

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

*Jennifer Lagier*  
**Art of the Wild**

Camille purrs and arches her back.  
The artist, who is also her lover, paints a forest,  
jungle green circles around swollen breasts.  
With one finger, he daubs orange over each nipple,  
sensual bulls eyes which harden, welcome his touch.

As she stretches catlike across his sofa,  
he transforms her into a reclining zebra,  
streaks her ribcage black and white.  
Her thighs open like bright blue butterflies,  
reveal the shocking pink secret inside.

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### Boyfriends

I consider them emotional herpes,  
past loves that bankrupted trust,  
caused irreversible damage,  
ex-boyfriends and husbands  
I am still trying to remove  
from checking and credit card accounts.

They linger in houses once mine,  
enjoy furniture and possessions  
left behind, hold my clothes  
and books hostage.

Their surprise communications  
tear off scabs,  
destroy equilibrium,  
cause painful flareups.

I don't want to reconnect,  
forgive and forget,  
stay in touch with their mothers,  
meet new wives and offspring,  
return old photos or albums,  
let bygones be bygones.

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### Groupie

Joe Gold was his stage name,  
my brother-in-law's  
Harvard drop-out buddy,  
lead singer of a lackluster band.  
It was the late seventies.  
I was anorexic and rabid,  
going through a first  
painful divorce.  
They brought me along  
as a possible date.  
While Joe sang,  
I danced my ass off,  
drunk and disorderly,  
for once in my life  
more outrageous  
than my near-rock star sister.  
After the set,  
when Joe dared me,  
I stripped off every  
stitch of clothing,  
slid into a  
public hot tub  
in the middle  
of a Holiday Inn.  
*"Your gonna hate yourself  
in the morning,"* they warned,  
trying to cover me up  
with jackets and shirts.  
But I was thirty, hot,  
newly liberated,  
didn't give a shit  
for rules or opinions,  
never would.