

“Butter”
by Kelly Vicars

the cream poured goes so easy
from barrel’s bottom tiny fingers reach up sides
divine
like a babe’s

who makes us what we are?
you might say that state is easy,
cream
wombs of fat suspended
in sleeping states
unknowing
that all things
can wake

wood paddle dipped in white makes
the world churn and
air pricks the planate curves
from which questions come
fierce and fiery--
where was this air that never came but of in sleep
we dreamed?

awaking they will step
over sodden carcasses
and they will reach out hands
they will ask
are we free?

--

he will demand
butter
on his toast
this morning
all his life
and I will spread it for him
generously
with a knife I have held since the day I could cry
and he will think that nothing
has changed
that freedom is a fool’s paradise
and insoluble

but I have seen
matter changed
and I have seen babies birthed
and heard their cries from behind walls as my skin
is churned
by a thousand paddles

and I, master
I have been that
butter
and I
am breathing air

--

who makes us what we are?
the cream poured goes so easy
my arms
would say, that state is easy
but I
am a breaker
of vessels
and my heart says that state is free

- KSV