

JOANNE DOMINIQUE DWYER

Bull's-eye

There used to be beautiful cows grazing outside my window.
Primordial and feral like the ones we maneuver around
on the aspen trail in the mountains.
The ones I am afraid of.
Their opaque eyes; my feet in mud.
My man shields me from the beasts
with his body. I don't want him addressing
another woman as *Beautiful*.
Sitting next to her at a bar, nor typed in an email,
so he calls me high-strung.
William Burroughs killed his wife
playing William Tell drunk.
He missed the apple on her head,
and no scientist or clairvoyant has been able to zero-in
on the centers of sexuality in the human brain.
As if to mark the map with little flags,
as if to go to market without your recyclable bag.
As a child I shot a bow and arrow
into a hay bale in a high meadow.
Taut then slack,
Miss Mary Mack . . . all down her back . . .
Now behind the barbed wire fence
trees named Pinion and Juniper,
Cholla cactus. Two days ago
two teenage girls galloping on horses.
In the dark tunnel of night my man calls me his *Vida*.
There is the belief by some forest dwelling tribe
that a woman's womb is both birth canal and coffin.
Neruda's mother died two months after giving birth to him.
From complications, or from falling down the stairs—
I don't know. My mother and I forced
into communion by overlapping skin.
I was born without a doctor.
I will die without a doctor.
Someone will eye me behind the fence
and be afraid of a woman walking away.
Zeroing-out rather than in.