

New Poetry by Rachel Rix: “Experimental Simulation of Joint Morphology During Desiccation,” “Second Deployment,” “CO’s Canon”



I Weightless Rising / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Experimental Simulation of Joint Morphology During Desiccation

In the dried-up river bed of the Helmand the body of a husband
lies dead on the
hot cracked dirt. The hair of the woman married to the husband
hasn't been
washed in days. Her arms flex and hook the husband's lower
limbs. Dragging
him makes each step the woman takes heavier than the last.
Vultures hover her
salt trail. Vast is what they see surround her. The daymoon
watches too. Night
never comes only more heat magnified by the hours, searing the
thin flesh
between vertebrae C-6 and C-7. The woman knows she's
blistering. Letting go
of her husband is not an option she thinks of.

Second Deployment

Our agreement was
only one. I have
difficulty carrying myself,

I – weightless. Rising
to the crags. Old world vulture
alone I sail for hours in the sky.

I eat my home. A pile of bones.
I've learned to crack open
what I cannot swallow,
a lamb's femus. I am

bone breaker. Soft tissue drinker.

I eat his words.
I'm now dust bather.
Silent blood tracer.

I am a burial maker.
Tossed knuckle
scraper. Someday he'll find me
by the bed
in a pile.

There will be a hovering
and a hollowing
No welcoming home.

CO's Canon

*If the cadence may be regarded as the cradle of tonality, the
ostinato patterns can be
considered the playground in which it grew strong and self-
confident.*

His green duffel bag
could have carried two of me inside.

Near the opening a faceless angel,
I try: *Dearest,*

because I'm tumbleweed,

but he never reads me.

There are more important things
to do, shake hands with soldiers
going out on mission,
because when you're the commander
it's about survival.

I didn't need to take
that last glance.

Suddenly tyrannosaurus.
Angel's sepia teeth baring.