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Five Poems

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Five Poems

Abstract

Five poems by Meg Johnson: Unswerving; Your vulva needs a shout-out; No one; Father of the bride; and I'm a Beast.

Disciplines

Poetry

Comments

These poems were published in *Lemon Hound* (2015): <http://lemonhound.com/2015/05/08/meg-johnson-five-poems/>.

Meg Johnson: Five Poems

by SINA on May 8, 2015 • 9:31 am

No Comments

UNSWERVING

I see a wire under
my skin. From the top
of my underwear
inching up my center,
a painless stem. I worry
I am not real. I worry
the wire should be tucked
inside, not forcing its way
out. I tell myself whether
I am human or machine
is no one's business.

YOUR VULVA NEEDS A SHOUT-OUT

Your vulva is hiring a P.R. firm.
Your vulva has a low profile.

Once, in the 90's, Ross said "vulva"
on *Friends*, but that was a long time ago,
and your vulva never really liked
Ross anyway.

Your vulva is hiring a lawyer.
Think of all the times it was robbed
of proper attribution.

A girl with an upcoming Brazilian:
"I'm getting my vagina waxed!"
No, you are not.

"I suffer for nothing!" says your vulva,
pouting.

NO ONE

No one should dub themselves
motivational. No one should
claim they *inspire* others.

I can't help but imagine
these self-proclaimed speaker-saints
getting rammed up the ass
with a unicorn's horn. I'd rather
converse with a crack addict
with a wire cart and a scrunchie.

I can't sit through another solo dance
piece about Persephone. In the program
notes, the soloist-slash-choreographer
will write of Persephone's great
beauty, assuming the audience
will never question the self-cast role.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Ingénues stolen in plain
sight. Girls, young women
assaulted on sunny days.
This is the dark routine.
Fathers don't go missing.

Your dad's car will not
be abandoned by a hiking trail.
He is not the main character.

A diabetic man, little insulin.
What fairy tale can we compare
this to? Can fathers faint?
Who wants to steal a father?
A tux fitting is not
very masculine.

Abandoned car pointed
in the wrong direction.
A needle pricking
empty air. The father-
daughter dance.
We may never know
what song he picked out.

I'M A BEAST

I am a rapper. I rap
to my porcelain dolls.
I can tell they love
my fierce rhymes
when they don't
move their eyes.
And when they look
white.

I am fake pregnant.
Not to trap a man, but
to entertain myself.
It makes me feel skinny!

I am auditioning
to be a puppet. I like
to pull my own strings.
I wish I was at home
pulling my own strings
right now.

You must sit at least two feet
away from me. If you do not
sit two feet away from me,
I will continue to smell
this sharpie marker until

you feel so uncomfortable
you must leave the room.

You will be confused
by how turned on you are
by my sharpie sniffing.

You will shiver
with self-hatred.

Meg Johnson is the author of the full length poetry collection, *Inappropriate Sleepover* (The National Poetry Review Press, 2014) which was a *NewPages* Editor's Pick. Her second book, *The Crimes of Clara Turlington*, won the 2015 Vignette Collection Award and is forthcoming from Vine Leaves Press. Her poems have appeared in *Hobart*, *Nashville Review*, *The Puritan*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Sugar House Review*, *Verse Daily*, and others. Meg started dancing at a young age and worked professionally in the performing arts for many years. She is the editor of *Dressing Room Poetry Journal* and recently received her MFA in creative writing from the NEOMFA Program. She is currently a lecturer at Iowa State University. Her website is: megjohnson.org and she blogs at: megjohnsonmegjohnson.blogspot.com