

Q / A

a poetry journal

Poetry by/for the hags, crones,  
nymphs, spinsters, and other  
hysterical women of the world

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## Issue #13

**Editor's note: to maintain the integrity of the poets' formatting, the poems this week were uploaded as images.**



Boneset. Joe Pye weed. Lead plant.

rite quick—teeth on toast—federally mandated kitchen sync—post doc work in Budapest—yak butter tea—childhood farm walnut now a breakfast table—all the lint, all the lush—

flies of Munising—lemon light on Pictured Rocks—Penelope, my poor little muskrat—marriage is conversation metered in tree rings, a vow to keep talking, texting as it were—

[give her some room]

monsoon macaroon municipality—yarrow of my morning, my mourning, my side oats grama—grandmas of Rummikub and monastery wine—I am your unmarketable soybean, your going-nowhere harvest—

outstretched hand of semicolon: its empathy, diplomacy, linguistic fidelity—conference of golden-spotted skippers on dog shit scattering as spokes approach—when was the last time you looked into the

keyhole of negative space between your first and second toes? cherished oak umbrella isolated in faux frock fog—hold me, Odysseus, by the stem, at the waist, and pose. Call me hose, José, rosé—

two scooters, a long board and a pair of stilts—what, pray tell, is your angle of repose? she comes pre-sharpened amid hurricanes, a crooked little lamp of whitsunday dust.

Ninebark. New Jersey tea. Nodding onion.

*Anne Marie Holwerda Warner is a Chicago carpenter's daughter perched in Kalamazoo, Michigan. In 2019 her poems appeared in gravel, The Bitchin' Kitsch & Ghost City Review. An additional piece is forthcoming in Moonchild Magazine.*



## Persuasions

Adelina Sarkisyan

Consider  
who speaks in tongues —  
out of the sky and  
That this means  
supposed to mean.  
Having been  
I am that which

This isn't my first ending.  
I came out this way —  
sitting in its death pose.  
a pink bruise,  
blameless —

a woman  
slips  
into the body.  
what it is  
That this is a sign:  
a woman, now  
desires to undo it.

My mother says  
a small, gray bird  
My mouth  
branchless and  
female all the same.



Still  
or the possibility of one.  
the memory of something  
I open wide  
I was born.  
and my mother sighed  
Now she sighs for

Is this the language  
This  
This  
in absolutes  
& I will

Beware  
Beware  
Ask me what it means  
Violently and excitedly

I know this to be true:  
married to womanhood  
It breathes in me.  
All along  
of a dark cave  
falling

But I am busy forgetting  
I don't mean to last it out.  
last it out —  
buds have sprouted

I am on my knees.

I crave a meaning  
I hum with  
terrible.  
as I did that first day  
I latched on  
with relief.  
other things.

of women?  
on and on and on?  
that speaks  
I must, I must, I must  
never.

come close.  
much closer.  
to be deliriously unhappy.  
unhappy.

that I was born a wife  
and all its persuasions.  
I knew it was coming.  
I felt the wide mouth  
and me  
falling.

a life, a whole life.  
But I do,  
In the dark night,  
and I follow them.

I am halfway there.

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