



E-VERSION

# FLESH MADE WIDOW

LYNN ALEXANDER

**For Brent Powers**

**2009**

**“The Universe anticipates it’s waste to vapors  
still-  
he sees the grasses, though.”**

*At once  
she was of the desert flesh  
flesh made widow  
in his barren*

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# FLESH MADE WIDOW

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1.

How is it that we came to this?  
From in that flash you came  
pervasive

While sick and stricken in the strange

*I rose to you  
as to a magnet*

2.

In all that rattle, I arrived inside your sky

Soon your moons,  
resistant,  
took me in

Shifting liquids  
Shifting blood

In shifted pools they pulled me full

to you

3.

How did I arrive?  
To moons?  
To you?  
Pressed,  
Pressed

me to congestion.

4.

Had I lived?  
Had I lived,  
ever wanting of this thing-

in living liquid?

Giving chase  
to hands  
to hair  
to skin

There:  
In the silent space of him

We eradicated language  
Words we held  
when we were wordless-  
what remained?

When words returned  
as words, made plain

made sacred

words bathed  
in the well of him

With virgin words we chased  
our world  
made names for shapes

and text of sex  
makign words  
made strange

Liquid: how he'd ease the wicked drain  
claim the waste in percolations

He followed: vague in fluids

I chased him in our cage

5.

Coming at me in the game,  
in bold

galactic

dalliance

devil dance the groin and cloister held me well

in the well  
of him

shaking in the cage the sounds of crazy sex metallic

shaking in our places without names

Only: Love

“in love” we'd lie

...until we dried

6.

“Do you have a cold side?”

She would ask about his planet

Accosting him  
with meteorites

palpate at his eyes

his tongue, his vulgar axis at her skin  
and then he's spin

he'd do it again, then fuck and curse then swirl  
it out into the universe

The moons would spread, wet and heavy  
slick with spit and shifting in the sky  
flexing in the well  
in his own  
disparate nexus  
barren valley in the sun

vexing in the metals

lust to dry

7.

In everything:

he'd been reflecting

In youth he'd been set loose  
to stretch to her dimensions

He'd been luminous then, pocks and pools at once

He was made to rise by fire

Cells in the urgent traverse and in that eager light  
would die as specks

as flecks of dead  
regretful energy  
creeping in the coils

8.

On The Cold Side:

his.pools. “ lovers” , brittle. Frosted.  
Placed as islands set as statues

Set as ice that lapsed to capture  
Set as coral forms of shore

His eyes at once like plots  
and then a loaded mausoleum  
lover all just loved and loaded  
loaded in that chill of him

His scalp now overgrown with oceans  
then his strange terrain

he was soon as the moon  
soon as the motion

round as sound about her orbit

Symbiotic-  
now in words and worlds  
her cells they were as frozen orbs

they were pressing forward          glacial

placing stones

floating in his oceans cold  
loaded loaded love  
held stoic



he left her sexless in the sun

Where once his hand, his planet

met her palpates like a drum

vital, touch as timpani

plush as pulse

a skin made live  
by her own mallets

Barren.

Mask collapsed

to blackness

11.

At once  
she was of  
the desert flesh

flesh made widow  
in his barren

*Always*

*Always me  
placing stones  
at his feet*

*Always*

*Always he*

*from that black, that well of shadow*

“As shadow, I will lavish you with strange  
so you may know your own.”

“As shadow,

you were born into being

Not as flesh of the desert but flesh of these  
breathing beings.”

He said

*Wet, wet beings, white beneath their moons  
wet breathing flesh*

*flesh made widow*

*flesh now left*

*as a mask*

*against his barren*

*Flesh Made Widow was produced in 2009 as a limited poetry chapbook.*

*Thank you to Brent Powers, whose mentoring and encouragement in 2009 led to the completion of many projects and to this chapbook- which is a tribute to the enduring love “ between a woman and the moon.”*

*Once, two decades seemed like forever  
Once, the gate was strange*

*We wait.*