

SUGARBLOOD

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Book design and editing | Ashley Opheim
Cover art | Rebecca Fin Simonetti
Author photo | Tramaine George

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ethics of rude

fuck a canal
a flowery fractal
fuck a neon rose

i write angry poetry
i fuck up the mood of the room

call me an animal
i won't be offended
become me an animal
i want to be an animal

no one cares about the animals
or their beaks or their teeth
i care about their beaks and their teeth
and their shivering pelts

in the snow
in the fields

i'm crazy
woman writing crazy
woman writing my body contains
cells that attack each other
but still writing please stop eating the flesh
of my sisters
i care about their small legs

their strong legs

people are afraid of being animals
the distinguishable churn
of a body alive
people are afraid of eating the flesh
of their sisters
and they do it anyway
but call it something else

become me a language
for the prelingual

become me feathers and the illegible
markings of claws

they are free
until they meet us

silent brandishers of cold unfeeling
of stopping time
replacing it with new time
new birds breaking open
and falling to the ground

fuck a new bird
fuck a new day
unless it is
somehow different

become me uncharted calendar year
undo the machine
i don't want to be a machine anymore
i'm an animal
call me an animal

i want to have blood that can be
in the wrong places
i want to be in the wrong places
but only those of my choosing

my own choosing
a scream not an alarm
a primal grasp of a sister's hand
a platter that does not serve me a sister's small
strong leg

i don't mind being afraid of dying
except when i'm afraid someone stronger than me
will kill me

i'm afraid i will kill something weaker than myself
i'm afraid i have killed something weaker than myself
and didn't even feel it

where is the wrong place of my choosing
where is the country whose hands
won't lay claim to my hands

become me an animal
in the dark night of no country
in the snow
in the fields

this is considered
an extremist position

do you feel at home here

catcall my actual cat— whistle at my master's thesis— make
kissy noises at the sun peeking through the clouds— catcall my
toenail with the blood blister under it— holler at my sagging
serotonin— catcall the earth's life-supporting position in the
solar system— whistle at my dutiful recycling— holler at a
hologram— catcall my injection scars— catcall my scoliosis—
make kissy noises at the street rats— whistle at my tax return—
holler at the green party— holler at the wage gap— whistle at
babies who laugh when you whistle at them— whistle with an
actual whistle— holler at vaginal dryness— catcall my pain
tolerance— catcall my fear of strangers in bars— holler at the
bouncer who threw out my attacker— make kissy noises at the
zodiac— whistle at jupiter's thick thighs— holler at my cryptic
emails— catcall my careerism— catcall my gender normativity—
whistle at my cognitive behavioral therapy— catcall the netflix
category “dark tearjerkers featuring a strong female lead”—
make kissy noises at hermit crabs— whistle at my broken
French— make kissy noises at my cover photo— catcall my pap
smear— catcall my closed mouth

i have it / i heave it

i put my weight on the sand
i put the cat's dense body on my body

i put his weight on my torso i put any available weight
against my core

have u ever felt dissipated
have u ever felt the structure of your chest start to resonate
like a bridge

in the summer of my flailing i like to put on men's deodorant
i like to put quotation marks around "men's deodorant"
and put it on

so many things need quotation marks
the edges are slippery
but graspable living surfaces

summer of my flaking eyelids:
i am sun-dreaming of medieval monsters
with strong domestic faces
i don't know the sun

or how she gets so orange

when she sinks into new jersey

when i approach her
i turn red

when i approach my own
singing structure of my own
suspension body i turn red

weakness is a frequency

i perceive it

deficiency is a new gravity

i perceive it pulling me to the sand

a hot and permanent gust

pressing out my salt

what does it mean to write to the animal of the body,

to write to an animal from an animal?

is it an impossible contact (hand talks to throat)

is it like trying to see in the dark?

is it like calling a fall a flight

when the only difference is intention

i perceive quotation marks enclosing

some underused organ

they don't hurt me

what does it mean to make a bestiary of the body /

to cast its prints in the sand? i open myself to the possibility

of being sucked dry