

EMILY BLUDWORTH DE BARRIOS

The mother should be as stunning

The mother should be as stunning as an angel dripping with pure water

Putting little sliced pieces of herself in her children's lunchboxes

she cuts herself into the shapes of orange slices and Ritz crackers

portioned out into Ziploc bags At the library In the park On the sofa

Women made of pure water offer kisses at sundown

Shutting the bedroom door feels like a form of anger a form

of abuse to firmly clip the threads that tether me to them

I think of the ducklings who love their mother in a pond Their ardor

in a straight line And desperation to be near her In the myth

Gaia is the mother of the first gods She's also the Earth

When her children finally spring away from her (out from her)

it's the beginning of time The gods arrive on the surface of Earth

and begin to be alive to their own wisdom I'm alive

inside my children's eyes No I'm the surface upon which their days unfurl

*Poems**With pleasure the young men*

With pleasure the young men dismantle the young women
With pleasure their sick slick grins drip over the wet idea
of humiliated flesh When a woman dyes her hair
When a woman has her hair dyed or chemically straightened
or chemically permed there are searing singing singeing thorns
as the edges of the scalp burn A damp blunt scent A wrong scent
A blonde scent An odor like a mistake was made Only a dope
would slather herself in such an odor A beautiful dope A beautiful
door At the steps of the mall we entered to transcend
Who could really transcend the words of young men
Wet t-shirt contest Fingering Titties Whore