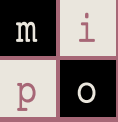


# MiPO

# esias



TELL US A STORY:  
WHAT DREW YOU TO  
POETRY IN THE FIRST  
PLACE? WHY DID YOU  
START WRITING?

Once upon a time, Mrs. Boyd made her ninth grade class keep a journal. One girl kept writing. To be continued...

A close-up portrait of Heidi Lynn Staples, a woman with shoulder-length brown hair and green eyes, wearing a grey collared shirt under a dark jacket and a silver necklace with a circular pendant. She is smiling slightly. The background shows pink cherry blossoms and green foliage.

HEIDI  
LYNN

MAY 24, 2007

# STAPLES

IF YOU COULD SPEND A DAY  
WITH A LIVING POET YOU  
ADMIRE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TOGETHER? WHAT MIGHT A  
PASSERBY OVERHEAR?

You'd hear hoots, hollers, and the percussion of corks popping.

WHICH RELATIONSHIP IS MORE IMPORTANT:  
A) POETRY AND POLITICS OR B) POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY? WHY?

The best philosophy is poetry and vice versa. Is the best politics poetry?

WHERE WILL WE SEE YOU AND YOUR WORK IN FIVE YEARS?

From wherever you're standing.

IF YOU WERE ABLE TO PLACE POETRY IN THE WORLD WHERE IT DOES NOT SEEM PROMINENT, HOW WOULD IT BEHAVE THERE?

The poems published herein are love poems recording my journey to the motherland—nursing, midnight wakings, diaper changing. A place bountiful of poetry but a fairly unfriendly world for the leisure of reading. And so, if only poems were printed on baby products... Haiku on jars of food! Sonnets on individual baby wipes! Epics printed across jumbo diaper packs!

Heidi Lynn Staples won the New Issues Poetry Prize for her debut collection of poems, *Guess Can Gallop* (2004). Her second collection, *Dog Girl*, is due out from Ahsakta press this September. Currently, she lives in a small coastal village in Ireland with her husband and infant daughter. Every Sunday, they go for ice-cream.

HEIDI  
LYNN  
STAPLES



# PROSAIC

He untaught my eye. For a moment I felt as if my body held all members of the human family. I had become a release of banditry that triste sweet and bad at the defamed signs. His hands touched me with a whole science. I accepted it. His eyes shined with hackers. I opened my codes. When he put his ear up to my abscesses I could feel his heart beating against my palimpsest like an artillery filled funhouse. Then, he whispered in my yesteryear. “I taste it,” I said. “Me too,” said the big sky.

# PROSAIC

Honest to hand-fast, tonight the husband plays the preacher as I walk to the ridge, my back to the endeavor. This is what happened: I walked to the ridge. Thickets wrangled in my ear. White moon-shine, a vial of it taken from me. I hate the needling. “Who let an opera in here?” he kept shouting. The opera went ruining lovers into anger. The anger screamed, “Somebody grab that opera!” This is the parabola of the marriage fist. Complete with bats hanging nuptial side down. O those signals no human ear can hear—

Adultery,  
    desertion,  
infertility,  
    Failure  
to provide the necessities of life,  
    Mistreatment,  
incompatibility.

“Opera,” screamed Gertrude.

“I know it,” said I.

The hair on my arms divided and conquered into different exogamous groups. But I love this collar and this leash and so too my opera, and I was winking that maybe we could heave an opine marriage, openly carrying on. “Installment plan?” said the preacher. I walked to the ridge, where the body churns this butter, as routine as the roil and cast dispersions that is the word of many a good arrangement. Up and down. Up and down. It’s very sexual.

# PROSAIC

This said,

Your eyes ravish the smooth white  
pages. Of your books. When I look in the  
mirror, I'm no longing. The world I was...

He was a big car, an open fire, a fined man.  
I was having a reeling god's wine.

Until he was a waiter pouring from his packet  
of augur a decision to be cremated.

O to be thrown into a wiling and yearned—taken out  
two she's and scattered in the mind.

He wanted to breathe every here at once. It kept him out at night. He  
wanted to be a way, a door.

The ex comments on his father's preference at the end of his life "to roll everywhere,  
like a boiling." Which is contrary to the featured future but which he expropriates.  
That's when I decided, "Today I will fear. Regret love and its stinking pains staking."

"Wait a minute!" I hollered. "That's my obstinate flower!" All the heartaches burned  
around and pouted at me, and I knew I had done something big. And maybe stupid too.  
But I couldn't help it.