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APRICORN VS TAURUS // ARIES,,ROE CYCLE

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✿ *For R, with great thanks to Kate*

## THE GOATFISH WET NURSE PLEADS TO THE BULL'S SON

You pour dairy into my belly,  
these briny cheeses, that sour yogurt;

pale avowal that you desire  
my body bovine, maternal, in this way crafting

a mother of your own design. One  
that will remain, heavy with her own weight.

One who will arch over you and  
lick your curls across your forehead,

pungent breath to powder  
your ears, lowing, *Baby, baby, mine, perfect.*

You are only kind to me  
when I am leaving you.

In the beginning you made sure I never  
went hungry, spackled my hollow

cheeks with warm soft cheese and tall glasses  
of cool milk. I told you I missed

keeping goats and you fed me more;  
if I cried you would feed me.

If I cried you said you loved my breasts.  
Called them creamy, as if my breasts were the thing.

## RAMS I

### I.

I drew your mouth on with my lipstick,  
you mentioned a sheep farm. You mentioned  
happiness. We lied to the shepherders.  
We wrote them a letter and we told them lies.

Then there was green light. You  
remembered my body then and forgot  
what, exactly, we were supposed to resume.  
Mmmm, suddenly, your sex outlined in pale linen.

Your sisters are married and  
their children are grown.

Mmmm. Maybe we forgot.  
Maybe we forgot about it.

### II.

You never bruised me.  
I told you that I wish I'd slapped you,  
at least once, I told you that I wished  
I'd broken dishes.  
It would have made me feel grown up.  
I wanted to pretend that we were married.

III.

When we made love I liked  
to put my fingers in the shallows of your  
old wounds, the three shaped like the  
burned buds of young horns and  
carved with purpose into your back.  
To see if you would notice the pressure.  
I don't think you ever did.

No, baby. You never did.

Sometimes I remember your silence when I told you:

*In the dream you said your scars were cancer, and not  
a missing lung.*

## THE GOATFISH WET NURSE

I stick my tongue out in  
perverted ways, like it's  
got too much salt on it,

and then I go quiet,  
enormously, because

I burn my mouth shut  
with salt and I fill my  
shoes with salt to keep  
them clean. My feet.

Behold. I am  
holy.

I suckled your young  
goats with my salt filled  
teats. You watched and  
licked your lips. They coughed,  
the salt seared their throats  
and then their bellies bloated.

You cannot  
love a holy thing  
but you like to think  
a holy thing can love you.

## RAMS II

Let's slaughter the spring lambs,  
let's make room for summer.  
Let's cut off their milk  
and open their necks.

A new covenant requires space.

And you, with a name like yours,  
of course you,  
it was always going to be you.  
If you only  
believed in Yahweh.

There is no ram  
in the bushes to be a  
sacrifice instead of you.  
So I must hold your head  
against the stones  
and give you no more milk.

## THE BULL'S SON

### I.

After the sheep farm she became  
the figure of your bride.

It was summer,  
you still smoked then

and I always loved her teeth.  
They made her ugly.

She had the wedding night.  
But she was uglier I,

and that's what mattered to me.  
O ha ha. O ha ha.

### II.

I know your haunted look after  
long nights of painting bridges.  
Your skin would smell of cancerous metals  
and the fear you loved to feed yourself,

you wouldn't be able to sleep. Your bones  
would jerk inside your muscles. You frightened  
me then, you wanted to harm me, then,  
I would slip out the back door and slowly

scrape earth over earth,  
as if I could bury the earth

with itself, the way I bury  
your body with your body.

III.

Do not weep as women weep, and  
do not weep as men weep, and  
weep no longer as children weep.  
Weep instead as a bull of the desert,  
trodding through broken cities.

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