Three Prose Poems: Unnatural Acts | Easter | St. John the Divine

Anne Elezabeth Pluto
Lesley University, apluto@lesley.edu

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Three Poems
Anne Elezabeth Pluto

Unnatural Acts

Great, great, great grandfather
you lie in ice
layers of Russian
winter, in sleep
I travel miles
countries by foot
to reach the night
of your grave
in the Catholic part
of the cemetery
I dig through
snow, ice, break
my nails to scratch
open the pine box
cracked wooden
ornament of time
its silence startles even
me, and you are there
precious bone wool suit
dried red flowers
mark the space that was
your heart - pearls fused
to gems, a rosary
where I am
the last bead
the end of a long
chain, your marriage
for land, not love
to an Orthodox woman.

I am left
alone, great, great, great
grandfather and pull you
cold, bones to my coat
kiss your teeth, breathe
air, frost into your suit
it swells, flesh
of the man who made
the man who made
the man who made
the woman who gave
the child a heart
to see the dead

through dreams.

I am alive and with
your silvered cross cut open
the space above my heart,
it bleeds through layers
of cotton, wool, silk
I stop time
give you this
my blood of memory, greedy
your bone lips drink
and I watch a man
appear before my eyes.
I say your name
in Russian, Czech, and English

_Simon Peter_

_I will make you_

_a fisher of men._

Your answer, voice of all
my dead, beloved ghosts
Chorus of Belorussian voices
iconostasis of my body
bloom now to me, you know
my name, press my warm
hair to your face. I
am not afraid
and raise you up one step
into the cold snow,
my boots press downward

_I lead you_,

instinct, sense of other life,
not my own, but yours
the light I made from darkness,
I whisper *
across these miles
of love and granite markers.

* _Means both Easter and Sunday in Russian_
Easter

the emerald parlor
remembered, come yourself
to convince me now impose
yourself firm to the
maroon furrow
a single wound of blood
that is my heart.

Interloper, make your mayhem
here, where I have been
miserable - christen me
this burglar
who has stolen time and
time again my sins rise,
duplicate with yours,
a column of white ash,
our own promiscuous rupture
of faith. I will give
you back the way home
assent from the cross
gnaw through me to my bone
and there write beautiful
the names of all
our dead in your salt
milk be my confessor
coax me, plunge sincere
the epistle of silence
handwriting on the wall
and beside me, the cross
lay sown, mount me glaring
move finally bruised
in the disjointed
homily of sex from which
we will abstain, but
not to disappoint, the
long lure of love burns
celestial in the dark
to domesticate the night,
each star numerous
in its power to assail us
now, in our charter of rebirth.
St. John the Divine

Legend has you
the evangelist, the writer
the one who knew both Christ
and the Word.

It is Epiphany
I am a child
in a red wool dress
the black and gold flowers
move against my legs and arms.
They imprison me.

It is Epiphany
your icon burns
as I kiss your mouth
my heart floats beneath the field
of red and black and gold
You are real
and whisper my name
through the glass and jewels.