

Two Poems by Brandi Kary

Neolithic Woman and Homo Habilis: A love story

The whole world was on fire

And perhaps it was the magic of ash,
That way it seems to drift like parachutes,
That way it refuses to settle
For anything else but the sky and wind

That way
Love happens

First he builds her a ladder to the heavens
With notch of vertebra
Bird bones and make believe
Flanking his stone at the water's edge

She climbs to the top and savors the night sky
This type of love can be an addiction she warns him
This type of love will burn

He builds her a bath to cool
The cinders of her clay heart
That blaze in the oven of her body

I need a fence, she tells him
Offering a loaf of bread
One that will stow my burdens
Because this basket is too
Much for me to bear

Lentil, seed, mortar, pestle, spear and arrowhead
They steal glances through the tall grasses
That grow in her garden

So much can depend on a seed,
So much
I am sure of this, she says,

I am sure of this

But they both knew
How they would end up
The whole world was on fire
After all

Her tears form firths
Through excrement and turf

I will build us boat
And we will drift down the rivers, he says
here between
The carbon dating and the afterlife
The evolution made impossible—

But the world started to swallow him
Joint by joint
His yellow hands gripped her hips
Resisting the undertow
In a blink –
He was gone.

She tills a hole,
Buries herself deep,
Deep into the cooling interior,
Into the dark womb of her mother
She says,
Tell me mother,
Tell me
Mother please-
Tell me

Do the men who create us, leave their fingerprints?

Domestic Origami

This is morning and nothing is new.
We wake without our wings
Here in the whitest morning
Our day begins its crease as a thin black line.

We reach into the middle of it
Armed with the
Thick fold of our years
We wrinkle like paper dolls
And ache for our flat bodies to be filled
With something more
Than this papered lie.

And we think:
There must be a way out of it.
A trap door. A flaw in the heavens.
A rip in the fabric.

But it remains only us,
Our pulpy exteriors
And that moment
When we set ourselves
On fire and pray
For wind.

Brandi Kary is a mother, educator, and writer who lives in Pacific Grove, California. She currently teaches English and Creative Writing at Monterey Peninsula College. Both she and her anthropologist husband enjoy dragging their kids all over the world to gain inspiration. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Flutter Poetry Journal*, *Calliope Magazine* and *Throwaway Poetry* blog. She was recently accepted to Cambridge University and will spend the summer of 2014 writing in England.

