

jane

Introduction

I have a problem. It goes beyond trying to define or explain what lesbian poetics is. I guess it could be said that my problem even concerns the text of women-identified writings. The problem I have is this: Is a man able to write in a lesbian poetic form?

I must have been searching for an answer because I asked Jane about it. Jane never did much of anything outside of everything she wanted to do, so it would have been her who could have an answer. To her, everything would normally be things which normal people normally didn't do. She had a relationship that seemed normal. Almost normal.

Jane went out with a Tarzan of a guy. Not a guy named Tarzan, but a guy whose body was covered with massive, rippling muscles whose name should have naturally been Tarzan. It depended on Tarzan's mood for whether they would dine in or dine out. In and out. Tarzan had this habit of howling which Jane didn't much care for.

Most things irritated Jane. She spent the majority of her time just sitting at a bench. She would sit at her bench and scream. No one ever heard her, not because no one ever passed by. Many people would pass by her sitting on her bench. Joggers would jog by, people walking their dogs would walk their dogs past her sitting on her bench. Some even sat by her on occasions. They would never begin a conversation. All that Jane would do was scream.

She would scream and no one would hear her. No one came to her and asked her if she needed help or anything. She would hear her own scream. Hear it screamed so loudly that her ears would ring. But no one bothered to answer.

Before she ever had the name of Jane she never had a name. People needed something to call her. They didn't have much of an imagination and decided to collectively label her Jane Doe. They unimaginatively labeled her Jane, but expected her to live her life as if she should have been named Barbie.

SEAN
MINAFAR



They packaged clothes for her and told her to wear elegance. They set the temperature of the sun out in the sky to give her the perfect tan. For the occasion of anything they also would give her her latest sports car. If the button on her back was pushed just right, she would wink at you. Then there was the complication of getting Ken together with her. But in the end it was always a happy ending. A dream packaged, labeled and wrapped for mass consumption.

That was the story written for Jane. She didn't much like the taste of it. Either as Barbie or as Jane, she sat at her bench and had something to say, but things which no one bothered to hear. She said, that is, she related a story and said; This is the story that needs to be desired a conclusion but never needs to be concluded.

Time and Space

There was a cake. A whole piece of cake not just a slice of one. It sat in the sun to bake. I found myself sitting next to it. How are you doing, it had asked me. I wasn't sure whether or not if talking was allowed so I nodded. Then I said, the sun burns nicely on your tanned body. It's raining, it said.

Sure enough the clouds were gone. I hoped something happens soon, I hoped. A mist fogged my vision and I saw the sun disappear. You can't do anything when the sun disappears, it told me. Then snow began to fall.

Everyone was doing nothing so they all stopped what they were doing and looked at the disappearing sun. When the sun disappeared and the sky was filled with snow, it began to rain but the wind said it should snow.

So it did.

So it was. Snowing.

Cats and dogs.

We sat somewhere and thought it better to go nowhere. The sun was still out so everyone was doing nothing. We were walking. As we walked, my eyes caught little creatures burrowing out of nowhere. They were doing something so we told them that they had to do nothing because the sun was nowhere in sight. They came from somewhere underground and didn't know about the sun being not being. They didn't listen to us and did something to go back to the somewhere they came from.

I asked the cake, I said, where is time. It said to me, it, it is in your head. So a man with a big stomach came and sat down between us in no time at all. He looked at the cake and smiled. The cake looked at him and didn't smile. Then the man smiled a frown.

The man looked hungry, but didn't eat anything. He ate everything because his stomach was huge and had everything in it. He looked at me and said to me, he said to me, do you know what ruins a good German chocolate cake. Its the almonds.

He said this then he wasn't there. He never left, but went nowhere and that is where we were, the cake and myself.

The fat man was watching his weight. Then it left him. He never followed. He wondered where it went, but never cared to find it. Soon it came back to him and he never was there again. He got up and left after getting up.

The cake left too. It got up without saying goodbye then it left.

I asked it what time was it, but it wasn't there so it said nothing. I asked where can I find time. It said that time was etched in stone on its chocolate icing. I looked for time but didn't see it, the cake but not the time. Where is it, I said. It used to be there, it told me, but now layers have covered it over and under. It was there yesterday, but won't be there tomorrow.

I wanted to know what space was. It is the final frontier, it said. Beam me up.

Everyone was looking at me, but I didn't look at them. No one said hello, so I looked down at their shoes. Then they left and all said hello. I could still see their shoes without looking.

Water began to build up on the ground. The sun wasn't out. It was raining. Most everyone got into a boat and began to row away. I joined them and then they all began to, they all started rowing and singing. Row, row, row, merrily, merrily, merrily. Then it happened. I saw time again like it once was before. Time was no more.

A passenger in the boat began to tell a story. This is what was said:.

Words

Precious was a flower. Precious was hanging out on the side of the window. May I join you, I asked. Yes you may, Precious said. So I put



two and two together and they became one. I asked the one of them if they had some free time and the one said that time was money. So I spent fifteen minutes of it and bought some fame.

The one asked me where I found fame. I said to the one, I said, I found fame all wrapped up in an envelope of cloth. I licked the sticky sides for good measure. Ten inches to be precise. Then the one asked if I cut the sides with a paper cutter. No, I said to the one, I said, if I had I would have cut the time in half. But I didn't. I had fifteen minutes. The one became jealous and as Jealous he took a knife and killed time. Killed all fifteen minutes of it.

