

Caely McHale

A Circle

First it's a mutation, a glorious event
and then a ripping fragmentation,
a two from one too small, the smallest
folded paper, the fissure, the frayed
edge a visitation, and that's the circle
of it all, baby. I do not domesticate,
and I do not make the rules,
and in this body I will gradually expand
until, eventually, I die.

The Fly

One hundred feet from my window, a voice calls.
Through the long grass, the heather, the enormous rustling.
From one hundred feet away, a voice is faint and sounds like whispers,
though for sure it could be a shout.
Her eyes rest just above an uncertain horizon-line dictated by
how weeds and plants force their strength against the wind, or pounds-heavy fog.
Round, and warm.
I am not afraid of eyes that rest on the horizon.
And I am not afraid of the cheekbones those eyes rest upon more often
than the horizon, rounded like apples, and my mother's cheeks.

Every step to her is a waist-deep sinking into ground uncertain with rain.
I crush extensive and shallow root systems:
the veins that share hot blood between conjoined stalks.
And then she lifts me.
A beautiful fat fly, with a face like my mother's and so many strong legs.
She saves me my destruction and grants me flight, only in her arms, only at night.
I return home with identical holes in both my cheeks, like dimples.
The size of her tubed lips.
And who would I be, not to offer my excess
softness to the god of tall and soft grasses?

A Personal Astrology

- (1) a happy clown, holding flowers, red nose dripping from allergies, gloved hands around a pole
- (2) two prisoners, spooning each other on the back of a horse, black and white stripes crisscrossing
- (3) a camera, draped over the ear of a dolphin, flashing every couple minutes, pointed into the ear canal
- (4) a cameraman, standing next to the dolphin, making sure the camera stays pointed at its target
- (5) two teeth, loose and white, spooning each other on the back of a horse, red nerves crisscrossing
- (6) my mother, holding a crying baby that is not me: I am incredibly jealous
- (7) a crying clown, holding my mother, touching her breast, I am incredibly jealous, that is my mother
- (8) my body without form, the liquid of me sloshing around without a splash guard
- (9) anger, curled up asleep on the head of a tiger, also asleep
- (10) love, who is fucking sadness with so much gusto their orgasm sounds like a cry
- (11) another clown on another dolphin with pierced ears hung with heavy jewels that drag the lobe down
- (12) a smaller carousel, with all the same things on it as the bigger carousel, but better