

KARA KAUHANE / Two Poems

3 looks 1 girl

hoale girl

happa girl

what beautiful

skin says nana

over coffee

in china cups, like

porcelain daddy

bristles (whiskey rub!)

she gets real dark

in the summer

politics over

my ponytail I am

too young for this

sweet cream to

bitter dark

I try but the

childs brown

the mischiefs

heat a hundred

people breathing

cold from the

waist down, wet

my friends in

towels I wait

this is for me?

you do know

me right?

2/3 daughter

of another

sad divorcee

in her sad pumps

praising jesus

in the balcony far

from the pastors

families we're all

the body of christ

but she's probably

I come in binary

I come in serial

hyphenate ascii

ask firefox to remember

this password? I come

as a suffix

-student -worker

-dependant -female

-canadian

and a prefix

step- smart-

useless- silly-

I have absolute value

approximate weight

and relative reference

what I see at 20 feet

you could see at 200

I come in statistics

brown fades
to freckle blotches
some cellulose
pattern of yellow
pink and green
sickly, white girl
stick girl, says uncle
I cant eat any more
don't be a hater girl

thank god for rose
red she keeps snow
white by her side
shelters me with
big hips breasts
strong limbs even
though she doesn't
get the reference
white for our teeth
red for our blood
full-blood red blush
when strangers say

a hair in the nostril

I'm a skin tag
nervous wanting
to be more than
some extractable
deformity humoured
for a time. vanity
swells, lets see them
try to get rid of me
now that is if
that they ever stop
singing

A formal introduction
after five years
and I say the wrong
name (a sign?)
big man glares, am
I serious? yes

water over my face

25.8 and 20.7
I have rose by 35%
between 1996 and 2001
I am part of the 2nd
largest grouping of
its kind in canada

arbitrary symbols
sounds to tell
this from that
differentiate chaos
in commoditization and
in anarchy (yes, I'm a
four sided parallelogram
with equal sides)
so give us a leopard
skin man or better yet
let me mediate myself

I allow I am 20 1989
3.83 10/ hour
2/3 and 3/5

we cant be related

but we are no
happas to each
other.

auntie changes
hula school name
to ka'u'ha'ne
sounds more
Hawaiian.

responsibility rules
flood the inside of
my ears I remember
twelve Rhonda calls
me a dark thing
(may god forgive
you!) for giggling
at her cummerbund
during service.

(sometimes 6)
respectively
6 and o and 5 32
25 29 but I am also
(none except observant
Italians may know)
a 4 letter word
for beloved.

drawing naked women in my school notes

1.

starting at the feet a pointe
wooden slabs an inch-wide diameter
of elegance and high art rounded
& edited. an over exaggerated arch
looks like impotent grapes
stop short at the ankle. too bony
too hard to capture our
necessary joints i wanted
to make the dips & contours so real
you could rub your finger, softly
in the shadow. smudged lead
paints a new life on my face.
i do not know if drawing a beautiful
woman makes beautiful art.

2.

the curve that place of
fixation comfort and conquest
our ideal and oppressor I love
to draw this curve, always, more
like a wiggle between hips
and ribs, traced and
retraced, I imagine, with
fingers, with breath,
gazes and now soft grey, 2B
smoothed of slight imperfections
the oil from my hand makes skin
soft with constant touching.
more aware, my own side tingles

3.

acrylic and charcoal breathe the dust
the sealant spray—mixed media is cruise
control for complex
except when its done thoughtlessly and looks like crap.
tan string tracing paper choking my brush
revealed in every compositional tick
there is too much of myself
stupid you never draw the spine
an ugly curved line down the back
you infer it. *drawing is basically*
all lies anyway.