

'C' SECTION

By John Campion

In the tent
you checked the zipper
3 or 4 times a night

slept with a knife at your side
to cut your way out
like a 'C' section.

The time you woke
(inverted Ishmael)
proclaiming
the door was gone
I could not hold you.

You held it backward
still
managing to
knife a slit up the wall
before pushing
your way through.

I should've taken it as a sign.
but then I guess I
was distracted by the
way you sucked blood
off your thumb.

GHOST DANCE

By John Champion

They're dancing in the snow
by the thousands
Lakota
adorned with images of sky
 round
 the sacred
 pole.

Kicking Bear
Hunkpapas
 taught
the vision of the END
that scared the beejesus outta dem
CAUSE
they thought it might work since
they deserved
after what they done to themselves first
and Indians second
SO
called out the COPS.

Having sacrificed the underneath
we can not
leave them alone
though Paiute Wovoka's thunder
can not call the buffalo back
nor make US

disappear.

J o h n C a m p i o n

Glass Hive

your "ova,
our

unborn

nourished from childhood,"

but
at my door
you denied,

Peter,

left me
inverted

before the green heron
could rise
between us—

beating your mother
your father ejaculated on you

I hold with fire
but ice is

the mirror
revealing the image
I crave.

J o h n C a m p i o n

Movie Clip

Wandering the sansara to

Her place next morning
after I never
and never shall
any but you,
with an ant
crawling up
his face
looked a

character
from Buñuel's

Un Chien Andalou

eaten up with passion
and dissipation,
said I wasn't cool to say so;
wearing the horns and all
I had to agree.

Then again
sing
ling me out
the Goddess had at least offered me something
to remember &
I wasn't going to let
the opportunity go;
besides
what did that make her
locked safely behind the door,
anyway?

J o h n C a m p i o n

Heart Medicine

Richer than slime,
beard, my face's port-

no serpent moves
nor knows
the labyrinth
your thighs lead me in-

feet
sweet and round
blushed with petals that
stroke me.

Breasts rise and fall-
I place
hard
in your deep

sweet &
dark
as heart medicine

vibrant
in the pulse
and push of blood
running