

Unfuckable Lardass

Catriona Strang

1.

Bitch-burn's lunged here
a long time
(borne quite
a time)
with hail-makers and
others' dread
unraveling

how we reveled, we read of
refusal's emergence, of
what else
would you have?
bearing unbending (*I can't*
fucking bear it), of
unborne or illicit
unburdened but
performed (*I won't*
fucking do it)
refuse perforated by unstable
elusives burning not
to burn

it's been a long
fucking time

2.

of loquacity's gain &
tended flowers quenching
burning wood, of
the guilty grips of viscous,
funky, splintered sippings
who'd go piling against gain
& nubbing & looping
& flowing against again
& again &
again
&

3. Let us Recapitulate

to make hands
useless, disorder
minds, strike
at the act of re-
production, poison
flowers, break
arms, make
hail and miss
carriage, attack
the marriage bed
(it's said)

*lands covered
with grapes and corn*

candles blown
out despite
the setting sun

*wheat, hay, manure, rain, snow,
storms, heretics, lepers*

feet
firmly
planted

*waffles and cracknels
baskets, bottles of lemonade*

all never
quite brought
to heel

4.

said it
all
before

5.

implied concealment
spikes a handy spit
(we can't handle
the sporting sense)

here clasping cloaks
or manacles our
handy, under
handed spirit

and weave our
mighty slyness
to hand

6. (*for Ted Byrne*)

oh, burgeon
ill burden
whose glossy
loft buds
burnished, swells
beamish: I'll bite
unbidden

7. Yell, Danielle
(for Danielle LaFrance)

I'm whatever
the sea throws up

we're salted wreck
and who *could*

sing under such
conditions? Tongues

taught to stammer
& swallow slip

avid on
supplanted

ply, pry the
civil tongue right

out of my
head: here's

stones, kestrels
a gale-force wrack

8.

my unmeasured response
melts paltry, flips
rogue quivers or tears
seizures (now that
decades have ripped on by)

beets, pumpkins, cabbage
honey, milk
everything in pots

now repose fuses improbable
impossible impossible
ever to forget her raspy
ragged gasps and
her ceasing

9. Handy

pressing pastry into
pie plates suddenly
bums, noses, hands, faces,
teary eyes, bleeding
bodies, coldy chests, all
wiped, stomachs rubbed, diapers
changed, shit, pee, vomit, pus,
snot, spills, excreta
of all kinds re
contained, books held, pages
turned, teeth
brushed, bodies
washed, creams and lotions

smeared, medicines
administered, spots
scrubbed, slivers
extracted, bandaids
applied, babies
carried, cradled, caressed,
hair washed, brushed,
cut, braided — heads
wacked hard — sheets
stripped and replaced, mops,
brooms, vacuums, prams,
strollers pushed, clothes
made and mended, curtains
sewed, sheets
repaired, hats, mitts,
sweaters knit, hugs
given, jugs and bottles
filled and emptied, astonishing,
food shared, bikes pushed and
carried, plates and cutlery laid
and cleared, dishes
washed, put away, taken
out, animals, flowers, specific
delights pointed out,
cards, notes, letters
written, forms signed,
precarity steadied, hot
water bottles filled
presents wrapped and
unwrapped, poultices
administered, laundry scrubbed,
put into machines and
lifted out again, hung
up and taken down, folded, put

away, clothes put on
and taken off, ice packs
applied, foreheads
wiped, compost and
garbage disposed
of, groceries selected,
carried, unpacked, put
away, taken out, holes
dug and filled, seeds
planted, spoons offered, dead
pets buried, fruits
and vegetables picked
and washed, tea made,
my cold hands hers,
lunches packed and
unpackd, drinks
steadied, jams, jellies,
pickles, chutneys made, chopping,
stirring, mixing, baking,
roasting, frying, burning,
serving, eating
accomplished, pastry
rolled and shaped,
canes and
walkers held and not
held, glasses lost and
found, pies, tarts, muffins, cakes,
cookies, scones baked
shoes tied and
untied, age spots
appearing, skin
crêped, flowers
gathering in

9.

*“Men have broad shoulders and narrow hips
and accordingly possess intelligence”*—Martin Luther

unwieldy, weary,
wary, the long west
immolates us
all, summary
lurching repository of
disjointing social
functions it does not
represent, or embolden,
or embroden any
welched way

11. The amalgam

I am contending factions. Even in times of great dispute and intense social trauma, an amalgam of functions does not represent. Some days are prose. Can a visual record be a vehicle of community? Considering the efficacy of barley soup (it is conceivable that I have succumbed to the latent ideology of *The Modern Cook's Year*), I become over-mapped. It's my tradition to pick til it bleeds.