



Desarraiga by John Elkerr
10.5" x 14"
Ink on paper

SEX WITH JANE

always a big tree behind you attached to a wall floor ceiling lurching in the wind, swung between reverses of smoked corn tassel hair (somewhere in here Neruda burns his poems). desperate song your body and I am shattered impudence, my cock useless, headless, in your constant illumination of spit. my semen could only be rust in you, mumbling, mumbling neon-green Magellan mares leaping moons in your eyes. in missionary, why am I always floating over Chinese urns, Valencian arches, ducktaped bundles of the letters you never answer. "no, no, no," you hurrywhisper, "don't – don't move, you are a tree root, way-way down." and I am cold, never any blankets, no blister of darkness across the wood floor to the naked mattress, your island above a canary store. inside, stung and sworn to insiderness, your arctic explorer among uncountable fingers and fixed on a patch of glowing ice, I wait for the early weather of your orgasm to take shape and fire the first crack across the ice.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry