Our Lady of the Iguanas

Walid Bitar
"...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.