CONSULTING THE GUT: RUMEN

Is yellow the color of the Earth? Maybe. Are there things to be done? Never.

Will you let there be light where I live? Maybe. Will I be finished with this

love left in my heart? Yes. Will I know the moon then? Yes.

Is good a good word? Never. Am I asking the right questions? Never.

Is this considered prayer? Maybe. Is it me? Yes. Is this the end

of a situation? Maybe. Do the trees know me? Maybe. Is there

an enemy? Always. Will I be born in every age? No.

Do you believe I am good? Maybe. Should I sleep more? Never.

Should I keep asking questions? Yes.

COW

I am standing on a ladder in front of a cow's mouth. My sister's husband is telling me that it is not as painful as one would expect. My sister tells me she actually enjoyed it when she got to the stomach. I am trying to be brave enough to enter. I slide my body into the cow's mouth, and he begins to swallow me. It is pink like a womb memory. There is pressure from the organs and insides, but they are pushing soft against my own body. I am moving through the death I have always anticipated. I make it all the way to the stomach. It is crowded, and people are standing in long lines at what looks like a ticket booth. I feel like I am in some kind of amusement park. I think of my sister while I am here, and I can imagine her pleasure. She must have felt what it is like to be alone for the first time. She must have been able to see the beauty of people bustling around from her aloneness. I move on and continue getting digested by the cow. I am moving through the intestines that feel like a waterslide. I meet a woman as my body is traveling quickly down the slide toward what feels like an exit. She proceeds to go down on me and I am nervous about exiting the cow and being witnessed. As she places her face between my legs, we exit the cow into a large pool, and people are standing at the edge of the water.

WHAT LIVES

is what the womb made
of everything
still trying to decide
how to love
a dark you can not
conceive

I've traveled like an animal over & over

Eel River Cemetery
& ordered cottage fries
at the table
my father waited
on for years
I came in
like something bare:
bark
slippers
window

I am not kidding when I say god

made Earth
something absurd
Look at the flowers
bow their heads
in embarassment
Look at the cat

crawl to the corner
towards death

everything is all composed of matter

& what is
matter
I am dining at the dim bulb
of yesterday
the leaves rustle
& howl every hour
with change

keep me somewhere soft like words

the hand stuck
still on something
I can not see
I begin again
a mime with nothing
left to say
but this body

this body a bird on the fence

this body
this this body
a yellow house
with no answer
what if instead

of a body
I cave

everything before me is zipped up

I am not
what I say
throw the boat
back in the water
or the water back in
the boat
body

I remember nothing like a small light

on a hill
like an egg
cracking yellower
I once laid
naked
in a mother field
& forgot
each day
I make more noise
with the curtains
& the cups
& the baskets
I would stay
if I could