

BELOVED
REVOLUTIONARY
SWEETHEART

BEATRIZ HAUSNER

POEMS

BELLOVED

REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART

BEATRIZ HAUSNER

Book*hug Press

FIRST EDITION

Copyright © 2020 by Beatriz Hauser

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Title: Beloved revolutionary sweetheart / Beatriz Hausner.

Names: Hausner, Beatriz, author.

Description: First edition.

Identifiers: Canadiana (print) 20200194194 | Canadiana (ebook) 20200194208

ISBN 9781771665933 (softcover) | ISBN 9781771665940 (HTML)

ISBN 9781771665957 (PDF) | ISBN 9781771665964 (Kindle)

Subjects: LCGFT: Poetry.

Classification: LCC PS8565.A79 B45 2020 | DDC C811/.6--dc23

PRINTED IN CANADA

The production of this book was made possible through the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council. Book*hug Press also acknowledges the support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Book Fund and the Government of Ontario through the Ontario Book Publishing Tax Credit and the Ontario Book Fund.



Book*hug Press acknowledges that the land on which we operate is the traditional territory of many nations, including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee and the Wendat peoples. We recognize the enduring presence of many diverse First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples and are grateful for the opportunity to meet and work on this land.

Book*hug Press

*I love you more than Seguin did Valence,
And how I'd like to conquer you in love,
My dearest friend, for you're by far the greatest
—The Countess of Dia, often called Beatriz*

High Priestess

Our revered lords ladies dear ones I am come to render elegant
homage to silks sometimes chains due to the reversal of the bias.

The principal altar is up side down. Divine Adoratrice of Amun
you of the easy knit interacting with the holder of the office, use

yourself as inspiration in moiré and the shimmery legs strutting
down the aisle: May the perfect fabrications reach up to you because

nothing detracts from the treatment the modality of those fabrics
draped against hardware. You command our attention to the mirror

of ourselves your subjects. Because you must on your own place
the ethereal layers and it is necessary to conceal your love of these

the mothers of the children hanging off us women who accept
the wearing of garments for our Lord Love of perfect fit. Around

us rise the hanging gardens of Babylon and Alexander who saw
them and mistakenly fled along the grain yes against the grain for

he knew not the power of adjuration entreaty renewed twice yearly
when we sat along the long path and praised the importance of the

collar to Amun God's Wife you are God's Wife of Amun they call
you more than all the vestals at the altar you alleviate suffering and

the sisters moan in a blessed tone as the trombone groans with the
seasons of irreverence are we renewed spring summer fall and

winter the collections are with the art of being from which we animate
ourselves. I entreat you: do nothing don't do anything to your genders

of sex for him not the fulfillment of desire nor the satisfying
of want though getting to coming requires great creative power

and the constant invention of writing where pleasure is a present
couture placed against ready-to-wear for the young ones who

work seamlessly and in heels. The young secretariat records
your dictum: I belong to a world devoted to elegance. The

manner of your prayer makes us the thing that most suits you
from which flows our cosmology and structure and softness and

masculine and feminine sometimes the unflattering silhouettes
of ugly chic luxury albeit not basted but rather Shirred so

that normalizing the unexplored when designing on paper
when fabricating when draping when cutting when sewing

when finishing the fabric is the medium. Pre-eminently
wearable with the figure dictating the shape of those garments

you offer your chest of accessories drawers that open
and close of their own will overflowing fruit crushed

in a glass of blue of green jewels inside alcohol. We
travel in a car pulled by two lapdogs whose names are

princely.

A designer also this Theodora your sister of now utilizing
whole with no exterior construction to force the dress into

place—and you must be patient. You must surpass yourself
to reach your goals—you utter as the flame is lit and you close

your eyes in prayer pull the flame to your cheeks with your
hands and kiss the deities invisibly protecting us warrior

women in file we parade before you, we who are
fierce and strong, impenetrable owners of our sex.

Song on Tongue

When least expected
you arrive with
song on your tongue
revenant king

nestled with our sexes

present yourself
that I might see you
shackled to strange
furniture

love hidden

by the textures of want
I travel the length
of your body with my lips

I touch

your geographic markers
west to east
movement
stasis

always the heart

let us not bury
the distressed moan
not place the slab
over us

nor live
with exculpation
in dream

a star rises to your lips
to your hair made
of filaments of gold
and of fabulous

smoke
with Moro anchoring
this voice you enter
the room and tap
lightly on nerves

that grow inward from my sex
now caught in the jaws
of the lion

let us meet daily and at
the hour proscribed
by sun clocks

exact premonitions

of surrender
let us
love to excess before
someone invisibly turns
the hue of my skin to indigo

before they place a bowl of blood
in one hand lotus flower
in the other
a snake
in my third hand

and I am not done:

I place one foot on your chest
another foot on your sex
and I dream you awake

you who must be mine
if I am to vanquish the armies
that make war inside the man
and the woman that we are despite

ourselves

So soon as the front of you

So soon as the front of you is noticed
you become obscured

sweet apple turn

to stone the darkness

within

as the purl hot
no-not cold
swirls again yes
and interminably
within you
without you

because who would not take

sadness with your ecstasy?

Together we pour ourselves
out and into me with

your great swelling

your soul inherited
and further burnished
through strange marriages
with darkness:
the union is almost
complete in obscurity
as someone else's hands
close your doors.

Do not take these breasts
into belly not and yes

below your chest laid bare

I see your heart open wound
weeping song of remembrance
released before the ages multiply
and

ah how slender

the trunk of the tree holding
up the weight of your night
and your fear of loss
and my constant releasing
of you to yourself and to darkness

inherited from the mothers
who roped tightly into knots

your hips

such attraction turned
your thighs underneath
away from white
ice sheets and black snow
and the cutting knife baring
the song of weeping

the very image of shapeliness

is too slow indeed
in hiding though
indeed unfortunately
I am not able

to bear it witness

for you are inward gone
not deep inward but
somewhat inbound
this inwardness without
you and I am not able

to bear to bear to bear to bear to bear it.