

A. Prevett

huskless

a bird molting catastrophic is
good a bird fighting its reflection
is good even the way a bird bathes
is good a form of testament
something telling us magnetically
bear witness bear witness it should
be a shame that i must even ask
that you bear witness to this []
huskless and demanding as a brand
new chickadee who else but you
deerborn one to document this
process to give us our daily ovary
to scar it to bits o recorder of my
history o sand in my womb am i
not like all the other []s made to
fog the mirror into pieces tongue
up all the shards swallow them
back together am i so unfit to
perform even i can cause a
blooming in the dark who but you
to deem me worthy of your title if
not you husked and private witness
then who then who

In the House of Absence

What is your house full of? Dirty floors, dead plants,
so much lust. A vibrator that quits
just as the going gets good, just when the mountain's head
begins blowing little kisses at you,
and your voice grows backwards into a little horse, trotting
foalishly on the back of the tongue. The quiet
settles in, falls from the ceiling thick as snow, enough to want
an igloo to build, but not enough to get you
where you're goin'. You don't even know where you're goin'
now, pressed up against the cruel
silence of your purple wand. Is it love
that pushes you forward, pushes
your strange sex against the plastic motor that doesn't love you
much at all, not even enough to keep awake? Or
is there another pulse in you that moves
the body as a ship moved by the waves, as static
circling around some plump absence?
What you are missing is as small as the sand
between the sand's toes, hungrier than an orgasm
loud as thunder's gunshot
signaling the rain to move in. And it moves in
with you into your house of absence,
so of course you have to buy a new vibrator,
a waterproof vibrator with eighty settings
because each drop is different
and you are a courteous host, O accommodating
thing. And though the rain is your roommate now,
the hardwoods still won't shine
because who can get out of bed anymore
to clean them? Not you. Not the rain.
So they stay filthy, and you lie there
thinking of how clean those old floors would get
with just one milky drop of your effort,
of the desire that would stir in you
if you could dance across them,
these old woods.

Elegy with Rough Sex and Leaf Blower

Suppose this is it then—that the turning of the world
will go on at the same pace even after we're not here

to watch the stars spin like a mobile
over our blue crib. Suppose

there is no mark we'll leave that won't one day heal, that every flake of us
will eventually be unrecognizable, no matter who or how many

we fuck, how many slap us and no matter how much
we beg for another, another introduction

of palm to cheek. What else is there then but to count every gratitude
and want to be very, very good?

To name every cat *Tuba* or *Electric Kevin*,
and every city *Rattlesnake's Garters*. To call every child *Miss Bitter*

Prayer. Tell me: What else is there? And tell me why
shouldn't every lip and nail I have be the same color

as rose gentian? Why shouldn't
we love the sound of leaf blowers droning

when they're the loudest signal of fall? Why shouldn't I
offer my breast to everything as if it were my own?

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