

Mother Earth at the bar

ANNA SWANSON

Truth be told, sometimes she gets bored
of the bowing down, all that blessing her
with gentle hands. Come night
she wants to wade through a mess of hips and eyes
in her finest leather and she wants to wear it
live: horns, hooves and fury intact.
She wants to walk into a bar
the way some people walk into a swamp—
everything pushes against you in the dark
and no one cares *who* you are.
Just for one night she doesn't want to hear
voluptuous, fertile, abundant.
She wants someone to walk up to her
like a forest fire. Say to her:
You fine fat bitch of a woman,
I hope you like it up the ass.