

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Laurel Ann Bogen: Five Poems

Laurel Ann Bogen · Wednesday, January 28th, 2015

Laurel Ann Bogen is the author of ten books of poetry and short fiction, including *Washing a Language*; *Fission*; *The Last Girl in the Land of the Butterflies* and *Rag Tag We Kiss*. In 2016 Red Hen Press will publish *All of the Above: New and Selected Poems 1975-2015*. She is a recipient of the Pacificus Foundation's Curtis Zahn Poetry Prize, two awards from the Academy of American Poets and a 2011 Pushcart Prize nomination. Her work has appeared in over 100 literary magazines and anthologies including *The Maverick Poets*, *California Poetry from the Gold Rush to the Present*, *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry*, *Stand Up Poetry*.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Narrow Beds

The spare honest lines  
of my girlhood intersect  
with wood and linen  
Corners neatly tucked  
I dreamt alone  
with a radio  
under my pillow  
to ease the nightly terrors  
Vampires sucked the dark  
Death coaxed slyly  
like Southern Comfort

I dreamt alone  
long legs became longer  
sinew and joint extended  
Terror shifted from vertebrae to groin  
The womb drummed insistently  
rapists scuttled from street lamps

I hunted boundaries  
chanted pregnant lists  
of lovers and college lecturers  
clocked the seconds  
from impulse to scream

slept in sheets of wild control

The demarcation of form —  
 bed, body, dream —  
 the weight of cloth  
 bore me down

There was a limit  
 a finite space  
 my body could not slip away.

\*\*\*

## (Avalanche)

(my secret name)

frozen tundra glints  
 in moonlight  
 as precise

as this

icicle

while fault lines slash  
 dissident crags into mountains  
 and the Gestapo  
 waits outside the window  
 in the snow  
 with its dogs

(will you say it?)

\*\*\*

## The Mother's Room

and this too is me  
 the dull sheen of purple jersey  
 daughter as crone  
 and behind that door  
 the mother's room  
 unknown women tend her  
 blonde mother of the plains  
 silent girls offer reflections to kiss  
 a cord to my abdomen glistens and throbs

and she spins that cord  
 and she spins and she twists  
 and when she is old  
 she spins  
 and when she is dead  
 she spins

\*\*\*

## The Power Lines Are Down

Current spilling into current  
 I am cross-wired  
 aborted energy  
 mad with voltage  
 I flash neon signals

Love me  
 you

Fool  
 I spill all crazy  
 the fusion  
 of teashops and suicides  
 coming and going  
 without shieldings

Meltdown  
 meltdown  
 whalebone and garter  
 I will not be confined  
 by steel casings  
 or wedding rings  
 my name is preceded  
 by a warning —  
 the power lines are down  
 love me

\*\*\*

## Vulnerable Street

You have no idea  
 but gear and shift  
 engine ramming the dark  
 the moon has no lock  
 as you race down Vulnerable Street

in the twilight  
 your hair flies like an exclamation  
 forgive me it wails  
 such consideration  
 is the stuff of barricades  
 the cinderblocks I stack  
 one by one  
 against you

---

*Author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher*

This entry was posted on Wednesday, January 28th, 2015 at 5:27 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.