



Sister Jesus by John Elkerr
22" x 30"
Colored ink and oil pastel on paper

WOMAN IN THE SISTER JESUS TEE

down trance velds of kissing hair—
Pursley, Ghost Orchid, Caper Bush—to
the regal fig breathing and surrounded
by breath: if only I had the seven blue
tongues of Hallucinogenia, I would give
them all to you. to your long legs,
raybans tinted for the Resurrection,
Sister Jesus tee ripped open, left nipple
kissed with a golden ring: this is the
burgeoning, manganese planet we draw
around ourselves, surrounded by the
echolations of miscreant bats. to a Cape
Jasmine abyss of coming, to the
unhinged mazurka you sing under a
molten sky, to deadpan stares of
nuthatches and mulga trees swarming
with drooze-eyed naiads: may I listen to
your belly for as long as words are
spoken to the prowls of a dark sea.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry