

Winter 2006

G. is for Glassblower. Gestated. Gravid. Ugly.

Arielle Greenberg

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Greenberg, Arielle (2006) "G. is for Glassblower. Gestated. Gravid. Ugly.," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 65 , Article 53.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss65/53>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

Arielle Greenberg

G is for Glassblower. Gestated. Gravid. Ugly.

Ruined by beauty you could mutter if you weren't so damn material,
could lie belly-down, snake in the mud like you'd like
but you can't, you're
full of matter, you're mammalian
like all species with milk, you're
closed by these million pod-like black petals chiming *mother*, you're
a rattled cage, a viper basket.

Damaged at every cross-hatch.
Skin tagged and marked with skin at all the body's fractious queries,
stretched like a meat-hound, swoll,
purple, lumped, hard-boiled, yes,
and devoid of your beautiful square-cut diamond
and your plain gold band because so plumped with that mewling life
you're practically unmarried.

There could be weeks yet to go.
Two more moons, could be, this rounded lug.
Enough to make you drown, want to drown
crushed in the waves of your flesh.
Pins. Needles. Pins with plastic duck heads. Needles with a beautiful medicine.
Drink more water. Eat more eggs.
These snaky rules, these rules are

Not for you. Nestle the kitten; keep it from snakes.
If she is a girl she will ruin your beauty.
If he is a boy he'll lodge like a bullet.
In neither case will you sleep on your belly,
or on your heartless side, or on your crushed-down spine,
will you sleep again deeply, they say, like it's ha-ha,
you'll never sleep again.
And then they remind you *This is a form of actual torture.*

You half-remember a life with texture:
the flat wool of your best camel skirt, the slip inside a snakeskin purse,
the flick of your shiny hair, your face when it felt. Oh, now colorless,
and striated, *it will all be joy with kitten soon*

they say but they lie and you lie on the mat with the dog—
on just the thankless right side, for just minutes, before everything goes numb
again—
and try to remember what came before
this basket of heaving pounds and all this beauty.

(You once read a story that might not exist called The Glassblower's
Children

who might not exist who go to a fair that might not exist
and buy a ring set with a raven's blinked eye
that carries them, napped, kidded, across a river that m.n.e.
to a glittering castle that might not exist where they become slaves
to a thankless queen who has everything and even these foster children
do not make her smile but to keep themselves company
they find their twins in the hallway mirrors until these, too,
are banned and blank and do not exist.

And do you remember that the river is Forgetful
and wipes them clean of their glassblowing parents
and the fair and the village and leaves them alone
with only that sideways eye of the raven?
And where are you in this story, this hallway?
My little boat? My booth? My half-empty glass?)