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Self Portrait with Booze and the Kamasutra

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When even the blue label scotch seems to disappear down the Holy sanctuary of your throat and the fillet expands your belly but you're not quite sure if you ate. When the red stamped blue powder melting under spoons bent back like a child playing with

paperclips doesn't fill your veins quick enough you begin to wonder, if you would prefer being a modern day Lady Macbeth or Annabel Lee. You see, you've read all those Shakespeare plays, the Bible, the philosophy of Freud, Emerson and you just kept trying to find it. Looking for it during

the butterfly, the peg, the visitor, the curled angel, afternoon delight, the bridge, deep-stick, doggy, the crouching tiger, the waterfall and splitting bamboo, no one ever answered the question: to be or not to be. You think you'd be okay with never seeing Egypt from space, swimming in the ocean or

owning a pair of Louboutin's. It happened somewhere between leaving your mini mansion home and working your full time job with full time benefits and 4 vacations a year. They give you incentives like wellness bucks, so you fill those days off with free green tea massages, yoga and a gym membership.

You work your calves like mules until they are tighter than the ugly Christmas sweater your grandmother knits every year because grandpop died December 25th 8 years ago. When your grandmother cups your face in her palms like the Qur'an, when her teeth are slick with the memories of tear gas, hounds and batons, when she is choking on her grandmothers tears she

Tells you: "I marched so you wouldn't have to."
So please just understand how there just ain't enough MLK quotes on this earth to reverse the angry and shame you feel when watching men of your bloodline cower and all you can do is go to school. And hide, hide the belt

welts that plague your outer thighs because mama didn't like you reading Zane, mama didn't like you reading Carl Webber mama didn't like you reading about Tyrell in the projects eating pork chops even though we lived in the projects and she still cooked ham hocks and brown skin people were always a white man's project.

Experiment. Henrietta Lacks and the Tuskegee Airmen. And all you can do is go to school. Go to school. Go to schoolgotoschoolgotoschool and suddenly it's 3am and you're lying in bed waiting for that fourth Unisom to kick in so you lean over and kiss E&J, and Bombay slaps your ass but you can't speak because Morgan is tightening his grip on your throat until you call him Captain

and Mr. Grey Goose is licking between your toes and Johnny Walker crawls into your bed because he has to be a part of this orgy too and all you think about is how it all started when you were 15 years old. Reading all those Shakespeare plays, and all those philosophies but somehow, no one ever answered that age old question from the 17th century whether to be or not to be.

SELF PORTRAIT WITH BOOZE AND THE KAMASUTRA

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