

## *FADY JOUDAH*

### Or write Her Nipples

Or write: Her nipples were so sensitive, and were marathon nipples, or Amelia Burnheart's flight around the globe. No landing in sight, perpetual take off, crescendo-decrescendo murmur, Cheyne Stokes respiration, indexed annuities, stairway to heaven but no heaven. Earhart: auricle and oracle. She was more suspicious than to plan a refueling stop in a place called Howland Island named after some puritanical pilgrim family who was proficient in crashing ships. And they didn't bleed or turn raw, she didn't wear band-aids or say, not today honey, time for weaning. Although another's nipples sent me on a wild goose chase in search of the right decussation, looking for bumps, porcupine implosion, because an unresponsive nipple is no man's erectile dysfunction. Perhaps oxytocin was withholding its shares and I, breaking into my barbaric yawp, *Respondez, respondez*, the war is over, the price is paid, the title settled, and closing cost a thing of the past. Johann changed his last name from Gooseflesh to Beautiful Mountain, Gensfleisch to Guttenberg. And oxytocin is injectible, I.V. or Sub. Q. There's even nasal spray preparation if the deficiency isn't in your G-protein mediated receptors. Her Skene glands would sluice her vagina in seconds, melting snow-rivers in spring. I come from the same state. We'd sit there like refugees in the same G forsaken spot we had found ourselves in, and it would say to us "Double your darkness and receive me." And we'd say nothing or shout back "Unsex us here."

## Kohl

You may roam in your coquetry  
beauty has made you monarch over me

I'm lachrymose no more a Sahara  
weeps its molten iris

Or would predators spare their prey  
when their prey are in coitus

would drone  
would artillery?

Testicles are low hanging colocynths  
ruins tattoos of earth and lightening

a monk's lantern  
A camel hump is a Roman arch

an oil rig an ibex  
in head butt or a praying mantis

a life  
hanging in the ballot

## The National Security Agency

The National Security Agency  
you said is why you wouldn't strip bare  
on Skype that their view of adjacency  
a citizen's fidelity stare

is treason but your laugh daytime skinny-  
dipping in the gorge now that is ours alone

The gorge where they filmed *Deliverance*  
we made love you full of concupiscence  
to see me ejaculate under water  
a clown's cord and a magician's harpoon

or a shooting star in the slow mo whale  
corpse its sweet dense albino surrender  
to the bottom a supportive affair  
for the visible and invisible