



Rx

Dana Teen Lomax

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For Una

who teaches me so much

I'm just trying to be in my life!

—Robert Creeley

Lullaby

anxiety is a birthright

the bridge falling, tilting and violent
weightlessness of panic

the shaky take-off, odd fuselage
bing-bong, bing-bong, the belt and latch

crawling bugs consuming the bed
all staunch legs and dark shells

the fear of losing ----- even in memory
stains over his chest fading

america perched in an unnatural tree—
danger hides in what we push away

Lullaby

i am in no condition
to think
i am fit
for motherhood
pretense of democracy
would you use your words, please
a startling lack of clarity & impulse control
drawing lines
between us
consequences the future's of

i have no
reason to believe
we are fit
to rule this scene
inventors of
fig newtons and
the microwave beacon
looking behind us
skin & dust
ahead the same

Lullaby

teaching a repertoire of magic
a thrown voice, coin out of the ear
spells & leprechauns, santa's bigass red
faeries to be queen of

you ask which is real
and what's pretend
the ripple of belief, believing

onomatopoeia is every word
sounding itself
Houdini's indictment of psychics
tree achoo spindle dread

Lullaby

closer in comparative evolution
to red bread mold
than the fruit fly is
pyramid schemes make us sad

not understanding fallow
we and the carrot
peeled and gleaming
nipple's been in your mouth hungry or not

sorting out luxuries
fields not tilled
"breast milk and crowning
poems make me ill"

dear one, this is for certain--
we work out matters on each other

Lullaby

hey look
i am my country's
daughter
with an ego-tied heart
hard-wired damage
fault line of anger
no one will treat me bad

scattered suggestible
i apologize in advance

i have carved obscenities into my own table
savoring berries big as bullets
spit seeds through vertical holes
at the power lines
then helped build

so come here child
let me hold you
a remove
will wrap around us each
and warn

Lullaby

cradling the bomb, nuptials written
scribble scrabble pen what we'd
(speak for yourself) risk

this week a reading 500 miles away
a jet-set overnight, contact the list

pounds of plane fuel
to say what we're "heir to"
concede "we" "god" "trust"

what needs to be mouthed
working out a suspect

Lullaby and Goodnight

(music box version)

Einstein's brain in a jar
Cut into 10 cm cubed
O his genius! O such efforts!
What ambition leads us to

Which proves that when a person or an event comes along to jolt or appraise me I **can** take some appropriate action, although I am better known for my hospitable remarks.

--Grace Paley, *Wants*

Lullaby

an effort to Pan's lost child

you check the difference
in priss and tomboy

opt for androgyny

write early liberation songs
keeping options open

mom what's fellatio
& where where where did you do it?

voice wanting to know
the power of sex & language

unafraid despite the city's best effort

with fucked up shaky resolve
(what kind of revolutionary am i?)

i waiver

Lullaby

i know what R says is true:

*the infant takes on all
the unconscious conflict
that resides within the mother's psyche*

[

]

then, the conversation lightens, a little:

your daughter is human with human problems

i brush my girl's hair, the ritual symbolizing
respect for her ideas
as i do, she screams:

*you're not careful!
you're not careful!*

Lullaby

Mutanabbi Street starts here in San Quentin
in the cell of the rote
in the fear of the written
in the blood red states
of affairs a heart or hand transgresses
and is locked away
numbered homes and names, pages in an unread book
the narrative we've all been told:
 God raises the knife to Isaac
 creates the floods
 sends Eve out on her belly
the prison in the story as we live
hiding what's unknown
or worse, claiming to know it
but sleep tight my love although in the
O of our doubt

