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Nativity Love Song

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Nativity Love Song

Skinbag of bones
at a backchurch graveyard,
where we drove to
fuck, while bruised December
sits low, slips past us and
swallowed by the St. Clair river,
the month chewed up and spat out
in great peninsulas of ice floe on the water.

Your car's the only one on Vine Street
parked towards the back on a cemetery's lawn.
A church sign next to my window, reads,
LIVE! YOU ARE GOD'S CHILDREN
over Trinity's Christmas nativity
as though hushholding
still
it's nightly creatures
like crude moonbaby dreams,
dim in the light of plastic eyes
Mother, Joseph, and Child
awake in the snow.

They are quiet.
My lashes are fluttering over your eyelids,
finding the spoon-dip in your clavicle
moving like

tish, tish, tish,

you're supposed to hold your breath in graveyards,
I don't
And you think it feels little earthquakes.
for how it rustles the uneven sprouts of hair
curling at the back of your neck because

your hair's always cut short,
as though defiant of your breasts
as though you are Adam rather than Eve.

I think that it's beautiful,
My lips open against the skin
under your colic,
my mind open to
drumbeat-dreams of shaved heads.
Dreams of naked scalps,
the curve of bone and then the knot
at the base of the skull, white like an onion
at the top of the
nape of the
neck.
the skin underneath your hair
Exposed,
As if it could mean something,
could help me uncover you,
find you and enter the garden,
as if our reprise
never happened.

As if I can soothe the spaces
between our limbs contorting in your car;
the spaces between death sitting under the tread of your tires
and life in your backseat.

You say you want to create something which will never create someone
who will die,
be another someone to bury underneath stone
in Trinity's graveyard
dead men and women with their hair still growing in their coffins
growing up even above ground, knotted
in the damp earth
rotting under the snow

you say this and reach towards me
ribbons of muscle
glowing from the tenuous bow
of the nativity figures' faint light
caste over bodies clasped and buoyant,
coarse over the sinews

of your body
on top of my body,
bold as brutality.

and
You are reborn
you are reborn
you are reborn
you are reborn
you are reborn
you are reborn
you are reborn
now

And it is only then, as
it is finished,
when you wipe your thumb
against my passenger window,
that I see new
through the fogged glass;
see the tombstones, fixed faces of mother, father, and son,
their eclipsed battery forms,
coils of plastic eyes
now pooling light
upon our Eden-fallen
tangles,

and next to my window, I
read new the church sign's message
rupturing dark
against all the white
of snow,

of skin, and your
Celica.

Black lettering which once was
LIVE! YOU ARE GOD'S CHILDREN
has been rearranged, so that when I read
GOD EVIL CHILDREN YOU ARE!
I think that it's true,
oh God, I think that it's true and want to cry or maybe
pray or

laugh
and instead,
grab my winter coat
from the backseat
tucking you in it

as though to cover you,
wrap you
as in swaddling clothes.

The lights of the
nativity scene flickering up
as dusk trails around us,
baby Jesus and his blind
irises open under the black script,
his white scalp peeled
like a moon