

Ravishing the Sex into the Hold  
Jessi MacEachern

**MODEL**

## Eyes Were Always Short Cuts Known

Short tense flight catches one's foot. A damask rose,  
or scarcely less bold. In their own cupidity, greetings, jests  
or bowl of darkness night came on pinching.

Hearing the guns confessing their sins the faithless woman

rose &  
sank four more times.

Do we rhapsodise the simple architecture, warmth, & merriment?

These were raindrops eddying & swirling upon the piers & pillars of the man's sex.

Death instantly coloured red. Gradually the flutter seemed fresher.

In perfect French, kissing a girl, the pulse of youth & the sun  
sank. Beyond the crowd, windows were hung  
with yellow. Another tongue made such a welter up & down.

The Princess *plus belle que l'autre*. To praise him provoked such blushes  
transformation took place. Half-conscious air, no English blood, bowl  
of rose, on the ground & then such a howl

in their ears. She gnawed it, eager to come. Quicker & quicker,  
he came opposite

& into the hold.

## **One Sweet Will Agitate a Thousand**

Already trouble enough the whole posse took small doses daily.  
The crumpled silk showed a fine gentleman who would willingly  
run with blood. Servants' asses eased his heart.

The lady bred glow-worms. Agony made evident some bad accident.  
What was said plucked the rose & the painted coats in ermine went to dinner.  
Men & women took contortions & subtleties to the window-seat under the miasma.

A silver key talked hither & thither of solitude.  
Life, documents, both,  
butcher the poet.

Lines are short of such conceits but, above all, poetry was dead.  
Literature uttered protestations. Time passed, & the elephant  
-footed deity swelled. What is love but time?

The dahlia grew thick. When the feasting finished  
their abundance wheeled thorned & intricate. Curiously put together,  
the lady was full of vermin.

## **The Eighteenth Century Is Silent**

The inkpot ceased blushing. The heavenly hierarchy dipped their pen.  
They were only the bodies of ghosts following birds of the heart.

The evergreen rioted & a room dropped to pieces. By the time the men looked  
the garden had been mistaken for women's cheeks.

In the eighteenth century one could try prose. The women were ambling off  
& the sky was changing. The yellow-slashed sky with roseate hue had

had something no one felt. Denial was the difference  
where the men now wrote without dismay

over the climate. Feather after feather slashed into every shrubbery.  
How very few hallow'd words there now were.

What d'you call a shrubbery sea-stained, blood-stained?  
The birds can scarcely keep the heart working.

The garden roots saw the sky writing poetry  
about innumerable little dogs.

The manuscript tried prose  
& ambled off.

## **Bone Was Inferior to Them**

To look more ravishing, trod the grape, & change sex was their blast.

Some slight haziness nearest whatever was worn indifferently by men & women.

Love, a disease, more of foreigners, will yet endure. She went on. He almost threw herself at his willing disposition. He had been told that her God prefers a sunset to a million martyrs. Both were negligible. Their change of sex shattered & bloodstained.

One of themselves on some hill-top, raising her eyes, young, noble, beautiful.

A curious fact, to him alone, that was enough.

## **She Stooped to His Bootstrap Buckles**

The Lord fulfilled his most amorous lady.  
The poor foolish fellow in high feather day after day.  
Suddenly & violently they filled themselves.  
Wine was double faced.

She had fastened thought to spring & followed winter.  
Something of fascination,  
memories of rushing down into obscurity  
to be smothered alive.

The exact opposite.  
Elizabethan sailing ships were unable to follow her. He drew his curtain &  
stooped to fasten thought where peaches ripen.

She was giving birth cold as ice. Catch his body.  
He made the faculty of speech so free we can prove  
what poetry is. His conclusion about love  
began to provide mirrors:

She has two faces which,  
jostling each other,  
write the poem.

## How Sex Swayed & Was Nothing

Showing timidity, both her cheeks  
availed themselves against how sex was dead  
or ready to die. Here she nodded &  
even her bones leant out the yellow coach  
as a woman she had loved sound as a man  
she had been no nice judge as a lover.  
The blowing leaves stripped the satin-coloured scarlet.  
The blowing leaves were asserting themselves  
were a lover's hands free to hurt.

A woman's sex is a highly ambiguous condition  
plainly expressed a woman's sex is difficult to say.

She was as well favoured as he was  
a dancer with the impetuosity of Canute.  
He could paddle his own cnut  
with the Law's permission he availed himself  
against what bones lie upon  
sandy tracts he came upon.  
Clothes are but games of hazard  
& it is clothes that make the skirts

which have slipped

in the death of verse.

## Magic Between Herself & the Light

I.

In the bedroom at last that vast erection still peering in the moonlight. At a touch, the thumb shall lead you in. At a touch something else hung. She was struck.  
A person's life is an open question. Hold these words when seeking  
the self. We knew he had sorrows & joys. Like a shell in her  
absence here the shadows were shocked by the red velvet opera house. Children ran  
out of her mind & her mind began. Their hands  
clasped a green screen. The visible world was a dog's ear twitching.  
Needing another self, the garden blowing, she stood naked.  
Nothing moved between herself & the light.

II.

Through the garden into her mind she was called away.            People buzzed  
& croaked in her ears. Magic returned baring her breast. She was no longer a woman,  
though            she looked like one            powdering herself in the mirror.  
Let the reader have the good humour to slow down.  
Elsewhere, it was already blazing noon  
& we had all forgotten  
the shock of time.

## In the Hollow Writing & Thinking

I.

Read in the space                      the wedding ring  
sullen & foreign looking, long      in coming

A deep sigh had fluttered through a whole year  
slipping out of the telegraph wires

The fountains were falling over the pages  
the royalties had arrived

II.

Any rose awaiting the kingfisher talks nonsense  
& any prayer or denial tries to come

like a child  
upon the spirit

love's slipping

Human beings alone  
never felt better



## **A Lover Could Not Name Language**

Men of genius came over her. Other people said, finally, nothing. A few accusations against the page remained. A foolish wretch poured out tea. Truth beat upon every part. Now, women are alone. Now, women are the architecture. Whatever their occupation, women are but monstrous growths. A white haze takes her levity through the sky; skilled housekeepers peer & grope. Once, a company assembled in the mall. Once, a corpse had no real profundity. I've heard nothing, she said. Both gentlemen stopped pouring out tea. Being somewhat deaf she said, I've heard nothing. Her illusion revived. A moment in utter darkness had cut their throats. Her sex was constantly alight, so very bright. The poor girl's Kitty Rose opened in utter darkness ladies may fidget. Kitty Rose taught her this.

## **A Lover Could Remain Both**

She could not help but rise. Her companions became great men being slowly opened by the teeth. The poet's knees flushed. Still more rash, the biographer apostrophised the Queen's temper. Every woman was apostrophising the usual divinities.

Every woman knew how the future aged the critics. They required the teeth of these great men. With cheeks like a wave, they became a man as women do.

When night came, a myriad stars gazed & gazed on he who twisted. He became their bounty when night came with his pen so quick to stir a ripple & curve. Beast & flood decorated the room all women desire  
is night.

Now they, so very bright-cheeked, opened all her joy. She could not help the blind drinking. She rose; her sex changed. If I, who now rise, think of taffeta,  
a turbulent welter—

What remains?

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MODEL PRESS 2021

Toronto/Tkaronto, for now

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