Outlaw

1.
Don’t shoot. I’ve
eaten this country
alive

Your hard male body, like a road, I drove
your famous miles, back of vans
low on backseats

The states grow out of me now
The borders are my skin
The fatal flag flies, tattooed
between my hips

The hum of my motor
blends with the thump of little bodies
and the static rockbeat
of my radio

and I am gone
like the semen you spilt to the ground
when you fantasized me a whore
and then would not love me
for fear I was a whore

2.
Everyone was looking for me
I was always right here
a mute piece of music
a deep down motion
running through your blood

Don’t shoot
In the windows of all your houses
my face is printed
where I pressed it to glass

she

who robbed her father’s banks

3.
Crowds on the streets at night looking for me
But I was caught
in the dancer’s grace of apple trees
in cold country
I never lived before

Don’t shoot, who
could recognize me now?
There’s a dead man
hanging
in the middle of my forehead
His cold charred body
emerges
from my cunt and anus
My mouth expels
a new country

4.
And so I walked away in my rich white skin
while you scattered all your parts to the wind

I picked up your hand
your hand without fingers
by the winter waters

and placed it on my breasts

you were still warm
I called your name
You did not answer
So I’m gone
like the semen you spilt on the ground

and then could not love me
for fear I was a whore

5.
I am a woman
a traveler back and forth

I joined the army
traveling back and forth
across the continent

the sun coming up
the sun going down
the stars planted in their routes

the dancer’s grace of apple trees
in cold country
I never lived before

I learned constellations, windrows,
rotations of farmers’ land
food for the people
and the ache of you

the fucking ache of you

What does it take
to communicate?
The words burnt deep in my flesh

burn a gory road before me
the only escape
6.
Everyone was looking for me
I was always right here

Once I camped in a national park
with a caravan of retired people
At night inside their little campers
their blue phosphorescent lights
served me up for dinner, a cold cold burn

this is your daughter
this is your daughter

Everyone
was afraid
I was
their daughter

7.
I am the woman alone on the road at night
you catch in your headlights
Afraid, you do not stop

I walk the middle of the world
with a child at each side
another tied in a scarf on my back

Tonight we will sleep in a cold open field
I will lay my hands on its heart

I will blanket them with pine needles
I will hear the screech and groan of wagon wheels
I will pull dead Indians from the soil

I will be thankful I have not house or land
I will be thankful I have no money

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I am a woman
I walk in the middle of the world
I follow the cross of the gypsy trail
over the world and back

8.
I went down to the bottom of the mountains
I went down to the sea in your scrotum
I rode out the dark untried eggs

I saw the body and soul are one
I saw when the body fragments
so does the soul

I saw that in death our parts
are strewn and scattered

piece of flesh, piece of soul

and our tortured lament
is our parts
crying to one another
across the ever-widening
abyss

9.
I am only a mother
trying to piece together
a child

10.
I am a woman
a traveler back and forth

When I knelt to your groin the first time
and took you in my mouth
I felt the fish beat
for the cold pull
of the distant sea

and when I took you in my mouth
I was the moon receiving
your wondrous light

now I am scattered like stars
you spilt
on the ground

11.
I was held down

My clitoris was cut out
with the broken neck of a bottle
and thrown in the dirt

I am your clitoris
singing in the throats of little sparrows

I was held down

My foetus was cut out
and thrown in the sewer

I am your daughter
I was saved by the water
that threw me on the shore
I was raised by the wolves
I belong to No Man’s Land

I was held down

My breasts were cut off
and thrown over the Rockies
I tattooed on my scars
a heart with an arrow
plunged all the way through

I am your breast
thrust up as the Rockies
Arrowheads, mining shafts
and mineral hot springs
are lost deep in my folds

I am gone
into the dark activity beneath your skin
and come up through you
through the caves of history
the boy becoming king
dreams

I am a woman
a traveler back and forth
I belong to No Man’s Land
who hung my torso
from every post

and filled all my small holes
with rocks

12.
I hold my womb in my hands
its ever-living population
I will never have children
They must rise in me

The Present Living Body

13.
I made love to a woman in the Rockies
a prayer in the middle of the world
We rolled back and forth
across the native soil
the flesh of Pocahontas
while under us
old gods jacked off

14.
My crimes are many
I loved a Mojave boy
and dreamed every night
I impregnated him

I am a streetwalker
I lie down with all of you
I take you in my body
The more you fuck me
the less you know me

I am the 9 million witches
you burned at the stake
Now I am back, bounding over these states
From pole to pole across the hills I move
into every house
I change my clothes in each one
I am your daughter

I am every furtive fantasy
you’ve ever had
I am your left hand

15.
I am the lissome young girl
who captivated the gaze
of all those who saw me

You were clenched and breathless
as we went down
and I took you
deep inside
Many ghosts were colored lights
the aurora borealis
raining, tumbling, roaring
chasing years across the sky

When I took you in my mouth
I was the moon
receiving the light
that lit our tent
and morning that waited
at the end of the world

Now I am Crazy Jane
I will leap from my grave
when you walk by

I vanished long ago
gone like the semen spilt on the ground
gone like last year’s wild roses

like the hot stars you carry in your little sacks
like the hot stars trailing from your mouth

gone like morning at the end of the world

like the sun risen halfway to noon
and then falling back to dawn

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