Jealous became well known for doing this act. It was scene four, act three to be precious. It made Jealous famous. Famous never really received rave reviews. The critics usually sent them to his agent. His agent knew that the truth was that Famous was really a poor actor. Of course he had to know because it was him, the agent, who was stealing all the money that Famous made. So one day Famous threw out his print shop and quit making money.

Looking back on it through my point of view, I really can't blame the one for killing time. In fact it was quite dark where I was sitting and there also was a wall in the way. So anyone, not just the one, could have done it. Come to think about it, time was held up several occasions before.

It wasn't long before I got over grief. A few steps and I was already on the other side. For Famous it took longer. No one ever came around to talk to Famous anymore. All that was left was a shadow of Hope and even she went away when the lights went out.

The Lights were also well known although there were many other lights around town. They loved spending long nights out all over the city. It appeared that the Lights led a perfect life, it was almost guaranteed, but it was only a matter of time before they eventually broke up. It appeared that Mr. Light cracked at work. Maybe it was the long grueling hours. Whatever the case, Mr. Light just burned out.

The one tried to tell me this story of murder and mayhem, but I wasn't too much into dirt. I told the one to wait and dug a little deeper. After covering myself I said it was alright to continue. Instead of telling me the story, the one noticed me burying time and uncovered me as the killer. I would have run but the one stood with Surprise and there was no getting away from the two of them.

They asked me how could I murder the Time of its life. I tried to get around it, but the subject was pretty big. Pleasantly so. I tried to

inflate its ego and before I knew it, the subject exploded. I took advantage of opportunity, fondled her a little, then ran like a bat out of hell. The one let all the events sink in and rolled his eyes. I didn't see how far they went. Instead I was looking for a way to escape and found it.

Blender

Jane finished her story with the passenger finishing his story and related what she desired to be:

Someone has taken me while I was sleeping. My mind was clouded with dreams of which I forget and now I find myself brought into a land in which I forget, but a place in which I am. As much as I am and as much as I can be. Which I am. Someone studies my head, my hair. Fingers brush through my hair, a caress like a cat. Then the someone grabs, pulling handfuls of hair from my head, a clawing like a cat. Fingernails scrap my head and I itch. I itch bad. I need to touch, to caress, to sooth the pain. Desire to relieve the call of the itch, the itch that moans to be relieved. I cannot. Cannot relieve the moan. I hear it eternally. Internally. My head aches. Headaches. Itch. Moan. Call. Scratch, like a cat.

Someone holds my head within a barrier. A screw turns then I am tightened into place. I cannot move. I try. I cannot. I can't. I can't move. I feel a chisel placed on the back of my head. It is cold. Cold on the back of my head. Then I hear a clink and a flash bursts before my eyes. A pain throbs the back of my scalp open. THLONK my skull opens. I can see my brain in my mind. I feel a pleasure come over it. I see a big tongue, in my mind, lick from the back slowly to the front. I lose myself. Uncontrolled. I grow out of control. I become out of control. I revel in the taste I cannot sense with the pleasure I can feel.

I open my eyes to see my body held above an inferno. Flames grow and grow and reach out to me. They strike me. Flicker before me before they lick me before they, they lick me. Not the kind of lick I had on my mind, my brain. They lick me and I lose myself. Beyond control. I grow out of control and scream, no moan, no scream, no moan and I melt away. The flesh falls from my body and I am left naked. Flames burn me naked. My bones sizzle and before they shatter to ashes the flames stop licking. The flames dim, darken, grow cold.



What is left of me? What is left of me is put into a blender. Into a blender I am shoved. Electricity pulses into the machine, I can feel it. I feel it spin and I spin and I break. My brittle bones break into chunks into bits into a malty liquid and I feel, I feel, I feel. I feel free. I feel my malty bones mix with mymelted flesh and stirred together. I become one again, I become one, I become complete.

I slide onto the surface of lips. Darted tongues taste me. Surface of lips vibrate a sound. A sound I longed to make, long tomake, make for someone else. Lips part and I file inside to consume the tongue. Draw forth saliva, mix with saliva, become one with saliva, give myself to saliva and fall into, where I hav eheard the sound I want to consume. I slide down the darkened walls, cover the walls and leap into the opening darkness, to be consumed, to decompose, to moan.

Conclusion

Jane fell silent. She seemed to create her emotions every moment, recreate. She sat and I sat and I waited for her to answer me. I didn't say anything. A maddened dialogue entered my head:

So here I am. I'm in love again. They are
speaKing ForeiGN laNguAges to sPite me. i THiNK i SHOULD BiTE my

TONGUE simply because i CaN.

Im StARVin. iVE HAD no LunCH. How did theY FIND OUT abOut my LiFE? No one told THEM, they DONT NEED to KNow. being REincarnated as A PoliticaL idea isnt SUCh A BAD pLan AT alL. when You think About it. What ArE yOU rEADing? my forTUNE.

The voices echoed and died out of my head. I was with Jane for some time. After everything she began to scream. She screamed until her ears rang. I picked up and said; Hello?