

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Eva Lipton-Ormand: Three Poems

Eva Lipton-Ormand · Wednesday, May 26th, 2021

love crowns gently

moving into transition
 time is cotton-muffled
 yip-yapping somewhere in the background
 but held by earth squat succor
 mindfulness – there is no moment with which to be more present
 than when these beings want to push their way into existence
 and it will never be the same
 as your heart moves into deep sea exposure
 to hold space for the most precious thing
 you will ever be responsible for
 Children

the act can be forceful, raw, rude
 mucus membranes might sustain lacerations from repetitive friction
 sugar rush to heroin rush to sex rush
 dopamine rules because we only consist of chemistry
 arpeggiated slur – love – love
 love

love

love

it's when the submarine drops and sinks deeper
 and it's the undertow you feel and
 there's a foundation to keep you in place
 that time stands still
 not in child birthing fashion
 love birthing is rose petal soft
 imperceptible but for the sigh of a shift
 Lovers

smiling is a learned act to dispel the ache
 challenge always – never ending battle
 maligned too often, marginalized continuously
 bereft, unbeknownst to her
 until the tears rush

on a wine filled, moonful night
 and loneliness doubles the pain
 with bootstrap-iron will
 donned like a superhero cloak
 perhaps in another decade
 – oh so gently –
 she will birth
 Self

*

Karneval prohibition

They're urging the Volk to do without the official start of Karneval
 in Cologne 11/11 at 11:11

This virus is spreading like wildfire
 with the insidious bite of Zyklon B given in just enough of a dose
 to taint the skin but not to make it fester
 Poison seeps in more effectively when introduced incrementally
 that's how arsenic is administered – to makes horses' coats shine
 how lead seeps into little ones in the disenfranchised parts
 and decimates the geisha's face from decades of application

May the SS rogues appropriate it once again
 we'll see how Germania reacts to opposing parties hanging off each tit
 they're using the terminology of war
 western sensibility demands it

How would in less militaristic terms
 a call to arms look?
 A cloud of bats approaches, don masks, and let them pass gently
 for we have stolen their habitat

*

real ballerinas

they look frail but are strong
 tendon and muscle pop out through parchment skin
 spinous processes form landmarks
 anatomy students would revel to use as mnemonics
 don't do sit-ups on the bare floor or the bruises will show
 no officer, not domestic abuse
 but when even at your most anorexic
 you don't meet the criteria for the ballet body
 the odds are against you
 and "we're not in the wild west," where bulk counts for more
 that's for modern dancers, ugly duckling ballerinas

real ballerinas
were Kafka's starving artists who stood in the wings
pawned off to Degas-white-fat-men
girls pimped by their destitute mothers



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