

Three

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Poem

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(three

By

Anne Marie Corrigan

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... *Anne Marie Corrigan is sheer joy, simply irresistible, utterly delightful and rapturously disturbed. In 'What happens at The Mirage, stays...' "Shafts quiver..." "Antennae shiver," " "beer buckets, bare buttocks" "...in the Fuck Yeah! fug." I'm going to have a little lie-down now, ". . .spit / On my dice." If this woman does not copyright the phrase 'beer buckets [and] bare buttocks' and incorporate it into the chorus of a number-one Billboard, cross-genre Country and Western song, at the risk of sounding too sophisticated, just butter my butt and call me a biscuit. Now, 'Ripping Good Yarns' might be the first 'knitting' allegory of stitch-crossed lovers I have ever read. 'Unmanned and Damned,' another must read . . . could be illustrated and published as a best selling comedy-horror children's story entitled, 'Mommy Burnout.' (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on a separate page. Please scroll down.) HS*

Five stars!

What happens at The Mirage, stays...

In Vegas it's three-thirty
A filthy afternoon
By the pool, steaming
Teeming,
bachelors, bachelorettes
Shafts quiver in the Fuck Yeah! fug
Who's targeting whom?
Margarita slushies, beer buckets, bare buttocks
Body shop, cocoa butter
Expectations shimmer
Antennae shiver
Meet you at the roulette wheel
We'll spin
You'll spit
On my dice
Luck,
Be a lady tonight.

Ripping Good Yarns

His was an honest face
Nary a dropped stitch
'Twixt crown and chin
He told it plain and purl and plain
No embroidering for him
But she,
She was Garter, Seed and Cross
Stitch knit in triplicate and more
Undone in swathes but sure
Told some ripping good yarns

Unmanned and Damned

Scarlet, mortified was I, all my nerves, frizzled 'n fried, toddler Paul, my joy and pride, punched sweet Mia in the eye, she jumped up 'n scratched his arm, other kids began to swarm, swarm and swarm as buzzed as bees, warm so warm between my knees, nervous me, the one who pees, the other mums tsk tsk in glee, Paul's Stride-rite shoes clump down the street, before I miss another beat, I buckle baby into pram, catch the thug and carry him, oh my face is hot with shame, he's all but ruined the family name, my armpits stained, my hair's askew, when I get home first thing I do, is shove some beers into cold ice, boil veggies, bottles, jasmine rice, and once they're all cleaned up 'n fed, I tuck those boyos into bed, rest assured they're deep in slumber, the beer is cold, chips large in number, I start my partying for one, this is good, yeah, this is fun, didn't think it could be done, after two or three or four, I'm stumbling across the kitchen floor, crawl through the bedroom door, where in my dreams, I'm at the beach, tots paddling within arm's reach, now swimming with child one 'n two, this is nice, this I can do, when suddenly I see a fin, Jesus Christ! I'm rushing in, it's one for all 'n all for me, I leave them struggling in the sea, although that shark was close at hand, I left my babes unmanned and damned. Abandoned them, their lives at stake. Guess Mama really needs a break.

THE POET SPEAKS:

Poem Inspired by:

What happens at the Mirage stays....: *Describes the trippy sultriness of a Vegas pool on a steamy Saturday. I could taste the want, it was thick as fermented honey. I had to write something to make my way out of the fug and fomenting lure of wanton abandonment in the air.*

Ripping Good Yarns: *I enjoyed the potential play on words – picking and pulling at the complicated stitches of a face to see what really goes on behind the now-you-see-me-now-you-don't masks we all wear.*

Unmanned and Damned: *Truth be told, I was face-down having a massage one day. The RMT, a worn-out young mum, was telling me about a dream she'd had about her two kids the night before. The line; "Abandoned them, their lives at stake, guess Mama really needs a break" popped into my head and I worked backwards from there.*

Stylistic influences?

God forbid I even try to style myself on the following. It's humbling enough just to read their stuff, however I'll throw a few names out there of the poets I return to of an evening. These poets and their poems have been my staff through life.

Seamus Heaney – for exalting everyday miracles.

W.B. Yeats – for making Celtic mysticism a thing.

Patrick Kavanagh – The peasant poet for spitting crazy bars on straddling two worlds.

Mary Oliver – for her heart and her mesmerizing descriptions of nature.

Pam Ayres - for her cheeky rhymes.

Anon – doesn't get enough credit.

Milton – for Paradise Lost

*Maya Angelou – for **Still I Rise***

Christopher Marlowe – for lines that sounds so scrumptious like: Her lips suck forth my soul, see where it flies!

Rimbaud – for his monstrous precocity and for being one of the first punks.

Why poetry is important to me – to read and to write?

A poem can conjure up a whole world in just a few short lines. Some poems are more important than prayers to me. I try to learn those ones off by heart. I find them meditative. When my thoughts turn into mutinous mustangs, the rigor of writing a succinct poem helps to corral those blighters and calm me the heck down.

AUTHOR BIO: Anne Marie Corrigan is an Irish writer living in Vancouver, BC who is privileged to live and work on the traditional, ancestral and unceded Coast Salish Lands of the x^wməθk^wəyəm (Musqueam), səliilwətaʔt (Tsleil-Waututh), and Skwxwú7mesh Úxwumixw (Squamish) people. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Moss Piglet*, *Pine Row Press*, *The Poet's "Family"* anthology, *Subterranean Blue Poetry*, *Leon Literary Review*, *Alive Magazine*, *The Exchanger*, *The Thunderbird Magazine*, *In Dublin Magazine*, and *Orato*. Alongside her love of poetry, Anne Marie has also completed her first book of fiction, *The Cause*, and is working to get it published.