

STAYING ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
ALONG OLD COUNTRY ROAD ON RT 199
TALKING TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS,
IMAGINARY FRIENDS,
AND MYSELF

By Giovanna Coppola

i'm going 30 in a 55 mile zone cutting grass with tire teeth

i'm thinking of stories and more stories and there's nothing to do

the curve runs 90 degrees and then 20 to the left and it's midnight and

venus and cars are far away and a UFO sits in the mountains of pine plains

now carlo is in the front seat and we argue in Italian and i let the dialect flow through and i tell him that no one told me anything that i didn't know anything and i growl and wave my hands and he tells me, no it's not true

with two lovers in the back seat they smile through the rear view mirror and they say yes it is true, you baby

and then i'm alone and i think of a violent deer crashing through the windshield her tongue sliding along my cheek kissing me until we both die, but it's midnight and my car moves forward and chuggles on the gas and winds and twists my body pulsing to its beat

and now i think to myself fuck this big bang i'm going to eat it

instead of dreaming in the car i'm going to stick my foot out the window and flash my cunt to the extraterrestrial bringing them down to get me give me a story a story besides this dark road

i want the colored lights i want the flashes i want the bright phosphorescent sun turning my hair black

i want my pores to swell bigger than my head to drink this ground water on route 199 make this dirt my home so i can get the hell out of here and meet the volcano bed where i was made

and i want to dance my body until i bleed from all three of my eyes and taste and drink and suck and spew the pomegranate fire from my face

i want you to feel me i want to let me take off my clothes because it's summertime it's hot humid 100 degrees fahrenheit in the middle of the night and i feel good

and sometimes, a lot of times, i have to remind myself that

i'm a goddess not a mary and that i love to love

and i'm tired of sitting in my car talking to all my secret selves torturing myself
with unforgiveness and feeling guilty with my momma's eyes my old lovers'
eyes and some of my child characters eyes telling myself that i've been a tainted
tawdry tempestuous tease but no i say now there is no such thing
i'm ready to come without an explosion and explode without a sound a gradual
ease to make my body appease the temperature that is coming up out of me

i'm boiling i'm steaming i got this sun inside of me that is dying to see and feel
something besides the cold blu room

i'm a baby i'm a bird i'm a sister in a catholic school uniform
shuffling tarot cards and bleeding the pew i'm a cat sitting up in a tree reading
spiderman comics i'm a piano teacher playing the flute while eating white grapes
i'm a fifty year old woman playing tennis with navy seals i'm a mermaid

i'm a lover and i'm a beast
and i want you to look at me and know
that i'm not afraid of my fucking desire
anymore

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