

1992

Inescapable Rhythms

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Inescapable Rhythms - The Hill Dance: 1991

I

Hearing demons' wanton riffing
On common custom's drum
Summoned fear of Anita.

II

I was a palled crowd:
Roll was called
And we were all Anitas.

III

Anita stared at our sun eclipsed.
Drawn, the blind closed eyed from Enlightenment.

IV

The light on the shadow
Is sleight.
The light on the shadow on Anita
Is sleight.

V

I cannot tell which I fear more,
Her prospects glossed by history
Or his story glossed by her prospects,
Anita, object
Or objective.

VI

Precedent warned hidden children
Searched their caves for stones.
The body of Anita,
Closing, gorged the mouths.
The dark,
Dammed by her presence,
Eroded legendary faults.

VII

Mute women of Mansee,
When will you reclaim your telling voice?
Why, now regaled with 'Ah-NEE-Tahh;
Do her namesakes nod
Like those close to the campfire?

VIII

I tell stories both ways -
By rote or, freed from myth's obligations;
Though I can't tell,
Since Anita, where love lies
By which I tell.

IX

When Anita stopped the first stone
... So masked a tone -
The rotted apple, dropping.

X

To submit "Anita"
(Written so we'll read it),
Rewrite in our philology;
Remit to: HISTORY.

XI

He'd sit fondling old goddesses
Through the long nights.
One, he groped lewdly
Till her blindfold slipped
And stripped, those eyes he met exposed
Anita's.

XII

Nee-rivals / now-brothers,
Anita-mongers broker.

XIII

Watch resisters move to the drum.
Watch the law slur.
Now, watch voyeurs making law
Anita-proof
Prove its misrule-rules.

Linda Silance Dixon
(Patterned after Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird.")