

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Celeste Goyer: Two Poems

Celeste Goyer · Thursday, October 29th, 2015

Poet and visual artist Celeste Goyer lives in San Luis Obispo, California. Recent featured readings include the Corners of the Mouth series, 100 Thousand Poets for Change, and the 2014 San Luis Obispo Poetry Festival. She edited Mind in Motion magazine, a literary quarterly, for fourteen years and hosted a monthly reading series, “Poets and Storytellers at the Wise Owl”, in Cambria.

Books in development include her first collection and a book of collaborations with the poet James Cushing. Her artwork will appear in *Aperçus Quarterly* 4.3.

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### Aphrodite Operates

Doctor, I saw your ad today.  
Well actually my husband had it taped  
to the refrigerator this morning  
in the cold light of orange juice.

It seems he thinks I need to know  
about something you do there  
called vaginal rejuvenation.  
Doctor....Doctor, I hate to bother you  
but could you explain this to me.  
Is it kind of like a face lift, or what.  
Doctor, I'm 57.  
I gave him three children  
and whatever else he wanted.  
There's some wear and tear  
but Doctor it still works,  
I mean it gives back  
what you put in anyway.

Doctor, I don't feel honored right now.  
I'm serious, I'm starting to get angry.  
But what really puzzles me,  
to be honest, I mean your picture  
was there in the paper and  
I've just been wondering how a woman

could pronounce such a phrase.  
 Doc, I think maybe you need to get out  
 more in the fresh air. You're stuck  
 like a knife in those icy corridors.  
 Your photograph looks efficient,  
 but it doesn't look nice, Doc.

You know what,  
 now that I think about it,  
 never mind the appointment.  
 This is sounding more like a do-it-yourself  
 type of operation to me. Now that I've got  
 my lightning and my Aphrodite sword  
 all warmed up, I'll slice myself a bigger slash—  
 one big enough to let in all the power of the earth  
 and let out all the light of the universe.

It's going to be a high voltage danger zone  
 of dazzling beauty when I get finished down there.  
 I'll let you know if he survives,  
 or if he shrivels up like a frazzled tomato.

And while I'm at it, a lot of other walls  
 are going to fall. You know how it is  
 with remodeling, one damn thing  
 just leads to another.

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## Why Not Make an Artist Book

why not make an artist book  
 out of pressed and folded artists  
 they hate this  
 and emit a special corrosive  
 fluid perfect for etching  
 wrinkles deeper

it's really a reference book  
 but you walked out  
 with it anyway  
 the heaviest title ever  
 assembled in  
 the history of art  
 fifty-nine thousand  
 bottles and counting  
 not to mention the  
 lead— dark blue  
 and sodden as clouds

it is perilous to carry such  
bombs into sunlit rooms  
where people actually  
believe in breathing

the stale beer and tears  
leak out onto the tiles  
do not launch  
small craft here  
say the signs  
tooth-picked on shore  
do not swim  
these are reservoirs  
where the artists  
drowned their hopes  
for normal love  
and the submerged  
obstacles are intense  
whole towns with pointy roofs  
where nothing ever did  
finally happen  
beyond disaster drills

oh yes of course  
some paintings crawled up  
gasping to dry  
and await rescue

the artist himself  
did not emerge

we asked his dog  
who sat on a chimney  
cleaning the flotsam  
from his paws  
with tensed teeth  
but he was looking  
only forward

for once  
the warning signs  
spoke truly  
keep your knees together  
and your feet off the floor

there's stuff running around  
tricky to identify  
but even out of the corner  
of your eye you are certain

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curiosity has fainted

and your ankles  
are hyperventilating  
crossing themselves  
and looking for ever  
higher chairs

I'll tell you why not

*(author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher)*

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