

AUNT CHLOE

2020 ISSUE YEAR

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CROSSING

“And He awoke and rebuked the wind and said to the sea, ‘Hush, be still.’ And the wind died down and it became perfectly calm. And He said to them, ‘Why are you afraid? Do you have no faith?’”

Mark 4:39

The mind can forsake the body
Conditions are conceivable
at any moment
Wearing anvils for faces
A tempest is raging
and on a Friday, no less
the weekend
No shelter or help is nigh
land no more surefooted
Its warning—
slurped back by tongues
vessels for the weight
This is rain
Affirmation

Land can abandon its dwellers.
For a tornado to occur
Winds flatten the clouds
beg battery
The billows are tossing high
like It wants to punish
Sky o’ershadowed with blackness
Minds betray bodies
yet they refuse
Rust of rain in their nostrils
cheeks raised in grimace
forcing the boys to squint.
Praying grandmothers nod through
to no spoken thing.

“...the men died after being swept away while trying to cross the Appomattox River at nightfall on April 20 after days of heavy rainfall. The men and five others were taking part in an initiation ceremony.”

The Progress-Index

The frontal cortex
cannot make judgment
Take shelter immediately
The boys are too far in
Carest thou not that we perish?
risk blasphemy of their soldiering.
Did not **lie down**
Did not cover their heads
Did not find the Thing
for *each moment so madly threatening*
Over-satiates their thirst
They rest atop the anvil of clouds
float face up prepared

Last to mature,
we will accept
Any safe sturdy structure
to hear, adjust, risk questions we’ll hope they asked:
How canst thou lie asleep?
They endured but not long enough.
In a ditch, ravine, depression
with un-rehearsed hands
they went searching
A grave in the angry deep
Unfinished pounding & shaping
a sacrifice
to meet the hammer.

An Imperfect Come True

Legs open
mouth agape
grinding herself
to detritus
taking in
anything
she can:
spit soul
semen sweat
shape shavings
of herself
into something
like those
sand castles
she pictures
every time
Stevie sings
the odds
say improbable
what do
they know
in romance
all love
needs is
a chance
if she
can make
money
she can
make Love.