

1-2023

Poems on Gender, Sexuality, and Kinship

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Recommended Citation

Subin, Elisa (2023) "Poems on Gender, Sexuality, and Kinship," *Comparative Woman*: Vol. 2, Article 13.

DOI: [10.31390/comparativewoman.2.1.13](https://doi.org/10.31390/comparativewoman.2.1.13)

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/comparativewoman/vol2/iss1/13>

I of the Storm

I
Was the world
Struggling alone under
Your power
Praying at your feet

I
Sensed your presence
Felt your eyes pulse
Waited for you in the eternal darkness
To come down from your golden throne

I
Called your names and
Desperately sought you
Yet you sat laughing so deliberately
Beyond my reach

I
Danced feverishly for your praise
Drunk with the birth pains of your creation
Young and beautiful
Still naked and wet
Then under the freshly painted heavens
Lay alone
Until you lay by my side

I
Dug the soil as you commanded and tenderly planted your seed as instructed
And waited
For our love to grow
Incubare, you said
Then the rivers would again flow with the blood of the moon
And we'd be together

I
Was always as you intended
Your creation, you said
A mirror image of your soul
But your rejection
Was without explanation

You ignored my supplications
Dismissed me without cause
And as you rose from your throne
To step on my throat
At the sound of my last breath
The cymbals sang joyfully through the chaos

Blossoms

I stand motionless
As you whisper my name into the void
Uttu, you're closer now
I feel your icy breath, a paralytic on my soul

No, no my mother's voice implored from above
I hid behind my web
But you were so cunning
And I was so very thirsty

I greedily drank the *abzu* you promised
Accepted your proposal
And then felt the great world spin

That night I wept/slept alone in the mountains
As you chased Pegasus across the sky
And woke as my mother's hands
Comforted me

She reached deep inside me
Took what you left behind
And planted those seeds in the soil

With the blood of the moon
Those flowers grew
Until you reappeared and devoured the blossoms
Starting the chaos once again

The Chaos Before

I saw you through a crack in the wall
Felt the moonlight as your hollow eyes
Drilled straight through my core
So naked and cold
And alone

You made me a beautiful blanket
Your eight arms weaving diligently
After six nights you tenderly bestowed the silk on me
With confidence it would
Warm my heart to yours

I wrapped myself
Tight in its embrace
And sang for you an ancient hymn
Of praise
Yet you grew angry

My praise not enough
I sang louder
Though my body was immobile in your blanket's sticky grip
My soul lit with gratitude

Eventually your eyes (so many eyes) tired of me
Perhaps my songs hurt your ears
After eternity I could only mouth silent prayers
Through my tears
Now entreating you for mercy

But mercy was not yet one of your names
Rachimim would come later
For now you let me watch
As you slowly danced across my body and feasted on my soul
Then you chose to let the chaos continue

Excuse Me Sir, Did You Drop This

Not even you stand sentry
Over your sun's nightly performance
As flames reach out beyond the shore line
The sky sets itself ablaze
A lonely parlor trick on an endless loop
Without magician or audience
As the tides cough up a sigil
Fallen from Lucifer's back pocket
Boom, boom, boom
The seas shift
The sky turns
And an ancient dumbwaiter reveals itself
You squeeze in to the coffin-sized space
Grab the pulley
And settle in for the ride
A last lonely woman
Eager to return the devil's missing trinket

