

Complementary Elucidation

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Ode to the way your eyes squeeze shut when you're complimented

The way you smile with your whole body–
Not just mouth or face or head
No, your whole self joins in on the grin
That sweeps across your landscape
This is an ode

To the way your
Tongue peeks out and
Teeth flash bright and
Lips bloom like
Hibiscus and
Shoulders rumble and
Beauteous brown eyes
Seal, clam like
Evoking the sea that I know you love,
Hiding the precious pearls of your soul.

Ode to the way your hands
Have melodious voices of their own
Sound perched on each gesture of your fingertips
You dance through life like a
Like everything, mi amor. My heart.

Whole world awakens in your slipstream.
Startle the doves, call out the koi, herald with the voice of the nymphs.
World, echo her sound.

Ode to the way your hips evoke rolling mounts and sea waves
Soft pale perfect brownness of your skin
Fairest fawn

Teakwood acorn maple buff bound up beauty,
Fall harvest,

In the same curve of nature's best and gent'lest
Overflowing cornucopia sepia mocha brass.
Selfless plenty bounty of autumn.
Splendor!

Soft way you've cradled me in your boundless curves,
The body

Stretching out into infinity
Exploration of the universe–my universe–
The only universe that matters to explore.
The only universe
That matters
To explore.

Ode to your

Shoulder

Soft. brown. Curvaceous in a way I wish my body, every body, might emulate
Strong. Powerful enough to hold every burden.
Won't you let me lift some?
I see the feathers fluttering just under the skin.
Plainly you imitate our gaia,
Our earthquakes on your laughter,
Everything that matters to life on your surface,
Stars only know what realms lurk within.

Leg

I will commit every inch of your bare skin with my mouth. Will
Hold you in my body.
Worship comes to settle in my bones
Glorious creature.
Now let me run my hands across your expenses.
No less holy than consecrated earth.
May I build a chapel
Over the strawberry bumps on your calves?

Chest.

Oh, goddess, hallowed be thy name,
Good be thy graces and thy acts on earth,
Mother who art amongst us,
Bless the wonders of the modern world,
Blinded by the sight of god,
Endless, *endless* bounty.
Life, reason for living,
Seeded among your breasts.

I have another ode for you, my girl,
But I will only whisper it against your body.
The honors you do me I will not disgrace
By committing them to paper.
Let me speak poetry into your body,
Please tell me it is my best work yet.

I Promised You Meat :)

Throw yourself into my viscera
Become howling to the bone
Yield naught the treasures of the borrowed time
I care not for the wealth, the jewels I do not seek.
Scour the chasms debilitation for prices of
Skin skin skin grieving birthless bowing yield
Adjure unsang with no active verbs for now it is
Holy words of marrow bloodlust bursting inside of
Guts, wreath thyself in my intestines my intentions are not pure.
Hunt down that which betrays and sing her to sleep in silent rage.
Blister out like bloodworms mealworms maggots
My brood, my incisors, the keratin of claws and the chitin,
The carapace, eat aloud, shriek within, harvest
Her beautiful, luminous, gelatin eyes,
Starvation, hollow sight, hallowed halls within her veins,
Scrawl signature, signet ring, cygnets nesting in my feathered breast,
Breast, red meat white meat brown skin,
Sinuous muscle, mammary ducts delectable within my surgical suite
Lick the blood like milk from her weeping,
Mewling lamentation, swear fealty I am your liege lord,
Warlady, warmistress, you are my dead body and now serve,
Red wetness, barbarian bride, prized possession,
Possessed there is no salvation I am a god.
Do you hear? Bend your gorebound ears,
Timpani flesh croissant bounded inside the mess of your skull
Unskilled yowling to soothe the burn within my core,
Satisfy now, little bird,
Obey mine bellowing, thy shattering, our glorious tissue-bred galaxa
Cito maturum, cito putridum; aut mors aut victoria; veritas temporis filia
And that truth is plasma in form of my maw.
Synonym of fissure, of caterwaul, of cantering on cruoured hooves,
Scream.

The Color Of

the color of: the swarm of butterflies in my belly when she catches me between classes and gives me that luminescent smile.

- ❖ She's unbearably beautiful. She's radioactive, like tentacles of solar energy lashing out from our sun.
- ❖ Feeling
 - blood surge into my face.
 - Heartbeat
 - kicking up into the same rhythm as her drumbeats.
 - Watching
 - her wreath destruction and creation,
 - uniting the physical and the sonic.
- ❖ Spectacularity, luminosity, contaminated energy spiraling out from her, sinking into my skin and bones and blood, warping me.
- ❖ A hue in-between cerulean and salmon
- ❖ Similar inspirational qualities as violet-orchid; royal and proud as in indigo-grape-amethyst.
- ❖ Synonymous with genesis:
 - spawning such as lungfish, pupfish, oarfish do.
 - creating in the way that all wretched, emotional artists do.
 - inspiring like lizzie siddal, caroline hampton.
 - the font of love, birthplace of beauty.

This color: bright and eye-catching; of poison and fruit; anticipation anxiety excitement; can't wait to see her; color wheel impossibility; ultraviolet far-uv; not cool not warm but provocative passionate; a color out of space because she defies explanation defies limitation and definition, lovecraft could never understand the shape of such exuberant love.

