

Mountain Mama
Naomi Shmueli

Sister Oh Sister, hand over the bubblegum—
the dog's face is long and it scares us like the dead bodies
he could be carrying in that bag for all I know
I am with my Danish mermaid, my sandwich-switching beloved
she will leave me in the forest, she will too see the dog's face

I had a vision of how we once started, reincarnating over and over and over
until we reach Nirvana
And now I believe in everything
because Jesus and Krishna were the same man
because the owl turns into a dark shadow of a man
because he tells me I don't need to be scared of men anymore
because I saw Steve, and she saw him too

On this mountain I think of my first love Nabokov and how
he raised me, with stardust and rust
was I Dolly or Ada, was he sixteen or twenty-two?
Before I climbed mountains I loved babies and boys
but the streams told me give it time, but the mermaid told me she could drive
The black hole of my sister's universe opened up and it swallowed

Sister did you pee outside?
Did you hear the drums playing, was it Stewie or George?
Did your bird eat your mouse, is your boyfriend dead?
I talked to God, He says feel the rain, don't have sex, shave off all your hair
be slower and love the ones you know.