

# What Can I Ask

New and Selected Poems 1975–2014

Elana Dykewomon



sapphic classics from  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S PRESS  
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*What Can I Ask: New and Selected Poems 1975–2014*  
by Elana Dykewomon

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Sitting above Elana's desk in front of some of her journals are  
ceramic figures by Cindy Chan. Chan is a clay artist who sculpts in  
Pacifica, California at Clay Creations.

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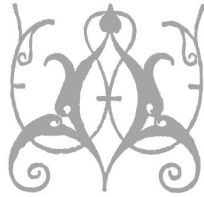


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# New Poems







## I have just begun this

Red stream of evening sky  
the edge of my lands  
softened on the horizon tomorrow's fog  
the rim she said the world had been a bowl  
wooden or glass  
all that confined us is  
shattered now  
the coastal trees speak  
at every moment of the tide  
speak to me  
we are together still  
without boundary  
using faces landscapes  
none of us recognize  
but know  
our lands rising on the swell  
the ocean desert home  
high animal wilderness cities of red clay  
do not forget the journey  
not an inch of it nor hour  
our calves bulge from the hike  
our minds  
keen in grief  
for the canyon  
for the hometowns  
for the chants of womyn  
who bled freely  
into the soil our soil  
do not stop now  
speak to me  
I need you  
I have just begun this song

## **Women in Black**

The old women gather  
they say  
all things intersect  
we stand at these crossroads  
plaque in the veins of history  
hey the young men yell  
get out of the way you  
wanna give us heart failure  
your hearts have already failed  
the old women respond  
we are here to hold  
the mirror  
you had a choice  
you chose death  
but we are forgiving  
choose again