

1984

## Holy Shit (for Mary)

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Gabriel alights, to Annunciate,  
I ask him to tea.  
His face, pearl  
with petal thin lips,  
blinks a fluorescent flicker,  
He is happy for me.

So I,  
young, unwed  
will puff like a cherry  
ripening around its pit,  
Fat, red  
with a stone in my gut,  
to carry a seed I didn't plant.  
Call me blessed.

Tea is done,  
Gabe scarcely sipped — he gushed  
all aflutter,  
bright hands splitting air,  
he invades my space, creating a breeze;  
I smile and glance at the tea leaves.

I feel varicose, bulging with blood;  
Who wants to be dizzy and sick,  
streaked with lines,  
to bloat like a barrel,  
and struggle off toilets?  
I don't want to lose sight of my thighs.

Crazyman in white,  
brainstorming names for a bastard child,  
spitting wild-eyed excuses for its father;  
Legitimacy is not my concern.

Words jet from his face  
in round-swelling globs,  
I watch them grow fat-bellied, pear-shaped;  
they thunk on my ribs like bunched fists.  
His halo contracts then dilates —  
I cross my legs, shut my eyes,  
but it hovers like a screaming, toothless mouth.