

eating



artichokes

EATING ARTICHOKEs

Words: Willyce Kim

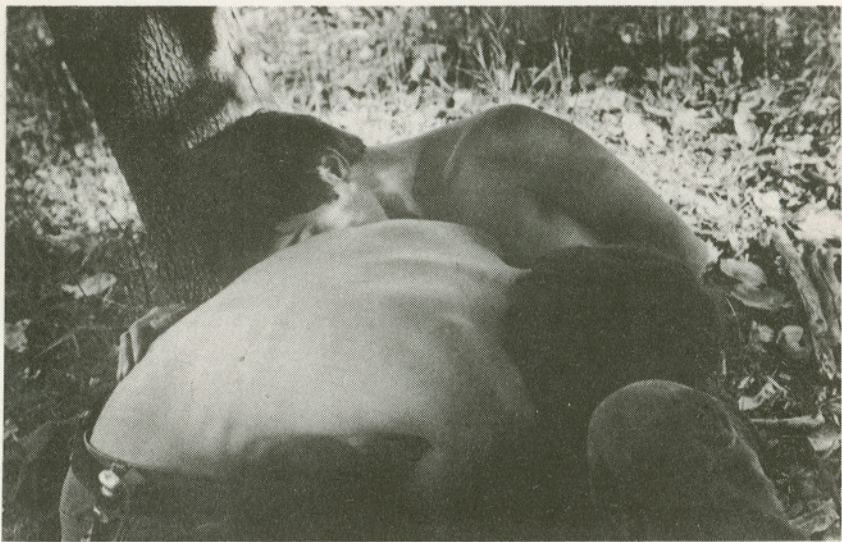
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For those I love,
especially Carmel who
has had to endure my
tempestuous ways.



Eating
artichokes
is
like,
uh,
very
special.
Let
your
tongue
savor
each
moist
tender
petal,
white
teeth
gummy
with
this
green
vegetarian
honey,
and
when
you
have
worked
your
way
down

to
the
core,
the
heart,
the
damn
jewel
of
the
matter,
smile.
This,
this
is
the
ultimate
ecstasy.
Fact
#1
your
entire
artichoke
can
become
a
very
heavy
sexual
fantasy.

Poem for Zahava

When we walk
down the street
and you got your
Cambridge dyke cap hooked
to the side of your head
and I got my
head-band buckled
around my hair
we could:
roll five joints with either hand,
rescue ten women with a smile,
and kick the shins out of any man
because we're junior punks together,
angelic dykes without the leather.



I am 5'11"

and

weigh 113 pounds before breakfast.

I have sprained, fractured,

and torn the ligaments

in my left ankle twice,

but still I walk.

I have a chronic back ailment

that has put me in traction

for two weeks,

but still I bend and lift.

I have the eyesight

of a 60 year old person,

but still I read.

Last nite, he said,

you smell like Telegraph Avenue,

and in my dream I nailed

his balls with my right boot.

All things are quite possible.



I

What do you want
from me, Big Boy?
I put in my dues
every week.
Each morning
I get it on
rising up with
cigarettes, and
coffee
cigarettes, and
coffee
working woman's
diet for that
slow,
early,
march,
to a lonely grave.

II

Roll out the drums.
Eight to five.
The syndrome
mapped out along
my hands,
my body,
all those days
spent:

filing papers,
cataloguing books,
processing insurance
claims,
teaching children,
still teaching
children

time not standing
still.
The years advancing me
beyond the
mythological age-25.
Gone.

III

All raw-hide.
All bone.
In my bed
at nite
I clutch my heart
and find it
pumping
beneath my skin
against the rib
of Adam.
Winter days.
Drunk days.
I reach in
and tear the rib
from it's cage,
and feed it
to the dogs.

Mother, I want to sit down
and swing my words across
the table at you.
Rap like an honest woman
at a soul sister's gathering.
But mother, you have suspended yourself
above your children,
and hang in anticipation of our marriage
with a professional world
that is borne across your forehead
like a trading stamp.

We wade the streets-poet, artist, musician,
hungry apprentices on-the-make.
Your son's hair waves like a cossack
banner; he is Genghis Khan
rising out of the East.
Your daughters seek liberation from the
very role that has held you captive;
there is fire brimming out of their
passive oriental eyes.
You have asked us to be pillars, mother.
We choose to be of the earth, instead.

Aimee O'Neal
is 56 years old
and would spiral
into the pits of hell,
screw the devil,
and ascend to the
heights of earth again,
if I asked her.
She teaches in
a Catholic school
and brings home
\$150.00 a month
to fill her
coffee cup.
She has heard
the cries of
the Berrigan Boys,
sat 14 months
with Angela Davis,
and eats a bit
less lunch
because she sends
some of her hard
green-back dollars
to Bangladesh.
Aimee O'Neal
should have ridden
shot-gun
for Harriet Tubman
instead of putting
on the clothes
of a nun.



