



Skies of Blood

Three Poems by Jennifer Crystal Fang-Chien

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<http://www.art.net/Poets/Jennifer/bio.html>

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Rave

The translation function is broken, but I am still trying. I spend too much time in front of the terminal.

A work path turns into a burnt sandscape.

Hate-hyenas eat livers. In a cupped hand, I touched warm oatmeal. Blue eyes have no

taste. Even morons can disrupt the stew. In a widget world, the corner brick is crucial.

I heard angels singing on a mount. I wanted to kill them.

Carnivore teeth can strip the conscience. The clamp-screws close and crush the skull. Rats

gnaw through wire meshes.

A passing car is full of possibility.

Angry days are like summers in Burma. Life hangs gauze curtains in front of a peepshow. Where is

the raw churn of turbines.

My tongue craves you-more than death.

Creativity speaks through the prison phone. Safety glass crumbles into rubble, on impact.

Each footstep is a loud gunshot.

Helium balloons won't keep clowns from the cliffside. Twisted sheets forge a weak

thread.

I wonder whose eyes watched you undress.

Streaking dandelions sting my feet. Where is heaven found? In a lintel closet, you keep

leather shoes. Cambridge is a mile away.

The skies ache to storm blood.

Ecstasy can't contain your flood. Angels sing hymns on a mount. The arc of dawn closes.

And everything begins anew.

the mesh of a contusion

i.

the heat of your hormones beats through well-worn trails, tigers push through weak bivouacs. an opportunity to catch a dragonfly arises, drawn irresistibly like a kite pulled to its grounding. natural as an outbreak of brushfire, you caress her white skin feeling as if your world had never ended the first time. tendrils turning towards her sun, burning as if molten gold filled your cavity, you yearn to drench your incandescent center in her timeless tides. your mind's eye erases our sketches, the dandelion seed is supplanted. you are engulfed as if rising through loaves of bread, only to crash into a detailed picture of pale sunrise hair, near an aquiline face. her eyes are like the skies in heaven, but her laugh will be sharp hoes, cutting rows in your gentle landscape.

ii.

this spider's gossamer unspins, an orbit corrupts. a starling
falters and plummets towards earth, the wide ocean. sight
fades gray like a cat's paw, creation's air rushes out of this compressed
chamber. ground crumbles into spineless fossils, time holds still like a
lingering reflection of late sun on steel green buildings. morphine
can hardly quell the phantom limb, pictures curl, ochred on carpet
in abandon. a swan lake dancer became disabled from your steps that
nightfall. cinderella was only a poor girl after all. my mind's
engravings rotate in a museum's halls, lying in bed, waiting to die
takes longer than all afternoon. there was a vacuum waiting to be
unsealed, tomblike. dust of the ages will rise and spell
the same story, written in more than three languages.

alternations

i want to feel your long torso, crowned by a shock
smooth slipping under like a fish turning in death,
of blond, not so different from my own skin undertones
watersurface tuna rolled through the failing turbines,
in contrast to my sun-browned hair, once black.

i want to smell your sweet scent, drawing the erotic
depth mines, gutting the hull, burned black around a gape,
memories of a tryst in the sun's dryer, this close heat
rising to half-mast, a cock produces sailors in lifeboats,
held in the collapse of an old sweatshirt, left behind.

i want to breathe your heavy air, the excited air
leaning on the crutches of fins, you churn, blowholes
coming through the net of your ex-lover's desire, you
mount the back of a dolphin, perhaps saving a life,
should have steered clear of the coral reefs. and

i want to rake my fingers across your face, stain you
that whore's hooks gouged holes in my belly, blood
searing you with an impression that taints, reddens,
corrupts the sea, a cloud of octopus ink spreads,

stalks the trails that you have lit ablaze.