

Beth Everest

this poem is about desire

this poem is about wanting something so bad you are willing to rent a helicopter. hell, might as well steal the helicopter, you're going to be so rich. fly over the earth and randomly drop claims onto the tundra, that marvelous landscape of canadian nothing. and now, since we are in the business of fantasy, leap from your helicopter to possess your claim.

and there it is.

a white kitten (it could be a white polar bear, wolf, lynx or anything so rare, but this is about desire, not the kitten). the kitten is white. snowy downy white, white as a snowy owl, white as an ermine, white as the whole blinking landscape that has nothing but snow. (have you ever been there?)

there is your white kitten. possess it.

the problem is, the kitten's paw is wedged in a crevice in a rock. so you tug and tug and tug and, good god, that paw isn't coming out for nothing. and that white kitten is scratching and mewling and begging, and you want that white kitten so bad that you take out your swiss army knife (it's in your pocket because this is about desire) and you scrape away the fur and peel the skin back and you begin to saw and saw and the saw isn't working because it's just one of those little saws on a swiss army knife that aren't worth a damn so you take out your chain saw because you brought that with you when you leaped from the helicopter to possess your claim. and you

Poetry

extract the white kitten from its paw that is wedged in the crack.
the kitten is so damned mad, or hurt or generally pissed that he
gives you one good swipe across your nose with his good paw
before he bolts, dragging his flayed arm, the meat hanging down in
tendons, gone, bolted into the tundra where he is lost in the white of
the northern landscape.

the white kitten of your desire is gone.

gone like gone.
history.
vamoosed.
no matter. he left his paw.

that's the easy part of the extraction. it pops out like a filling.

it lands in the palm of your hand. you hold onto it. you lift it up to
the light. behold: your own Ikati diamond. yes.