

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



HAIR OF THE WOMAN / 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 femur. I am

bone breaker. Soft tissue drinker.

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

I am 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.