

AUNT CHLOE

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2 poems

by Darius Christiansen

My Maw Maw Drinks Beer

Okra bushes glistening and wet,
tomatoes dotting the green vein,
sweet potatoes sitting pretty under soil,
and a dragonfly balancing
atop thistle that bends so slightly
in the wind. Her crepe myrtles
float and glide in the breeze.
The heat is waiting and thick,
and she grabs a crawfish, tears the tail,
and sucks the seasoning from the head
brown juice tricklin down the corner of her mouth
and out from her palm.
Thrown in a pile of other dead, half
mudbugs that glisten and slime
under that too blue sky—she finishes it off

and throws the white, red striped

tail in her mouth:

the pulpy meat breaking against

tongue and teeth.

She guzzles it away with beer

like a boss;

foam greasing down the sides of the glass

She yells for a refill

calling us to that porch

we run home

Eta Piscium

Before I leave my house,

I douse myself in dollar roll-on oils,

wrap my skull in nice silks, and

from this, I've learned that flowers,

like stars,

wilt slowly

and engorged in the glory of this boy,

I take him up slowly placing my hand to his chest my lips flute around his neck

And just like any an-

imal that is yet full, I consumes buku:

bad meats, bad sex, toast, even a lil swig of liquor,

meanin nothing is safe from me,

 meaning this dance is spinnin me ragged,

and yet

 I jet pack to the nearest guy again,

looking for a pool of light to drape over me when we meet,

 but usually a nigga just met with the milky fluid from

a hollow stem and then he dares to

 lay beside me. pathetically though,

there's a want for him to pull every beast out of me

 identify them, slay them all and

call it a night

Darius Christiansen majors in Creative Writing and African American Studies, with a minor in Latino/a Studies, at the University of Iowa. Being a gay boy born and raised in New Orleans to a Mexican mother and a black father, Darius finds his inspiration in the cultures of both his families and his city. He wants his art to be focused on the idea that minorities, even in their oppression, can be happy, can be full of joy, even in times of tragedy, and especially in a country that proves time and time again, it is not for us. He is a Pisces, with Leo Rising and a Gemini Moon.