

## **Nourish Her Violently**

**by Robyn Leigh Lear**

I feed her a mixture of lilacs, rose petals, violent wasps,  
and sacred disease; and she shits out a garden of Eden.

There is an ancient magic lingering in her eyelashes,  
and a new bend in the willow of her spine.

*Perhaps the bending is natural.*

*Perhaps the bending is unnatural.*

I give her flowers and a sumptuous snake—emerald  
Encrusted—so she might know that life is lived inside young green.

She gives me an elixir made of venomous poison lilies.  
If I touch it to my eyes I feel blindness.

If I touch it to my lips I taste pain,  
and if I bathe in it I become light.

*Perhaps the bleeding is natural.*

*Perhaps the bleeding is unnatural.*

She paints my skin with pyrite dust so I can  
converge with both mud and sun in a

candescent dance between being and time.

I can see the pleasures of Eden—taste the salt of the earth.

She tells me to kiss raindrops, and so I kiss raindrops.  
I never challenge her. She—the bending river where ghosts escape.

*Perhaps the fear is unnatural.*

*Perhaps the fear was never natural.*