When Baby Swallowed the Moon

Cele Bona

College of DuPage

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WHEN BABY SWALLOWED THE MOON

Cele Bona

the goddess Jessica swallowed the
full round moon on her way to earth which
makes her face to shine and

shapes her mouth over and over into an
infinity of tiny hearts oh they
enter our bodies she is

a picture a zillion dots of light a
blip blip blip on a cold TV screen and
sometimes there is sound

hiccup sighs yawns
long trails of syllables strung into an
effort to cry to cry to

appear to cry out against the unspeakableness of
her life sometimes out of her heart
mouth sitting pretty on her moon

face she emits a universal
signal ma-ma-ma but
speaks not ma or pa or

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Jessica is a receiver, perhaps a spy, a
"Who knows why?" cliche with no
transmitter
we
so want
meaning
we do
want meaning
we
need
but the goddess
reposes with the moon
in her throat, impeding her swallowing
leaving our nights dark and
clogged with constellations whose
names have changed since the
doctor said, "She has no
brain; she has reflexes only she
is like a computer with no soft-
ware." momentarily she is
porcelain baby doll

and cannot move across the line of
time we are sent here to spend
her baby cousins round and round out into

life
they spit and
fuss and scream holy holy
holy noise
while Jessica

is held in the chapel triptych
mother
father, baby
ger cherub shining
forever
there when you want to

drop to your knees
she backed
into the world with a mouth full of
feces spit out in tiny
torn hearts, yours
mine
her mom's
and dad’s sobs all jerking in huge
universe this virgin this
holy vessel this eternal baby wakes to
tears not her own and to

questions: “What does she want? What for? In the name of
Who can know? A stroke. Herself. She herself stilled by her own stroke within
the womb three weeks before.” yes what does she

want what stones is she
grinding what new alchemy out of our
smashed hearts does she intend? i

we are not up
for sacrifice we
Jessica do you think by hiding

the light of the moon in your
throat and see how it seeps out
your seams everywhere how even foot
tapping young men quiet to your
spell and sit and hold you calm
dazzled by ummm well

love even so we hurt even
though you can feel, they say, no
pain do you expect by hiding

the light of the
moon to force us to
finish our stories?