

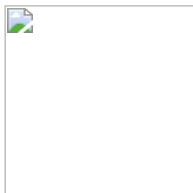
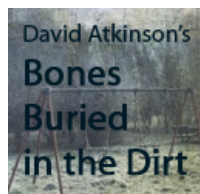
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INDIGEST EDITIONS
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INDIGEST EDITIONS

A Poem by Erin Lyndal Martin

By ERIN LYNDAL MARTIN | Published: FEBRUARY 1, 2011

We Will Sing the Songs of the Revolution

It begins with Jesse and his backpacker kiss.
I'm holding onto a piece
from a jigsaw puzzle of the entire United States. There
are mountains in my hand. We are making love beside
the furnace, and in order to show you about
sex, the white hot-ness of it, the floor should
be as cold and flat as a reliable narrator.
But the floor is not that cold and nothing
is on fire. Fire-like, maybe. Firefly. That's it.

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In the world where Jesse and I live,
the roads are made of snow, fake and
radioactive like blue pebbles in aquariums.
In this world, I make animals out of glass
and list my desires in verse.

I'm going to bed on a mattress
made of two by fours. At night,
I take vitamins so I can tell Jesse I did.
And I leave the bottle out so he can see
they're not shaped like lions or fish.

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I remember being surprised that Jesse
could make a fist. He did it by accident
one day. I thought maybe he should
write a manifesto.

Jesse, all vox and undercurrent.
Jesse is made up of jigsaw puzzles
about punk songs. Jesse has the blues.

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We were putting on some guerrilla theatre
about William of Orange. There's a scene
where (and this much is true) he asks
for permission to invade and conquer. I'm playing

Lydia, a woman who tries to do witchcraft
with peppermint Certs. There's a scene
where we call out titles William once held.

King Billy! I say.
King of Scots!
Prins van Oranje!

And then, there's this great moment where
someone yells out, "stadtholder!" and extras dressed
in surgical scrubs come onstage and shock our hero
with a defibrillator. He defibrillates on cue. There
is polite applause.

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At an afterbar party, I ask my friends
to start a rumor that Jesse and I are getting married.
I tell them to say it will be a small ceremony
so people will wonder whether they'll be invited.
By now, Jesse is working in a coffee shop
settled into the nook of a library. He doesn't drink coffee
and he only reads books about prophecy.

He thinks if he knows how the world will end,
all other knowledge will be useless. Jesse says
I'm in his light. I tell him I'm trying to lessen
my attachment to the apostrophe, and he buys this
as a plausible defense for petty larceny.

In the dark we smoke exactly two cigarettes and go to bed.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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Erin Lyndal Martin is a poet, fiction writer, and music journalist living in Madison, WI. Her work has recently appeared in Pank, Gold Wake Press, Diagram, and is forthcoming in Crowd and The Offending Adam.

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