

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Avra Elliott: Three Poems

Avra Elliot · Tuesday, November 22nd, 2022

### A Wedding to End the World

the couple declared after billboards  
 scheduled a corresponding apocalypse.  
*Hey Paco Lips*, they call the cat hiding  
 claim him as a first born, and mambo  
 to music played by gut strings. It's strange,  
 the way the animals behave  
 with salmon skies and bruised mountains,  
 roadrunners eat bats for last supper,  
 foxes bark with the neighbors' abandoned  
 lab. Guests leave when the tornado  
 sirens begin, and the groom makes a joke  
 about hurricane season being over. Alone  
 beneath a wind beaten canopy, the newlyweds  
 eat cake, sand swirls crusted into icing,  
 unpleasant sugar. The groom  
 says they are safe, because the beasts would  
 flee if this turbulent sky meant the end.  
 The bride knows better, they will all embrace  
 the inevitable, she cracks  
 the earth with her heels and plays  
 her part in the destruction.

\*

### Black Holes

-After "Black Hole Blues" by Janna Levin

When we listened to the universe  
 our ears were bent by a black hole  
 we were compressed, imploded,  
 collapsed upon ourselves with recent grief  
 for every star. A pin prick. Pain in our sky.

A woman in black leather plays  
the sound of a black hole eating  
another shadow. A man you interview  
speaks of exploring Mars, and you imagine  
him exploring. You've collapsed on yourself.

*It isn't the death you'd imagine,  
the attractive woman in leather  
pants says, You aren't sucked  
in, you are bent around.*

Bismuth lights. That's how you imagine  
it. The blue of your first crush's eyes  
the purple of your prose, the pink.  
The woman is in red, and black  
holes. Soles of leather boots, click

a new image. *This is a graph  
of measured waves.* It comes  
that way, this feeling, of cosmic  
unmooring. The wanting to be  
sucked into shadows and crushed

*no one knows  
what's on the other side  
she says, there could be entry  
to other universes.  
We may never  
have these firsts again.*

(originally published in *Quarter After Eight*)

\*

## Freya's Pussy

He stole it twice,  
once on our wedding night,  
again when I'd left, so now  
my chariot runs crooked  
missing my favorite cat  
and his blue eyes.

It is said virginity is a construct  
in which case he only stole the cat.  
And not even that.

He will return. They all do. It all does.

A black kitten tries to nurse

my swollen breast. Another territory  
he once claimed. Now that I share  
they are once more and always have been  
mine.

Goddess of fertility and lust  
I was married when I was pregnant  
I say with a wink. A love child.  
An opening added to my body  
when she kicked out like a little god.

I'll teach her  
to love her wants  
and guard her loves.

This entry was posted on Tuesday, November 22nd, 2022 at 8:21 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a  
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.