Heather A. Warren

I Want Your Burnt Whispers & Other Poems

Author Bio

Heather A. Warren lives in Fairbanks, Alaska. She is currently working on her MFA in poetry at the University of Alaska Fairbanks. Heather has poems forthcoming in feminist/queer literary magazine Iris Brown. Heather was also a runner up in the Iris Brown poetry contest.
I want your burnt whispers

hitting my back like wax

stammering blind stupid

this sweet utterance is

a gulp of blush bruising your cheekbone pink-apple blend

curling the curves against your breath

against the forgotten grip to God’s fingertips

that always brushed by your eyes too closely

We can unlock the box of exits

on another day

at another time

not now.
Stillness

like a SMOLDERING BOULDER!
blowing insect frequencies like a pin-dropped HEADACHE.
Please remove the stitching from your lips and say something honest –
because this middle-of-the-road SHIT isn’t leading us ANYWHERE but nowhere.

“Here’s the thing about rights. They’re not supposed to be voted on… that’s why they call them RIGHTS.”
Thank you Rachel Maddow. I said something similar last Tuesday.

“Oh but Heather! Look! Seventeen States!”
OUT of FIFTY

“Be patient. Change is coming.” Right.
Sure. I should just wait
and hold still like I gotta pee in the middle of class.
We need unisex bathrooms in this place
because last Thursday I felt primarily masculine
and I put my fake cock in my backpack on days
like Thursday.
When Facing Problematic Contradictions in Love

I could
rotate
my namesake
into a ball
and roll her through
mind constructed narratives
only to land on stage with an unpredictable prompt
landscaping gravitation
unfolding
what should
unfold
electric
bold
binding a brand uncertain.

I could
pattern plot the patternless
into that tincture
she claims cures ailments from
microwaved radiation
blurring
“You are such a mess”
with
“I am such a mess”
that
breaks the unbroken
manufactured
puzzle unsolvable
I should switch snowcapped peaks for radiant skyline drives
unwinding as an untruthful compliment
and send it your way
on a platter
recycled
diamond
that
glistens
through my beggar:
“what else would you like?”

I think I should brush the stems
blooming from my open eye
lashes in the wind
whistled with desire
like the rising loaf
forgotten on the counter
and left for the dogs.

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