

The Ruins

Pelin Ariner

Here the houses have teeth and finite stars
embroidered on their lawns. On her birthday

she is alone, playing Atari games, wondering
how much she has to drink to have a miscarriage.

Light your cigarettes! Huge fires! A toast to good times!
Put on the Zombies, the Ruins.

The moon rises like an empty basket. Her bones,
I thought they were of dust, who would've known?

They hold life like a handful of daffodils.
And she fears the life, rightly, the canyons stay

put like pursed lips. The night feeds its cold
like an insistent mother.

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Everything has holes, even glass.
I want to plant her like a bulb, then birth would be

her silent motion. Then the soil would cradle her
until she couldn't breathe. Something.

Distance is the arms held out.
The white polished mouth of who we are

the slippery ribs of this whale, this kind planet,
this pig farm.

Someone knit her this way, a meteor
unclenching its rusty fist, into this fury.

Her grief, I cannot understand—the way
her friends have left her on her birthday

to watch the new movie in town. The wind is ample,
amply sacred, amply spun. It makes me want to vomit.

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