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Two Poems

Marilyn Jurich

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Minding the Trickster

He / she makes me angry -- this fellow / gal and how
everyone winks an eye, turns his / her butt.
Tongues “tsse, tsse -- too bad.” Grins, the go-ahead
to turn everything around, no matter that the elevator tilts
sideways and we’re pelted with doo-doo pooping through
a shaft (open, thanks to Legba, renegade, who never leaves
off punishing his mother, Mawu).
Don’t call me “stick-in-the-mud’
for wanting a safe ride.
My jacket sloshed -- and who’s to pay?

Believe me, I understand “play.” Applaud the child prodigy
of theft. Of course, it was a game. Apollo, God of Sober
Thought, called off his grudge, won over by the lyre.
Poor tortoise. Robbed of his carapace, he was anyone’s
quick meal, and Coyote -- the same who sends his anus out
to hunt and farts between his teeth -- stumbled into turtle
meat. So much for turtle holding up the world.
I tell you we are falling,
falling in whatever . . . worse than
the beginning. Hermes in every mall.

Our benefactors? Forget it. Prometheus, misguided fool . . .
Recall “the road to sin is paved with good intentions?”
Our hero began that trip. Maybe Zeus knew better
than to give his children matches, land mines, and the whole
shebang. That blustering lecher knew the blazing groin,
how politicians ejaculate loaded missiles
to hide ballistic lust.

Now I like a laugh like anyone -- I just don’t get the joke.
Most tricks make me sick. Jael nailing the tent peg
into Sisera’s head -- funny to Yahweh? Save me
from such gods. For divine comedy, turn elsewhere. Maybe
Isis -- vagina panting to an absent penis. Pure Gothic,
Osiris resurrected, all except for that. As for Circe
changing Odysseus’ men to pigs? Pure metaphor!
Trickster thrives on muck to get ahead. Clap, clap!
Wakdjunkaga takes his bow after gorging on -- say, blood-
red wine. Lives better than my uncle, sign-painter, who
couldn’t read signs, worked over-time. Wife . . . Not one child
with his DNA. Died young. “Too honest for his own good,”
Dad said, Dad who wore one suit for years and spotless.
   My mother specialized in cleanliness
   and shame, scrubbed my hair with tar
   soap. “Don’t trust or try. Seeds fail.”

Schlemiel, I flounder on piano keys, stay fixed
on rims of bottles, jars, I cannot turn.
Eyes fasten on a donkey’s tail not there.
Blindfolded naturally. Never any prize.
Couldn’t snatch it no matter. Clumsy, scared of
rules and soft for tears. Everyone pretends he / she
entitled. Everyone has something up that sleeve.
   I wear my father’s suit, cuffs frayed. My scalp
prickles -- too dry.  I wait for seed leaves,
for Krishna and the Gopis.

   Hermes, sweet child, are you listening?

-- Marilyn Jurich

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**Twenty-two to Trick on The Tongue**

1. Chaste rose constrained inribboned swirls
till petaled tongues swell, unfurl
   seducient

2. I see young girls in millennial get-ups
tight to thigh with tripping midriffs
   in their voyeurtogs (or skinnydips)

3. Nap of towel rubs comfy rough
   sopping up drips, caressing tough
   carubulous to skin and hair
4. Ice-cream dribble round a baby's mouth
   is funny, runny, never uncouth
   Call it clowngoo

5. A cat that wriggles on its back
   with whisking tail and raised stomach
   awaits your ticklydoodles

6. For how the chipmunk disappears
   he has no rivals and no peers
   moving segreteasmo

7. The kinds of words that patronize
   dwindle you to lilliputiansize
   consliver

8. A visitor who has over Stayed
   made you confidante and maid
   bortyrannososures

9. She unwraps her mints for the violin cadenza
   rattles her program to Shakespearean stanza
   An absolute dis drattar

10. Those overcome with mortality
    who translate days to fatality
    follow pestitheology

11. A sneeze you stifle in a public hall
    an itch you keep or a cough you stall
    causes manic-repression

12. Inhale the gas from a crowded highway
    Cough, blow out, wave fumes goodbye-way
    Still you are oghast

13. In the allegretto of "The Pastoral Symphony"
    Sunlight reappears as devout epiphany
    ga illumina

14. The waitress who does more than "wait"--
    adapts and substitutes, intimates
    is a food Samaritan

15. Who cares for his poems? He doesn't care
    The title of Poet is what he counts dear
    All his poems composed inchér-moilettes

16. Love, a word extinct today--"commitment;"
    "sex;" "relationship;" no sentiment, content
Revive the antiquated term:
L(lustrare) O(opulentus) V(voluntas) E(excellere)

17. Swallow the svelteness of lush, ripe melon,
the rising gladness and liquidy welcome
Such pleiaditude!

18. “Your clone is ready,” the technician states.
“Shall I mail her, or will you wait?”
Clones sent anthrofax

19. Night sounds rouse to shivery fear
eerie presences panting near--
“Ghoul tap, ghoul tap” in the dark.

20. That moment you tremble before the closed door . . .
What to accept? What ignore?
Bluebeardian dilemma!

21. Our purple tulips long since dead
bronze leaves drape over one stigma head
Sad raithes of flowers

22. She counts my change, “Have a good day.”
“Take care,” he says when I’m on my way.
What do you call these parting phrases--
rose petals or prickly razors?

HERE----------take part, join the play.