

Eve

Celina Silva

Italicized text from "Marriage" by Marianne Moore.

*Below the incandescent stars
below the incandescent fruit,*

hunt, witch, hunt. Nighttime and the air tastes burnt, moony,
of coffee, thick
energy. Hunt, hunt. The earth is grapefruit, juicy, orbiting,
witchy

woman spits out past lives of pleasing wife like pumpkin
seeds, make a wish woman,
"I should like to be alone with the moon; so personal, so
flesh and blood peeling

oranges," at midnight, cara cara navel oranges, her scent of
chakras- cherry, rose petal, peppermint, blackberry. Weep
woman,

moo, moo at the moon. The Milky Way frothing, a milkshake
of
luminescent sorrow, woman's mouth sucking through the
straw

for solitude. More handsome than handsome, and Adam
a mythological man, ladies man, some man is pregnant

with power, some woman obligated to birth him. She is
such a

witch, hunt, hunt. This loneliness, enterprise of the
universe, a women

must exist, more than a blush
along the lakeside. Carve the sky. Slabs

of shadow and star, stew of blue, sky of savage women,
the strange experience of beauty; its existence is too much;

Gertrude Stein Does Our Horoscopes

Celina Silva

HORROR

I scope, and black cat cross, cross. The hour is positioned in an O. The howl is a horror and cope by licking the moon. Warm is smaller than a blue, chew on the dust and warm is not a one but a hue blue and two. This is a sugar sign, Stein orders two scoops of sweet sweet.

SCORPIO

A Scorpio is a hurt blush and it is a water mixed with salt it is inside it is beside Cancer and Pisces. Cope a scorch and the day will fill up and so not ow but how he is leaving he is leaving. The willow is a room, come.

AQUARIUS

Blue and air and syntax a pause and so on. Stein is that. Stein says a ha a ha a ha. Tide and all, please a merry made, sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet as pie. Stein tit for titters, pour and pour and stomp. Sweet is soft it is not likely.

THE MOON IS A WOMAN

The phase, a change of eight and likely. A rub is an inequality on ground. So if air is Aquarius I want to be full and so do you. A woman is not an order and is not a half. Kiss in full and above and so on.

In the Ballroom

Celina Silva

*A poem in conversation with "In the Waiting Room",
by Elizabeth Bishop.*

In Vancouver, British Columbia
I went with my bestest friend, Joshua, and his mom
to McDonalds, on Commercial, hip,
hip-hooray. Joshua and I bounce
around the ballroom, waiting
for our chicken McNuggets and fries,
the plastic balls bobbing
redred yellow blue greengreen
under our wet leafed sneakers.
It was fall. It got wet
and early. Soggy sloshing to
swimming a rainbow backstroke,
plastic paradise,
sunshine in the ballroom,
there where no grown-ups,
only soft leaps, salt wafts,
moms and four walls,
a net. Of safety I thought
of hurrah, a well timed shyness, of
warmth. It seemed like an always,
today. You are almost six years old
I thought to myself, and suddenly
I was a Celina. I am almost six I said

to Joshua, and his mom
called us to eat. Do you know we die
Joshua declared, between fries, excited. I felt
it cannot be true, assaulted, terrified, and I
couldn't stop holding my breath, not breathing, staring
into the ballroom. It was real,
red and blueblue yellowyellow green
bouncy. The thought was roll and roll, slip
-ping away, another fry, fry, redred
Then I was back in it. Inside
the ballroom, hopping
I am an I am I am I am an I, and the day was
early, wet, leaves and leaves.