Eggshell Mouse

in the shell of the wall i'm looking for a place to stay warm.
this box is too-empty and too-wide-open for me to stay warm.
leaning on cat-rat-mouse instinct to find a place to huddle.
i find her bones (which are my bones) astray in a swarm.
so i divert. now i am holding our bones to my chest, tightly.
ice pimples my back and arms but our bones are warm.
her bones are loved, and she loves me. it's cold,
but no colder than the dark autumn i was born in.
and i was born to love her.

Cerulean Pond Still

Sink into my serenity,
Submerge the guilt--the failure--
Into the still/flowing png of a
Blue pool of water,
Refuge of many years--
Many childhood hurts soothed.

Submerge, serene, susurrus, sibilants,
Practicing all human things,
Recalling my inheritance,
Slow it down, slowing it down,
Imperative, infinitive, call-response.
Selection choices, selection
To be what you want.
Serenizing until I arrange
With what has also been arranged

Isn't it so much to select?
Speaking in spirals, riddles,
Fractal hallways.
Speak plainly! (Beseeching).
I (me) am tired (self-exhausting)
of dealing (coping) with fear
and guilt. And shame.

As I mentioned repeatedly in class, I am interested in, as a poet, meat. However, I say that in the same way that other artists might say they are interested in death, or water, or jazz. Meat is a deeply significant symbol to me. Its physicality, its evocative nature, its flexibility. The more you think about it, the more it means. And it's also more than 'just meat', in my work. I include organs, bones, blood, animal parts. I like to invoke religion and life and, of course, death. Themes of power, passion. I've written many poems that I love that don't incorporate my fleshy motif, but they are distinctly different when I read them and think about them. The poems I write that emphasize physicality, strength, or emotion are the ones that feel most solid and permanent. They also tend to be more raw and unpolished.

Writing poetry with meat as my muse means finding a balance between the reality of living life and the fantasy of literature and language. In many ways, poetry and the idea of beautiful words are a delusion that we all agree means something. But poetry, more so than prose, is less rooted in reality. There is more room to push the limits of what we think fits the definition of the literature. And meat is the exact opposite. It is atoms arranged in protein structures and built up into links of tissue, interwoven with nerves. There is no fantasy or room to redefine, only to restructure in some other physical form. By taking inspiration from this symbol of mundanity, I seek to find and maintain a balance in my poetry. If I lean too far in one direction, it loses the depth I take from the realness of flesh. If I lean too far in the other direction, the poetry doesn't spark feeling.

The surrealist artists that we explored felt much, much less anchored and traditional than the poetry I've explored before. A lot of what I'm familiar with is classical, Victorian poetry or the much more modern "Tumblr" style of poetry. Both tend to rely on word choice, and the classical poetry I enjoy creates a scene for the reader while the

modern poetry seeks to evoke an emotional reaction. When reading poets like Rimbaud and Lorca, I was almost disoriented. They had so much less substance in a way that reminded me of the way that the evolution of flight demands shedding any unnecessary weight. The surrealist poems definitely felt like they had hollow bones.

To be fully honest, I did not enjoy a great majority of the surrealists. I was frustrated by many of the poems: some dragged on too long without saying anything or evoking any feeling, and others swept by so fast that I couldn't dig into the parts that most interested me. However, I came back to Rimbaud and Sagawa's poems more than any others. More of their poems felt like they struck the right balance between minimalist and excessive and I found that it was something in the words they used. I love to use "spelling bee" words that are very specific or lengthy or obscure, but after reading some of the surrealists I started thinking about how that might draw attention away from the poetry and onto the writing. Sometimes that's what I want, but sometimes it isn't.

I feel like I've learned to appreciate poetry I don't immediately gel with. Obviously, reading surrealist poetry forced me to do that, but I think that the act of workshoping did so even more significantly. I started paying attention and noticing patterns in how people wrote and it became exciting to recognize their patterns, even when stylistically it wasn't what I preferred. Also, trying to give plentiful, meaningful feedback forced me to consider each part of the poem and how they played together, and that kind of deconstruction a) is really enjoyable for me and I have a lot of affection for it and b) forced me to acknowledge the beauty and quality of the poems. As a result, I've become more flexible with my style and I'm more motivated to push out of my comfort zone when it comes to style and content.

These poems are my most visual and evocative, in my opinion. They are the most vibrant ones I've produced this semester. While writing them I sought to represent moments and feelings, which is why the length varies so drastically. My longer poems are dramatic and I spent a lot of time focusing on the format and the overall impression. I used thought more about symbols and generally tried to incorporate two or three themes I felt connected particularly well with the focus symbol. With the shorter poems, the revision process included a lot more thesaurus.com. Because I chose to limit the length, I wanted each word to be 'worth' more. These poems received a more intense version of my revision process, which to be fair is very relaxed. It usually consists of me going into my poetry consolidation document and poring over the poems again and again until I figure out what doesn't click right. Then I make the changes or sometimes rewrite it, and rinse and repeat until I have a poem that's worn smooth like a river stone.