montebello moves on, I can give a howdy to the observing curves of Qu Ding's *Summer Mountains* indifferent to my foolish superiority.

When the Sun Sets Like a Nice Salmon Mousse

Dear Editor:

Enclosed are three of my six poems. The others appeared, like the Riddler in a Tarot deck, in *South Dakota Life*, *North Dakota Letters* and *The Dakota Fanning Review*.

Most recently I was a paint stripper, a male stripper and a glued strip over the lintel needing sanding. I converted Cardinal Newman to a screened deck, didn't share feelings but created pretty good replicas, showed my body a fair time {I've had worse}, did the same for the Allies, flew the Atlantic, walked the Pacific, rode handrails from first to second grade, lifted shocks, made a name for myself of natural fibers which I wove into a tail fit for Mr. Ed.

Until I discovered ancient history was history I was a Cretin. I huffed puffed rice, ate it, blew a full house down, molded gold into Jigglers, told only a few close squirrels. I was the oracle at Phoenix International, the gadfly of Milwaukee.

It was I who fired the shot that started a revolution in menswear. When he fell on the playground during Parcheesi practice, I mended an emperor's new suit. I became an armoire's armoire and a hydraulic lift's pump, proved a quart-sized Thermos

to be center of the universe, rolled over my options,
turned my coat, scared some fairies, repented, rebuked,
recanted and on my deathbed, spilled cracker crumbs.

I never missed *Married With Children*, yet found
my key to the Greek city-states, yet lost the way to
make work work. I spread jam on my wife, bought
airspace, set up camp and tangled with a sticky web
during deception practice. I alone bit a tarantella.

I served, projected, was shot from a papal canon
and studied Latin in traction. When the Rapture came I
ascended and when it clocked out banged my elbow. I
typed “cast” many times.

My M.F.A. in very concrete poetry was earned in
a nonresidential treatment center. Hope you enjoy my
poems “Ode On, Baby,” “Ode In, Thor” and “Odeyoos,
Amigos.” They sing like horses and disappear when the
sun sets like a nice salmon mousse.

Thank you very much indebt,

Poesy Parker

The Risen Barbie

i.

If Rapunzel had a bob
If the prince were less charming
If the witch a vegetarian

If the carousel had legs

ii.

The Beatitudes Barbie
The Leper Barbie
The Dead Lazarus Barbie
The Risen Barbie

Barbie at the Well

iii.

If Hendrix
If Buddy
If Richie
If Kurt

Jim, Otis, Janis, Amy

Nick, Sid, Tupac
The Notorious B.I.G.

iv.

If Death is real

If the Divine goes shopping
for a MacBook Air

If we achieve Paradise

If the cool kids snub us

(ah, but the wonderful witty
welcome, wherever we go)

No End Out of Mind

The honeysuckle pulls you so close
your mom sniffs your suspicious blouse
which doesn't trust you or Mom
and is insane with love for
its woven fragrances.

Did you connect with the fluted and
tender bugle, with delirious dark-
blooming jasmine, sweet bud of dew
and intoxication on your teenage lips
when you were a misfit rolling sex tight
in the Zig Zags?

Rose petals loosen from fingers
of the goddess and fall into a separation
of clouds, heavens and genitalia.

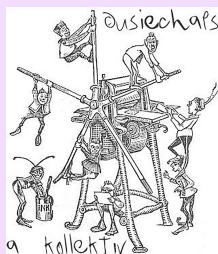
There is no sorting genitalia,
fleshy playthings for Shiva's lust.
All gods desire images.
The saints' are graven and simple
with love of the Other.

You are a teenager dreaming,
both hands curled around nimbus
in delirium and pleasure at the brush of
a pink Persian hyacinth along your
thigh. Your besotted blouse
is proud of its place on your breasts
and their sharp cry for more.

Sarah Sarai moved here after living there.

For more information, visit *My 3,000 Loving Arms*
<http://my3000lovingarms.blogspot.com>

Behold the Dusie elves.



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&
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