

Margita Gailitis

Pregnant in Spain

All the windows
throw back bubble
bellied replicas.
She multiplies.
Repeating. Repeating.
A miracle.
From a solitary
solitude
Jesus feeds
the hordes
on an endless
single fish.

They scream “Guapa! Guapa!”
as she flat-footed paddles by.

A perfect
spiral she inflates
on double breath
Ole!

She is a matador.
Red hypnosis
to a street corrida,
the sperm exploding
heat of running
bulls.

In her
moves
the eyeless
spiny sea
– a troglodyte
and history.

Retrograde

He could not
help his bias,
constriction.

His momma
fell off the sidewalk
when he was tender two,
Femme fatale
ever after,
she would travel
the mid-road traffic
refusing
the curb.

His daddy
early converted
the basement to electric
trains. Fantasy stops
till one day he took
to sail, Momma said,
the world with a whore,
infant witch, sea paramour.

The boy grew up
on postcards,
mailed love,
distant care
and the hysterics
of Momma, dodging
trucks, now and then,
failed accidents.

He could not
help his bias,
constriction.

He drips occasional
love like a slow
leaking faucet
exploding sometimes
impassioned for a witch
retrograde sea whore.

My father

my mother keeps
the details of my father
locked in her body safe

his combination her secret
for the nights I imagine
she opens her warm blood
the heirloom of his name

#

At age three when
I last saw my father
a rough wool vest

a texture my cheek felt
and raised an indelible
strawberry mark a scar

#

an invisible scar except
for days when tears
will not climb to my eyes
they collect to that purple
star exploding in my face

#

but I do know my father
had no hands
no hands to protect
no hands for bandages no
hands for envelopes of love

#

after the war distant
rumours said someone living in his flesh
married had a son and died

#

I prefer him exiled to Siberia
caught in escape after escape
he shrinks distance screaming

a constant letter
that in the chill freezes
my child unfinished

Woman

I am a lily
green purple throat
building seed

I am a fox
frozen burnt orange
gathering speed

I am a tiger
indolent spotted stretched
a moment before
killing need

An acquired taste

Like caviar, he is an acquired taste, salt.
Punishment once survived, release
of ocean for my Viking tongue.

An acquired taste, he is like snails, gelatinous.
Fluid. Not to be saved but swallowed, once.
Release of a primitive
in my mourning, blood.

An acquired taste, he is like morning, too bright.
Unpleasant and sharp waking from intrigue,
dreams absorbing the night. Just once.

Release an impressionist.
Sun insane. A taste acquired.