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Our Lady of the Iguanas

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Walid Bitar

Our Lady of the Iguanas

"...and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."—Gen. 2:19

The iguana doesn't know it tastes like chicken,
doesn't know I imagine it circling my palapa,
flapping its wings like a bat—I know
iguanas can't fly, but I need their hostility
to work myself up for the terror solo.

I ate an iguana not so long ago.
There's blood on my hands. I've been burying sand
in my head (my sandbag)—it weighs me down

with ideas: "*pin monarchs and beetles and flies
to the ground,*" it says, "*they're your surrogate retinas.
Focus the sun onto them—they'll smoke, they'll burn...*

I've learned all too well to treat every animal
as it would treat me if it moved in a pack,
for what is a lady but a pack of memories
jostling one another in a tight compartment?

Out the sides of my eyes like fumes my sight
circles my walkman strapped on bikini-

tight like my head is tits and balls and ass—
people call me Tiresias. Look:

my Xanadu sores, and pleasure dome scabs
glow in the dark.

My Adam's apple ripples when I whistle,
tenors whistle, when Luftwaffe pilots crash landing
in the video vicinity that is my racial
memory whistle.

Feeding me is cheap; my mouth is microwave.

I keep my brushcut sharp enough to shave
legs with—it's a 10 billion legged world.
There are times a brushcut is useful. I like cuts.

The Goths spoke of angels. I speak of cuts.
I cut myself to be more like I'll be—
after I cut myself. I could scream.