

## Outlaw

1.

Don't shoot. I've  
eaten this country  
alive

Your hard male body, like a road, I drove  
your famous miles, back of vans  
low on backseats

The states grow out of me now  
The borders are my skin  
The fatal flag flies, tattooed  
between my hips

The hum of my motor  
blends with the thump of little bodies  
and the static rockbeat  
of my radio

and I am gone  
like the semen you spilt to the ground  
when you fantasized me a whore  
and then would not love me  
for fear I was a whore

2.

Everyone was looking for me  
I was always right here  
a mute piece of music  
a deep down motion  
running through your blood

Don't shoot  
In the windows of all your houses

my face is printed  
where I pressed it to glass

she

who robbed her father's banks

3.

Crowds on the streets at night looking for me  
But I was caught  
in the dancer's grace of apple trees  
in cold country  
I never lived before

Don't shoot, who  
could recognize me now?  
There's a dead man  
hanging  
in the middle of my forehead  
His cold charred body  
emerges  
from my cunt and anus  
My mouth expels  
a new country

4.

And so I walked away in my rich white skin  
while you scattered all your parts to the wind

I picked up your hand  
your hand without fingers  
by the winter waters

and placed it on my breasts

you were still warm  
I called your name  
You did not answer

So I'm gone  
like the semen you spilt on the ground

and then could not love me  
for fear I was a whore

5.

I am a woman  
a traveler back and forth

I joined the army  
traveling back and forth  
across the continent

the sun coming up  
the sun going down  
the stars planted in their routes

the dancer's grace of apple trees  
in cold country  
I never lived before

I learned constellations, windrows,  
rotations of farmers' land  
food for the people  
and the ache of you

the fucking ache of you

What does it take  
to communicate?  
The words burnt deep in my flesh

burn a gory road before me  
the only escape

6.

Everyone was looking for me  
I was always right here

Once I camped in a national park  
with a caravan of retired people  
At night inside their little campers  
their blue phosphorescent lights  
served me up for dinner, a cold cold burn

this is your daughter  
this is your daughter

Everyone  
was afraid  
I was  
their daughter

7.

I am the woman alone on the road at night  
you catch in your headlights  
Afraid, you do not stop

I walk the middle of the world  
with a child at each side  
another tied in a scarf on my back

Tonight we will sleep in a cold open field  
I will lay my hands on its heart

I will blanket them with pine needles  
I will hear the screech and groan of wagon wheels  
I will pull dead Indians from the soil

I will be thankful I have not house or land  
I will be thankful I have no money

I am a woman  
I walk in the middle of the world  
I follow the cross of the gypsy trail  
over the world and back

8.

I went down to the bottom of the mountains  
I went down to the sea in your scrotum  
I rode out the dark untried eggs

I saw the body and soul are one  
I saw when the body fragments  
so does the soul

I saw that in death our parts  
are strewn and scattered

piece of flesh, piece of soul

and our tortured lament  
is our parts  
crying to one another  
across the ever-widening  
abyss

9.

I am only a mother  
trying to piece together  
a child

10.

I am a woman  
a traveler back and forth

When I knelt to your groin the first time  
and took you in my mouth  
I felt the fish beat

for the cold pull  
of the distant sea

and when I took you in my mouth  
I was the moon receiving  
your wondrous light

now I am scattered like stars  
you spilt  
on the ground

11.

I was held down

My clitoris was cut out  
with the broken neck of a bottle  
and thrown in the dirt

I am your clitoris  
singing in the throats of little sparrows

I was held down

My foetus was cut out  
and thrown in the sewer

I am your daughter  
I was saved by the water  
that threw me on the shore  
I was raised by the wolves  
I belong to No Man's Land

I was held down

My breasts were cut off  
and thrown over the Rockies  
I tattooed on my scars

a heart with an arrow  
plunged all the way through

I am your breast  
thrust up as the Rockies  
Arrowheads, mining shafts  
and mineral hot springs  
are lost deep in my folds

I am gone  
into the dark activity beneath your skin  
and come up through you  
through the caves of history  
the boy becoming king  
dreams

I am a woman  
a traveler back and forth  
I belong to No Man's Land  
who hung my torso  
from every post

and filled all my small holes  
with rocks

12.

I hold my womb in my hands  
its ever-living population  
I will never have children  
They must rise in me

The Present Living Body

13.

I made love to a woman in the Rockies  
a prayer in the middle of the world  
We rolled back and forth

across the native soil  
the flesh of Pocahontas  
while under us  
old gods jacked off

14.

My crimes are many  
I loved a Mojave boy  
and dreamed every night  
I impregnated him

I am a streetwalker  
I lie down with all of you  
I take you in my body  
The more you fuck me  
the less you know me

I am the 9 million witches  
you burned at the stake  
Now I am back, bounding over these states  
From pole to pole across the hills I move  
into every house  
I change my clothes in each one  
I am your daughter

I am every furtive fantasy  
you've ever had  
I am your left hand

15.

I am the lissome young girl  
who captivated the gaze  
of all those who saw me

You were clenched and breathless  
as we went down  
and I took you  
deep inside

Many ghosts were colored lights  
the aurora borealis  
raining, tumbling, roaring  
chasing years across the sky

When I took you in my mouth  
I was the moon  
receiving the light  
that lit our tent  
and morning that waited  
at the end of the world

Now I am Crazy Jane  
I will leap from my grave  
when you walk by

I vanished long ago

gone like the semen spilt on the ground  
gone like last year's wild roses

like the hot stars you carry in your little sacks  
like the hot stars trailing from your mouth

gone like morning at the end of the world

like the sun risen halfway to noon  
and then falling back to dawn