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## Pressure Cooker

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# PRESSURE COOKER

Julia Burkhart

I'm ring casted, shattered clavicle mostly mosaicked together.  
Not a fading stamp, patters ripple snapping stiff clamped icicles plane  
crash pavement, or molted trees breathing free out  
maimed gashes of frozen theater curtained bark:  
early grave moated in cement corradating.  
I'm a hurricane lamp, aflame ashes smolder gold saccharine sweet:  
I can't keep blurring pastel fingertips on window panes.  
Oils cracking glass; I can't quench here.  
So I broil over molten metal spreading toast thin.  
Roasting smoke singes my throat's stripped screw thread,  
no matter if I twist and pry. I tea kettle my diaphragm  
at early grey brewed dark atmosphere drenched  
whipping winter winds. Stoking cinders sparks a  
sigh goddamn flat coast clear, no one around to hear belted chord.  
I can't ignore my frame melting down from mirrors view.  
Why can I only see the fucking formica counter or broken shower,  
draping cape towels on the rack? Stuck perpetually trying to pass.  
Warm steam tetherballs, wrapping through saturated hair.  
Sitting in the hatchback Explorer skating on trapped black ice flares  
across traffic storms caught in congested avenues.  
Flowing leather thick Clark Fork river stream stagnates; freezing stoplights.  
Tires biting frosted slop roads; squeezing your hand,  
the stag doesn't wait. Grating bumper, for a second before the deer meteors  
against asphalt centerline everything is weightless.  
The tenor radiator tracheotomy reverbs deep in both seats till we get home.  
We fought Aching screams in glowing high beams.  
I cling onto your arm till we're out of harm way and sore.  
I want to unravel or fly, but I can't even swing anymore, I get vertigo.  
Thrown cigarette debris stirs, swirling dancers shorelines  
sewn zig-zagging stars table set Pattee Canyon sky glued to  
Jay's film camera flash; she snaps the picture and shows it to me.  
Converse pirouette stammering puddles,  
I look at the photo I know whose sitting on that bench.  
Sick of seeing myself stripped down: raw prey running breakneck  
pace, no grace just animal instinct, not erased just blinking sunsets,  
bracing for impact, tracing scraped bike wreck knee skin  
hangs lace before I slingshot fast as my fucking legs peddle.  
My hips click claws brass throes penny rust fluorescence  
pouring over dense watercress crescent moonlight. Lipstick is gasoline and certain  
flames are deserved so just like that sing for me please;  
sing for me, and burn.

I am falling fast past blistering veins of constellations,  
I cookie crumble, condensation crawling molded clay on windshield glass this morning.  
pouring moon behind cat litter Sapphire's masked horizon.  
Rising daybreak gores strewn gaps grinding glittered clouds.  
Morning comes, I'm thatched in my body more than ever before but i'm still  
latched in this pressure cooker and everything just boils.