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## [anne poem #1] // Prayers for Vagabond

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# [anne poem #1]

Anne loved with deer hooves  
in her stomach; since the country-  
side she knew her first sex  
had been stolen away; she loved  
with flies circling her stomach;  
a miniature death all over again,  
looking at him.

She was thrust into the country-  
side & there were the dogs bark-  
ing with clenched teeth, & the shatt-  
ered mornings during which she  
was the only one awake.

The boys asked of her, in the orch-  
ards, *when o when will you  
touch me* & she could not help  
it, *when o when will you hold  
my softest breasts—I am tired but I  
am ready!*

LOISA FENICHELL

# Prayers for Vagabond

I.

When Achilles fell in love with me I wanted  
not to kill myself but die with my stomach  
blown straight through in violence of crashing like cars.  
Achilles with his hair that sagged like my breasts: our ways  
of returning back to this earth. My breasts dragged  
across the skin of earth, which is why they bruised  
to bone & back, but still this was the only way  
I could know how to survive like herds of planets.

II.

I know that my mother loves me even when I  
cannot return this love because she will drive  
to me at 3 a.m., touch blow light gentle against  
my cheeks, then yell at me like the spots festering  
white sprays of mucus down my throat.

III.

Picture god's leap of moon through my mother's bedroom walls.  
I visit my mother & am surprised when she does not strangle me  
like the heel of Achilles, who still loves me. How can I  
separate him from my mother. There is never music  
in my mother's house. The silence is constant & buzzing

like the headaches that I used to get when I was young  
& sitting by cold rolls of saltwater.

IV.

Gold wheat bombards itself through my mother's kitchen window.  
7 a.m. I am only 1 of 2 awake in my mother's house. The fridge  
is shined & opening like the uprising of a new country.  
Out the window still rests Achilles & he is teaching me to beg.