

Yael Massen

# Cover Yourself, אשה; to the Wailing Wall

A heat blanket:—this scarf fevers  
my body—: a cooking s'more, bitter  
milk chocolate melt. Oh holiness, oh great stone  
graham cracker. In this open-air oven  
I oven a flavor of watered salt & bile  
or whatever the word in two backwards dialects translates to  
something like a near-blind woman chopping carrots  
for her husband with a rusted knife.  
How the blame for wounds on her  
fingertips is her first possession—the ugly pockets of her  
skin-suit, a sweated burden of saline & sin  
she must apologize for in layers. This is no sweet  
duty in the price of an apple-bite, but a bearded fear of eyewandering  
& wishes caught  
in whiskers with crumbs—the way woman means wife  
before she even becomes one. We are always preparing  
for a meal.

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# Cafeteria, or The Sixth Grade Classroom

This paper fortune cookie—cootie catcher—  
has me all hooty-eyed & orthodontically  
challenged, like a psychic's favorite sucker—  
I unfold the bettied page:—origami futurescribble  
divined in pink-milky pen—: *pick a number*  
(twenty-dumb) *pick your color* (empurpled, or  
whatever shade a phlebotomist will puncture against)  
*the number again*—dance a fingersequence  
quickstep to floating calligraphy: fates I've ouija'd  
myself: body that will summon the fox—my wild—  
every twenty-eight days: a game of double-dutch  
played in this treetrunk—the half-children wait their turn.