

## Mona Fertig / SIX POEMS

### TRAVELLER BEDS DREAM

She wants to sink deeper in to this horizon. A sweep of violet reaching as far as the delirious eye can see, as deep as your hands will plunge. Jacarandas. Sensuous blossoms. Joyous as a new body of love. She wants to stop this ebony train. This hot sleek machine snaking through New South Wales savannah. She wants to step off & be pulled down in this enchantment, in the middle of this private lush land. Heat of December. Australia. She holds her breath. Pink feathers, parrots, galliards, tremble in lavender branches. Holds her breath again. This is like love. This desire, this intoxication, (this suffocation.) She sweats like a butterfly in a jar, fertile, caught. Explosions delayed. Thighs ache. Come darkness she'll drown feverishly in her first fresh frangipani. Come easily in its soft golden center. Creamy sides. Smooth as silk. Sheets. Landscape covers her, lips to petal, stamen. Woman beds dream.

## MANGO WOMAN

On a hot tropical beach she slices ripe oval mangoes, *dripping* sweet orange fruit. Bends the peel back again and again into *tangerine* crescent moons. Sweet squares. Offers pieces to you. She is *suntanned*, *luscious*, a pandanus tree shades her eyes. You are *electric*, *summoned*. Have a desire for. Your hand around her wrist. *Waist*. The (brown ankles) turning in the sand. The salt (nut) scent of. She falling into you. The lush (body) taste of. Her watermelon nipples. *Almond areolas*, as smooth as butter cream. *Mangoes*. Nothing else touches your naked chest. Her throat curves towards the rumpus coral sea, a melon sunset. *Passionate mouths*. Saying (more and) no more. You dream of your separateness unbinding, losing shape. You drown in each other like torrential rain. Bodies feeling too much. You are as smooth & as firm as a porpoise. *Hot waists*, *a comet plunging through rings of Saturn*. Love leaves good marks in the soft white. *All night, sky* (as plush) (as quiet) as mango, peach, banana, papaya. *Couple as still life*. Asleep under the Southern Cross. Heat thunders like a dream.

## TABOO SEX

They fucked for the passionate first time and the gentle last. They fucked on a peaceful summer beach, in a brassy new city. They made love to the beautiful *genesis* of the world, and all its tragic decline.

The rumpled sunny bed, the faded living room sofa, the fragrant summer field melted away. The island could have buckled and tipped. They noticed nothing except Hunger & Thirst. The speed their clothes vanished. The aching atlas of their bodies. Lover's tongues. Closed eyes, clear backs. The man fitted the woman so *perfectly*. The *gorgeous* spacious sky of a woman. She squeezed/ pulled him deeper. Up to her waist. He was a hard tawny arbutus. All night the *rocking* tight cave. Her circular breasts rose & fell, *inside coursed the salty sea*. Throbbing stars. Sleep. Then the Universe spiralling open once again. She took him into her like a finger into a mouth. *Sucked*.

They were noisy black cats, shy birds, wild sweaty horses, breezy butterflies, biting dogs, soundless snakes, silky white rabbits, quick mink, the thirsty, burning flesh of the desert. The passionate line, *landscape*, of the body, peeled back, sounding, letting go. They were the world

desperately remaking itself. Joined so well, *so divinely*, they wanted to stay that way forever. Die that way.

They fucked for the foremost and tender last time. They fucked in a lush viridian forest, in a friendless winter city. They made love to the past & the future, the final couple left. *United*. They centred the dying earth, breathed life into each other's mouths. *Saved the world again and again.*

## MEN KEPT FALLING INTO HER EYES SOME DROWNED THERE

All that summer, men kept falling unexpectedly into her eyes, into her lamp black irises, calm lake waters. She doesn't remember how it all began.

The first week a handsome man drowned there. An afternoon treat. She told him to grab on to her dark combed eyebrows, grab onto their soft wings and she'd fly him free, but he wouldn't listen. He wanted to stay there *forever*, drowning above her radiant smile. Now he's gone, floating around somewhere in her mind like a log in a lake. She feels responsible, slightly guilty, his wife says he hasn't come home yet, the police are still searching for him. All she did was look *into* him and he disappeared.

Next two fine men fell in. One came into the shop where she worked and splash, that was it, he slipped on her tanned cheeks, saw something he wanted and dove right in looking for *treasure*. He was a good swimmer, so he escaped her deep undertow, climbed out exhausted but happy. A *golden coin like love warm in his palm*.



