January 2018

Three Poems

Devon Balwit
devonbalwit@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/wordhoard

Part of the Digital Humanities Commons, English Language and Literature Commons, Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons, Fiction Commons, Film and Media Studies Commons, Fine Arts Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Philosophy Commons, Poetry Commons, and the Theatre and Performance Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/wordhoard/vol1/iss6/4

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarship@Western. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Word Hoard by an authorized editor of Scholarship@Western. For more information, please contact tadam@uwo.ca.
Post-Operative

The days after kick the day of in the teeth, protective endorphins gone, swelling a technicolor bloom on the surgical field, anesthesia pissed away, narcotics stingy.

The hours are long, your comforters returned home leaving you to creep, alone, towards the next increment. The doctor makes a call, pro forma, protocol says you mustn’t keep him, mustn’t cry, saying instead, like Oates, toes and fingers gone, I am just going out. I may be some time, and disappear into the snow. After, you dust off the deities of childhood, invoking their return, rusty in practice and belief, hoping your current self pitiful enough for condescension. Sibylline, you’ll take anything for a sign.

Hangover
Extraction

Your mouth spills blood in clots, gauze, saliva. We are both of us bleeding, your gums, my bank account, both of us numb, giddy with the unreality of loss. When someone comes to put you under the knife, I look at them with love, expressing with my whole being my certainty that they are the best, the brightest. Even as they quote me fantastical sums, a per-minute wage to make Midas grin, I nod, already writing the check. Only after does the pain bloom, every part of us swollen and tender, our insides bruised as if worked over with an unkind fist. Was it even necessary? We were assured so. To doubt whacks the world like a gong, mistrust ringing outward, a pessimistic tinnitus. We curl up together on the bed, buttressed by pillows, fortified with Percocet and booze, drooling comfort food. In a week, the swelling will shrink, in a year, it will become but an empty pocket, in ten, only the x-ray trace will remain.
A God with Big Titties

“What do I need with Jesus? I got Leora Watts.”
(Hazel Motes from *Wise Blood*)

Anybody tell you about a reward that ain’t here and now, you get shed of ‘em real quick. You need a God with big titties you can squeeze, a body broad as a beach to break against. No angel choirs but ice cubes clinking, the cold glass sluicing drips between your fingers, hooch hammering your head like the apocalypse. We ain’t got nothing on our tail we didn’t sit in. Don’t look ‘round back—ain’t no devil there. Even your shadow would rather snuggle into Leora’s dark places, a hallelujah of funk. The only eternity’s between here and the last second of what you pay for. Leora don’t care what kind of hat you wear, how trouble’s creased your face. She’ll look away until each red-slashed help-wanted crushes to trash then lay her weight right on you, smoothing you almost as good as new. Open her door come morning, and the wind will lift you right up. That’s right. Heavenward.