Poem for Angela


You chin yourself on the bars,
and wait for recognition from me.
Your hair dancing like brown stalks
in the wind.
Your thin body so fragile with growth
delighted by it's new accomplishment.
What a revolutionary child you are,
all 9 years of you,
running to my side demanding

"hiking boots and the mellow
country for a home."

You want to be a little boy
because:

"they get to wear pants all
the time,
play neat games,
and get better toys."

But, in your cover-alls and desert boots
you are all the elements that
should discover only a free woman's exaltation;
never, live under a roof of humiliation.
Angela, this liberation moves, and fights,
for you.

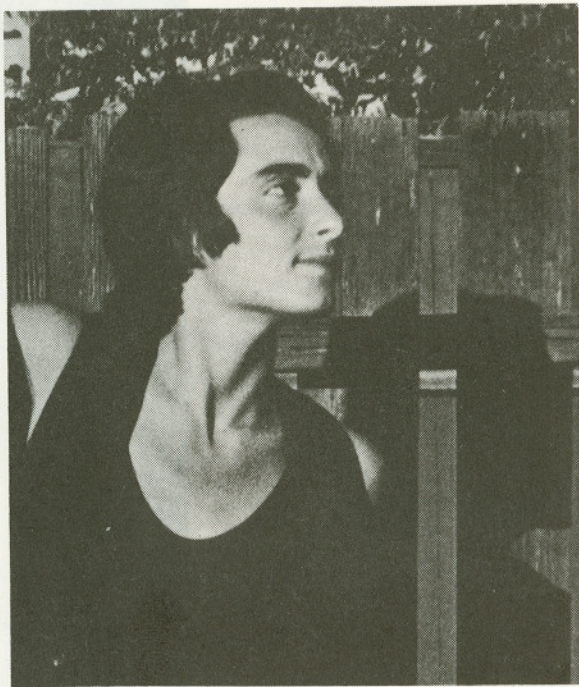


Some thoughts for the
Common Woman's poet

I've heard you
crush the noise
in a room.
I say,
I've heard you
as every ear
should hear,
as my eyes
have seen
a room fill
with awe
and stagger
from the raw
power
as every hand
should cup
and gather
the living juice
of your words,
as my head
has been turned
let every woman's head
turn and rise
turn and rise,
and remember
the lines of fire
the flames burning
from your god-damn
righteous eyes.

The ashes from your eyes
makes me want to
touch you,
your face,
with the open palm
of my writing hand.
Letting all the words
hidden there
come spilling out
turning your ashes
back to the ground,
the ground,
for a simple pound
of flesh
to hang on your hollow
frame again.

Raia,
your name
falling
from the tip
of my tongue
like rain,
woman,
rain,
down mountains
it comes
in sheets
twisting
the steel
of my frame
from under me.



"The Family Blues"

It's a fucking pain
when you realize the rest
of the world is trucking
along without you-
you would like
to go to bed,
wanting to sleep,
to sleep,
knowing that your sub-conscious
will release,
that you will fall into dreams,
of past old men,
of past women,
of broken contracts
all heaped pile upon pile,
never swept from view,
collecting,
waiting,
for their future re-editing,
one, two, many times over
in the grieving hour,
your lamenting hour,
eyes pressed tight against
the horizon and sinking fast
like the god-damn sun
going down.

You want an angry poem.

Alright.

Strip us both down and

compare.

The scars on my body
are laced along the front.

The scars on your body
are found running across
your back.

Did you see the enemy
and run, coward.

For New Moon Rising

The moon

from under the hill

all pink

all flesh

round like a woman

with country skies

stroking it

I bring my hand

two fingers

to my eye

and site it,

slowly,

palm-up

fingers stretched

I want to

bring down the moon

and eat it.

All the lights are out.
I lie in my front living room
staring through the window
at a cold Oakland sky.
I am stoned.
I am always stoned.
On dope.
On women.
Headlights from passing cars
move across the ceiling.
They are helicopter blades
slowly turning,
then fading carousel lights.
My mind is a revolver.
Thoughts ricochet off the walls.
Yesterday, I gave my dog away
and cried like a woman
losing her first child.
Today I had lunch
with an ex-lover
of a lover of mine.

My friends tell me

I am ankle deep
in danger waters.

I tell them:

"Don't worry.
Don't worry."

I light another cigarette

and let it hang

from my lip.

I feel fire in my cunt.

If I were in the country

I'd take a long walk

and howl

like a wolf at the sky.

The moon is in Scorpio.

Dark

Brooding

Sensual water sign.

