

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/2

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Unstable Air

At times, I wake hating men, warm in the Westerlies
of the man I love. My tilting axes spill me
across low-count threads to the brink and back.
I root through his new growth beard, the nimbus
of his lips, searching accord. There are exceptions,
the exceptional, mensches, right? Except for,
and remember when an Austrian analyst claimed
that conflict sublimated made for polite society.

At times, I walk wetlands to forget societal covers.
Mud beads my sneaker, thistles bicker at my heels,
air rolls in gargled calls of blue herons.
Accord strikes. Then splits again — in longing.
Longing to share my senses with the man I love,
Yet wary of smoke from his gentlemen's clubs
that trails across time.

At times, I make things up, repress things for plumb.
Predators evaporate in the sweaty acids
of our passions. Our love making can take back
the bullet from a woman's head. I judge his beard
apart from the bristle of his gender.
Love conquer, concords, jelly-rolls all. The roots
of misogyny in mare tails of cirrus clouds.
Not a lot to say today. I'll wash our linens,
dry them on the line and fling them aloft
to billow and rend in prevailing winds