



BARTELL
BARTON
CHANG
CURTIS
ERNY
FEBRUARY
GAVIN
GIBSUN
GUSTAVSEN
HAYES
JEWELL
KINKEL
KRIGGA
LAHTI
MARSHALL
MARTIN
MCLEOD
MONET
MORANDIN
OLIVAREZ
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Fire Domestic

LOGAN FEBRUARY

My lover is a furry beast, except at the tail.
I want to skin him and make myself a coat
before the harmattan gets here. The cold is
always curling in, claws becoming a fist.

I've survived this long because I hold
my weight in smoke for the whole of December.
My lover kept my skin warm. Now he heats
my stomach. Hurt people hurt people, etcetera.

I keep him permanent inside me. The brown
broth was a true delight. Viscous stew, steaming
& thick with palm oil. A little too much salt,
but I swear I haven't cried since then. I shaved

my lover's head for a thicker quilt, made a pipe
out of his thigh bone. More smoke for me.
Most days, I swear I am only alive because of
my shivering. What I built was a fire, inside

this house, which my lover built, his hands
rugged as a steel sponge. I live forever by
the threshold, afraid of the chill, watching the fog
crawl close. When there is nothing left to burn,

I will oil my lamp & wick with the little fat under
my own skin, then go to join them. All the people
I have scalded, calling out for me. Through
mouthfuls of mist, I quietly name them in return.

Elijah Fed by Ravens

KRISTINA ERNY

I.
Even the whisper
leaves the black feathers
inchoate. Rustled
jump-leap gathering
another stick, a
hope caught there under

first scuffle. Feathered
eyes feather-sore; the
days waiting, days gone.

Before he comes: cave
yawn and brook the tiniest

releve of pebble.
Anger sifts, shifts, no
vapor of it left.
Elijah opens
nocturne of hunger,
secondary mouth.

II.
black feather black mouth
black teeth & black shine
black open the black
cave black ripples in
black brook blackwater
black thoughts black sunshine
back burns back to the

rock black the under
side of leaves an idea of
black survival what
hope means black feather
black feathers black flight
black shine of feathers
in morning black light
black grit of black nails scrape
of black rocks black of black
moss black of the future the
future of the black yawning
black exists the tired black
the black bread sustenance
passed from black beaks black
bread builds a black fire
in belly backed by
a black and holy God

III.

Overhead the cloud
split like a melon.

Light, of course, its shine.
I'm over color

created just to
please, perfect, if just

in a wafer. I'll
take what I can get.

The Way to Horeb

KRISTINA ERNY

For Edie Moon

Arise, arise, the journey is too great
for you alone to master. Muster bread
from the bloody beaks of angels, & eat
standing or with your head on a rock. Say
nothing, just go & keep on going till you are
spent & burned up, crispy as meat, as leaf.
This is a life well meant, traveling far
& wide though staying near. No one can grieve
you this: you were awake. Your mouth drank
what the brook would give when it would give it.
Black feathers stuff your pillows; your teeth sink
right down to very bone. You cannot sit
still even for a minute. This is gift/
whip. You see holy, and you mean it.