

# Trickster's Way

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## Two Poems

Marilyn Jurich

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## *Two Poems*

**Marilyn Jurich**

### **Minding the Trickster**

He / she makes me angry -- this fellow / gal and how  
everyone winks an eye, turns his / her butt.  
Tongues "tsse, tsse -- too bad." Grins, the go-ahead  
to turn everything around, no matter that the elevator tilts  
sideways and we're pelted with doo-doo pooping through  
a shaft (open, thanks to Legba, renegade, who never leaves  
off punishing his mother, Mawu).

Don't call me "stick-in-the-mud"  
for wanting a safe ride.  
My jacket sloshed -- and who's to pay?

Believe me, I understand "play." Applaud the child prodigy  
of theft. Of course, it was a game. Apollo, God of Sober  
Thought, called off his grudge, won over by the lyre.  
Poor tortoise. Robbed of his carapace, he was anyone's  
quick meal, and Coyote -- the same who sends his anus out  
to hunt and farts between his teeth -- stumbled into turtle  
meat. So much for turtle holding up the world.

I tell you we are falling,  
falling in whatever . . . worse than  
the beginning. Hermes in every mall.

Our benefactors? Forget it. Prometheus, misguided fool . . .  
Recall "the road to sin is paved with good intentions?"  
Our hero began that trip. Maybe Zeus knew better  
than to give his children matches, land mines, and the whole  
shebang. That blustering lecher knew the blazing groin,  
how politicians ejaculate loaded missiles  
to hide ballistic lust.

Now I like a laugh like anyone -- I just don't get the joke.  
Most tricks make me sick. Jael nailing the tent peg  
into Sisera's head -- funny to Yahweh? Save me  
from such gods. For divine comedy, turn elsewhere. Maybe  
Isis -- vagina panting to an absent penis. Pure Gothic,  
Osiris resurrected, all except for that. As for Circe  
changing Odysseus' men to pigs? Pure metaphor!

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Trickster thrives on muck to get ahead. Clap, clap!  
Wakdjunkaga takes his bow after gorging on -- say, blood-  
red wine. Lives better than my uncle, sign-painter, who  
couldn't read signs, worked over-time. Wife . . . Not one child  
with his DNA. Died young. "Too honest for his own good,"  
Dad said, Dad who wore one suit for years and spotless.  
My mother specialized in cleanliness  
and shame, scrubbed my hair with tar  
soap. "Don't trust or try. Seeds fail."

Schlemiel, I flounder on piano keys, stay fixed  
on rims of bottles, jars, I cannot turn.  
Eyes fasten on a donkey's tail not there.  
Blindfolded naturally. Never any prize.  
Couldn't snatch it no matter. Clumsy, scared of  
rules and soft for tears. Everyone pretends he / she  
entitled. Everyone has something up that sleeve.  
I wear my father's suit, cuffs frayed. My scalp  
prickles -- too dry. I wait for seed leaves,  
for Krishna and the Gopis.

Hermes, sweet child, are you listening?

-- Marilyn Jurich

## Twenty-two to Trick on The Tongue

1. Chaste rose constrained in ribboned swirls  
till petaled tongues swell, unfurl  
seducient
2. I see young girls in millennial get-ups  
tight to thigh with tripping midriffs  
in their voyeur togs (or skinnydips)
3. Nap of towel rubs comfy rough  
sopping up drips, caressing tough  
carubulous to skin and hair

4. Ice-cream dribble round a baby's mouth  
is funny, runny, never uncouth  
Call it clowngoo
5. A cat that wriggles on its back  
with whisking tail and raised stomach  
awaits your ticklydoodles
6. For how the chipmunk disappears  
he has no rivals and no peers  
moving segreteamo
7. The kinds of words that patronize  
dwindle you to lilliputiansize  
consliver
8. A visitor who has overstayed  
made you confidante and maid  
bortyrannosoures
9. She unwraps her mints for the violin cadenza  
rattles her program to Shakespearean stanza  
An absolute disdrattar
10. Those overcome with mortality  
who translate days to fatality  
follow pestitheology
11. A sneeze you stifle in a public hall  
an itch you keep or a cough you stall  
causes manic-repression
12. Inhale the gas from a crowded highway  
Cough, blow out, wave fumes goodbye-way  
Still you are oghast
13. In the allegretto of "The Pastoral Symphony"  
Sunlight reappears as devout epiphany  
gaillumina
14. The waitress who does more than "wait"--  
adapts and substitutes, intimates  
is a food Samaritan
15. Who cares for his poems? He doesn't care  
The title of Poet is what he counts dear  
All his poems composed in chère-moillettes
16. Love, a word extinct today--"commitment,"  
"sex," "relationship," no sentiment, content

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Revive the antiquated term:

L(lustrare) O(opulentus) V(voluntas) E(excellere)

17. Swallow the svelteness of lush, ripe melon,  
the rising gladness and liquid welcome  
Such pleiaditude!
18. "Your clone is ready," the technician states.  
"Shall I mail her, or will you wait?"  
Clones sent anthrofax
19. Night sounds rouse to shivery fear  
eerie presences panting near--  
"Ghoultap, ghoultap" in the dark.
20. That moment you tremble before the closed door. . .  
What to accept? What ignore?  
Bluebeardian dilemma!
21. Our purple tulips long since dead  
bronze leaves drape over one stigma head  
Sad raithes of flowers
22. She counts my change, "Have a good day."  
"Take care," he says when I'm on my way.  
What do you call these parting phrases--  
rose petals or prickly razors?
- HERE-----take part join the play.