HAVEPOETRY.COM

SHARON THESEN

MEAN DRUNK POEM

Backward & down into inbetween as Vicki says. Or as Robin teaches
the gap, from which all things emerge. A left
handed compliment. Bats, houses of parliament, giants, stones.
What woman, witness to such Thought, does not feel
so described & so impotent
she thinks
she must speak. ‘I will take your linguistic prick & you
will take my linguistic prick & together we will gap
this imagined earth together.’ She has the feeling,
all her life, that she never makes sense. There is something
else, big & dark, at the edge of what she knows, she cannot
say. She always has the feeling she is translating into
Broken english. Language all her life is a second language,
the first is mute & exists. I get drunk
to lubricate my brain & all that comes out
of my Gap
is more bloody writing. No wonder we cook dinner. Have another
kid. Write poetry about the Beloved & kiss ass.
Who cares, as Eleanor says,
who beats whose door down yelling Truth.
The door is only &
always an entrance.
Sing Om as you take the sausage rolls out of the oven.
The Gap is real & there is no such thing as
female intelligence. We’re dumber than hell.