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Genesis and Chance

Austin Wines
Western Michigan University, austin.j.wines@wmich.edu

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exactly can we say? That the reasons behind my mental history are the reasons behind your complacency? I survived her. I haven’t quite finished surviving you. No one can smooth out the bruises and explain away the tears like you. You’d think I’d get at least the art of lying from her but while you covered up her indiscretions I was covering up blood and wishing the words rattling around my brain were true: “You are not my daughter!”

She can serve herself the idea that I am not her fault but the concept will never taste right and you know just as surely as you’d like to believe that my accomplishments are yours, baggage is the only thing you’ve ever given me. So don’t ask me to forgive you for the weight, you might know well the sound of anger bouncing off your walls but you’ll never know the sound of redemption.

I.

Sometimes I am more deer than person: I walk through the woods, I see movement in camouflage, I freeze, they laugh, I stare, my red heart bursts, you could be shot. My heart bursts again. I’m bleeding, I burst, I run away. Don’t come back.

Does anybody care what I look like in a field? Does a person in a black cloak ruin a landscape? The throbbing space between the stars, a bruise. A cold lake in November, black coffee, black squirrels, my eyes. In the right light anyone can look like a darkness.

II.

I sit on the edge of a collapsing concrete foundation staring at the lake, a stubborn slab: all angles, all unforgiving. The lake laps at it, don’t touch me. The foundation slips forward, the lake whispers what it knows, The foundation sinks lower, the foundation kisses the lake and knows it is wrong, and the lake swallows it. The foundation loves on the lake’s terms very slowly, and then forever.

III.

Two snowy-eyed deer collide in a field, their hearts burst. Two jittering specks blown across a sunlit cloud of goldenrod, the first neon subtleties of fireflies. Two hundred flickers of the moon and a speckled child is born, weak legged and drowsy; it shivers in its mother’s slime.

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My heart bursts again
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Don’t come back.

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This is the coincidence of consciousness,
The man running toward me is fate.
The fawn drinks the wet air for the first time.
A mother feels what she knows
bleed into the dirt.
We were almost in love.

IV.
Sometimes I need my knowing to condense on my body and harden,
crust on my skin like dirt,
crust on my skin like something to scrub
roll down my body in heavy drops,
swirl to the drain
it bubbles, it’s mud, it clogs.

Sometime, eventually because everybody is very busy
It gets pulled up again, by a plumber this time
in clumps of hair, flecks of rust.
Pull my stomach up my throat, what do you see in there?
What if you keep pulling, hook something else,
is there anything new in there? is anything left?

Is anything ever, until we find something new?
A person’s body slides out,
wads of yellow paper, moss, spools of unfinished sentences
unraveling to the ground.
He clips the thread.

As my mother gives
Birth, solar flares
Crack the sky.
Dirt rises to her ankles.
Each callus
Flavors the earth. She is a
Goddess!
Her womb is what
Incan’s call la cantuta.
Jade spills into fuchsia. She
Keeps the land bountiful by spinning
Lamellas of orchids, until
Magic sprouts from every seed.
Nestled against
Ombré tissue, I know it is time to let her
Placenta go. She wraps me into a
Quilt made of yellow
Rose petals.
Sage, honey, and
Turmeric. Sweet herbs will heal her
Uterus. My mother’s
Voice stirs my heart. She
Whispers our names.
Xiomara declares
Yesterday’s pain over and offers
Zumo de pomelo from her breast.

Yet it's a story of her birth,
A Morning Pachamama was Born
Megan Murphy