She invited the last one into her warm as a hot tub eyes. She was enjoying herself. So she let him swim in her sunny vacation lake where he floated on his back for a while drinking margeritas pretending he was in Mexico. He wouldn't leave and she realized she didn't want him to. She couldn't stop thinking about him, looking at him, into him. She wanted to swim out & offer him a meal, dessert. She became obsessed, *sex sex sex* was all she could think of.

Then he started to paddle towards the shade of her sunset lips, bronze arms stretching, dark eyes on fire. He began sucking on grapes, the sweetness of papaw, took a slow climb between her melon breasts. He kept travelling further, deeper. *His phallus amaryllis blooming. Enjoy* her body said. And she did. They both did. *Afterwards he came out wet and grinning.* Swam back up to her eyes, he was just warming up, she could tell and so was she, but she decided enough was enough. Pleasure was addictive and she had an addictive personality. So she walked away, *(as cool as a summer popsicle).* Promised herself no more treats. She would buy sunglasses, avert her eyes, *stay home & work fertile miracles in her garden.* Look at trees, the failing shapes of flowers, wait for autumn mushrooms. Put up signs like *No Trespassing*, private lake, *mirror, woman.* Come back next summer.

## WOMAN WHO RUNS WITH WOLVES

She has left the tiny town. She is as wild as an eagle, clever and clear as a winter stream. She has left her husband, her friends, her children, the mortgaged house, the tame confining weight of books & fences. She has done this suddenly. Like a phone call from earth. She just threw up her hands and said, *I'm coming!*

This is the story she tells the wolves. They read her like a book. They are her friends, *her lovers*. Their fur, silver brown waves, deep black currents, her fingers *run/relish* through. They have found her & led her to a secret cave, dry & high in the misty forested mountains.

She teaches them not to be afraid of the fire she makes, it is the same fire that burns in their eyes. They bring her fresh sweet lamb, farm chicken. She plucks and skins, roasts the meat over hot alder flames. Their teeth do not frighten her.

After dinner they clean their fur, then lick her, from head to toe. Over the shell of her eyelids, down her neck, her pendulous smooth breasts, her erect nipples, their wet tongues slide down her arched back, the slopes of her buttocks, over her

supple belly, slowly between her open legs, *too tenderly*. Their heated wolf breath. Their warm wolf tongues. The scent of sex and wolf fur, *trembling bones*.

Once a month during the full moon they turn back into beautiful wild-hearted men. She chooses the best story-teller to make love to. *Satiated appetites*. This is a night that never ends. The rest of the men, leave the cave for town dance halls, the loving beds of wild & free women.

She lives out a long & enchanted life. Runs with the pack in spring, her willowy legs as sensual as deer thighs. Her hair a long mane that smells of arbutus leaves on dry rock, sunlight on cedar boughs, a smokey alder flame. *Legends surface like pink blossoms*. Flock like blue jays above the town.

The wolves would die for her. They believe she is the moon goddess. Such moon breasts, such moon belly, such moon eyes. They would sacrifice their last meal for her, go lean as pines in winter. Men in the village roll restlessly in their beds. Turn to their women when they hear the wolves. Make love with a slow hungry fever. Close their soft animal eyes.



## PENIS FLOWER

In the middle of our kitchen table your long electric green stalk pumps forth mint stars, *drowsy bees*. Unfurls butterscotch ardour. Spreads blushing fire south. Points winter northward, gives it the boot. Washes Greek kitchen *rose dore, lilac pink, creamy white. Couples water*. Outside the frozen pavement is mystic blue with piled snow, ice cuts us with its glass chill, 5 degrees below 0. Snow measures up to our bundled waists. How far up do the black fur-lined boots go? Inside our amaryllis steams. Warms the house. Pushes forth luxurious cinnamon blossoms in time to the fire crackling in the wood stove. Banners of petal red scarves. Fat flowers the circumference of silk pillows. You put your whole face in and sigh. *Scarlet movies play. Brilliant tamarillos are bought. Juicy mangoes devoured. Red Cuban bananas peeled. You invoke mating animals, penis of bull, chocolate horses, naked oiled gods. Lusty seamen. Our cockatiels mate beside you in their cage. Outside winter watches. The male rocks on the grey back of the female, small perky noises logging in his throat. Their yellow crests high. Orange pancake cheeks blooming. You long for the tight insides of women, goddesses. I hear you sigh. You crave more pollinating bees. Their tiny stinging kisses. You*

sigh again. Velvet tongues that polish pearls. *Mouth around your firm flesh, hands cupping ripe figs.* A winter romance. In the middle of January, your magic green wand manifests the tropics, *the hothouse tango, orchids opening at night*, sex as smooth as ice cream.