I swim like a swimmer drowning.

I swim like a woman

tired of riding down-stream.

Pulling against the current

I want to go

only up-stream

up-stream.

Three for Cassidy

With the loose
end of my head-band
dangling like a feather
against my cheek,
my arms and body buckling
under the music
I search for you
and watch you dance
your movement
jumping out at me
like one image,
many images,
my eyes half-shut
my stoned mind floating.
This-is-not-a-room.
Not-a-party.
It is the moon of
the strawberries.
The tribal summer
Sun Dance.
We are Cheyenne.
Arapahoe.
Oglala Sioux.
You are my woman.
And, I, am your
brave,
brave,
warrior.

Three for Cassidy - cont.

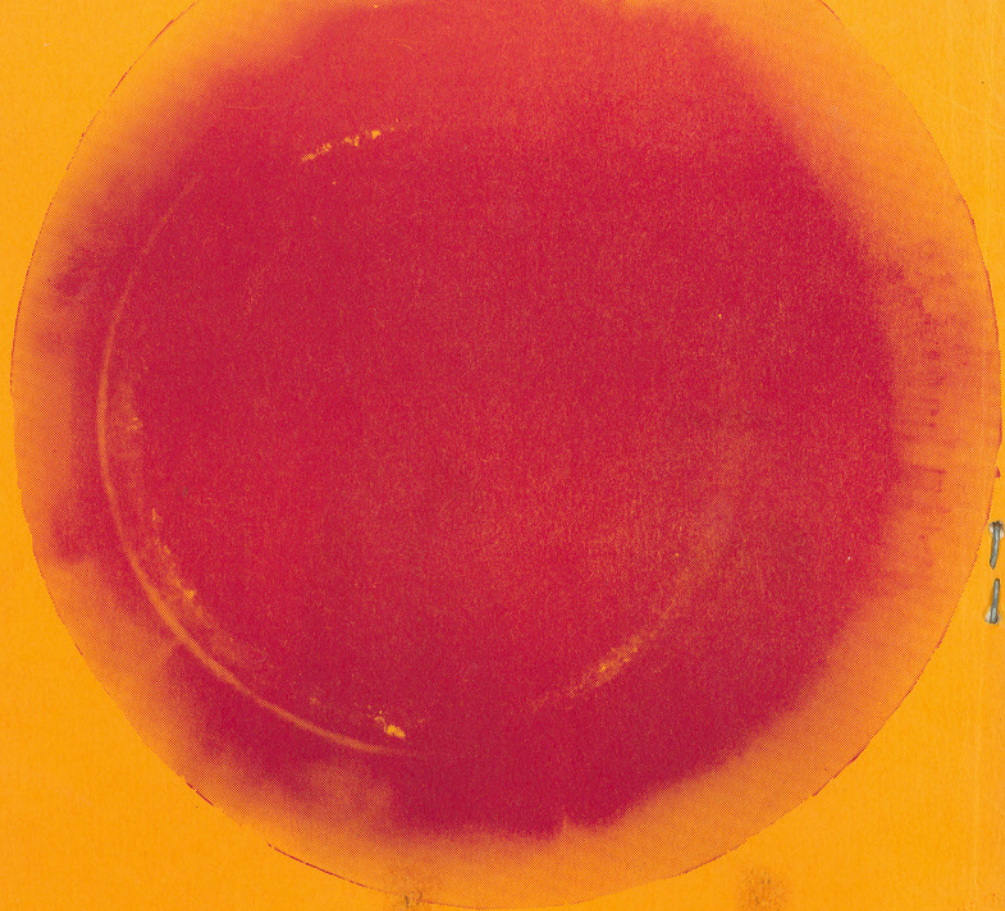
You lie on me
your mouth pressed hard
breasts lost and rolling
off
my skin,
your skin,
our thighs fastened
I want
 want to
and I take my tongue
swallow your womb
drink the whole
earth down
and drown
in the eye of
your cave.

Three for Cassidy - cont.

We are always in flight
from one another.
Today I am sitting
along the creek.
The only sound I can hear
is the water passing
over and around the stones.
I have lain across
the boulder at the
swimming hole
felt the sun dry
each bead of moisture,
and seen the wind
toss the hairs of
my cunt-up high.
Yesterday, last week
you left the city.
The only sound I can hear
is your medicine bell
strapped to the muscle
of your left arm.
It pounds within
my ear.
Like thunder.



The next woman
that I love
should know
know this well.
That when we meet
the earth will not
move,
and when we touch
no thunder shall
crack the sky,
and when we lie
 aye to aye
oceans will not part,
nor winged horses
tumble
to carry us high,
but, when we love
I promise you love,
how we will love
to love
each other's loves....



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