

# The Goose

---

Volume 14  
No. 2 *Tenth Anniversary Issue*


Article 35

---

3-1-2016

## Gory

Ariel Gordon  
*Winnipeg International Poetry Factory*

 Part of the [Literature in English, North America Commons](#), [Nature and Society Relations Commons](#), [Place and Environment Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)  
Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres:  
<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

---

### Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Gordon, Ariel. "Gory." *The Goose*, vol. 14, no. 2, article 35, 2016,  
<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol14/iss2/35>.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

## Gory

“Forget diamonds. Forget bronze  
and cryogenics. Plastics  
are built to last, as bodies are  
to fall apart.”

—from “Seas” by Erin Robinsong, in *The Goose*, Vol. 13, Issue 2

I got my period twice this month. I told all the men  
I work with. They have a leaky collection of wives & daughters  
but each of them grimaced. I left work in darkness  
& the horizon was all reds  
& oranges. The internet said the atmosphere was soaked  
with dust & moisture. The internet made off-colour jokes about PMS  
but spammed me with coupons for tampons. Once, during a long staff meeting,  
I bled through my pants. A female co-worker covered for me  
but it was like I had a rare steak between my legs.  
Forget diamonds. Forget bronze

anniversaries: find a spouse who knows  
his way around the feminine hygiene & ethnic foods aisles,  
full of dubious packages. Make him have acrobatic sex—with you—  
while you’re bleeding, his groin daubed with an entire tube  
of Venetian Red. Don’t laugh,  
but I still have two chubs of breast milk  
in the freezer, next to tidily-wrapped beef bones  
& pre-made pie crusts. My daughter thinks it’s weird, but I can’t think  
of a good reason to throw them out, given death  
& cryogenics. (Plastics

injected into my veins, my tired head in a jar.)  
Except breast milk is both site-specific antibodies & downloaded  
flame retardants. And evidence of my one year of breeding  
versus thirty years of bleeding. Tonight, in the bath,  
I realized I was making woman-broth,  
seasoned with scent-free  
deodorant & spiral arteries. It was warm  
& comforting. I'm okay with menopause. I thought I'd be okay  
with going grey, but white pubic hairs are like tiny garrottes that  
are built to last, as bodies are

built to fail. My mother has tumbled down the stairs  
in each of my houses. Both times, she smiled grimly at me  
from the bottom-most stair, the same face she made when she said,  
"Sweetheart, you have to wrap your maxi-pads better,  
bury them deeper  
in the bathroom garbage." At fifteen, my dad would point to me  
in grocery store checkouts. "They're for her," he'd stammer  
from behind the cart. I badly wanted  
to shout "Women bleed! No need  
to fall apart."

**ARIEL GORDON** is a Winnipeg writer. Her second collection of poetry, *Stowaways*, won the 2015 Lansdowne Prize for Poetry. When not being bookish, Ariel likes tromping through the woods and taking macro photographs of mushrooms.