

Heather Sommer:

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She grew up in Wisconsin.

Black Box

First a colander -- matte steel,
the kind you hold in one hand by its long handle.
That's where my bulge came from.

Then a tea infuser: chainlink, tiny joints.
Easier than the colander, it came.
I thought the worst was over.

They said we'd go to the hospital.
The driver drove. From the backseat,
faceless, someones shouted interruptions.

I bled. Scalpels, specula, barbed wire.
Each tore a trail out, sliced a trail out.
We spoke the same language then we didn't.

We do not listen to the recording because ghosts ---
We do not listen to the recording because of ghosts.
We do not listen to the black box because ghosts ---
We do not listen to the black box because of ghosts.

I can feel each drop and writhe.
This has already happened.
Saw, crowbar, railroad ties.
Blood, no rust in me, just *massacre*.
Retractor, trocar: easier
if I spread,
easier to rend soft flesh to shreds
than to pushpushpushpush
the needles out.
Injection. Made me sick,
made me sick like an inoculation

except this will happen.
This has happened.
Nothing remains but this.

Everything wanted out, found out.
I don't know how it got in.
Maybe it was placed there.
Maybe it was placed there.
Maybe I became a junkyard.
I nails, scissors, screws.
Maybe I became treasure.
Maybe I was finally treasured.

We do not listen to the recording because ghosts ---
We do not listen to the recording because of ghosts.
We do not listen to the black box because ghosts ---
We do not listen to the black box because of ghosts.

What did you put in me?
What did you put in me?
What voice or broom handle or dick did you shove into me?
Who will find my little black box? Who will listen?

Eulogy

Window-glassing, passing like Pluto
out of everyone's vocabulary--
that hush after your name
when no one believes you've gone.

Windows want to be adored,
everything hinges on lack:
you shore when drunk, col
lapse, carve a haze. Radiate --

you're only that visible anyway,
storm siren. In case of emergency
eat glass -- swallow salt -- leech:
I, your favorite position,
breach.