

CALL OF THE MONSTERS

by Alexandra Edwards

"There's a pronounced tension between rational science and traditional beliefs. Dr. Yamane may conclude that a nuclear explosion created Gojira, but the islanders would tell you differently. They believe the giant sea monster has always lived off their shore, appeased in the past by the sacrifice of native girls."

"I'm Dizzy, my lip is busted, my Jaw hurts, and my ears are ringing."

I don't want to imagine my anxiety as a color or a shape

I imagine it as a small monster a smaller monster you stomp it to death

VARIATIONS ARE IMPORTANT

MechaGodzilla, soulless silver robot form SpaceGodzilla, red eyes and crystal shoulders King of the Monsters, identical but for the deadpan American who just keeps showing up Godzillasaurus, SuperMechaGodzilla LittleGodzilla, BabyGodzilla, Godzilla Junior Minilla

(smaller monster)

and all the dozens spinning off your original upright form

Rodan is a dick, I tell my friends but we love Mothra, colorful mother with her twin fairy interpreters Ghidorah, armless enemy, Biollante, Megalon and on and on

and on

ONE MONTH WITH MINDFULNESS GODZILLA

begins

and even without a superlative small details bend and give

a connoisseur could tell you more but I'm just interested in the metaphor

so we name some new daikaiju

and every day in June for five minutes at a time I narrow the world to a solid plastic form

green, black, gold uneven plates uneven eyes arms to smash or arms to hold we all have mold lines like scars

twelve solid scales and one nearly ripped from its seam

barely balanced contrapposto unflat foot on nearly flat floor

we all lumber like that we all crush we all roar

THE WOMAN-MOTH

with love to the newspaper mistakes

In the hotel basement, boys are making a show of what they've learned. A contest of technical detail, the weight of a suit in grams, the birthplace of the man inside.

They battle, speed of memory against memory, speed of speech. Aroused by themselves. Some boys have wide faces and their dull mouths gleam. Easier, she thinks, if they could eat what they love.

The woman-moth is watching, but she resists. She is watching to resist. Soft to their hardness, scattering catalog impulse. Encyclopedias of ephemera are no way in. They cannot tell you how a monster breathes. She was born to oceans screamed in headlines, bioluminescent egg sac hulking on some scarred and distant shore.

The basement has nothing like a moon.

She does not throw herself at their sloppily lit screen.

Yeats was haunted by numberless islands and he was made of fear. Cowered to think a female body politic hurling stone upon stone, hurling body into fight. He's kind of shit, she thinks, right? As if the woman-moth could let Infant Island go.

She can't. She wants to fight. In the soundstage twilight, the boys can tell you how she flies. Can detail temple style, scale. But if you watch the frame. Or if you watch it again. Find the moment the monster trips, and when he rolls, she'll cry.

"RAVISHING A UNIVERSE FOR LOVE"

two and a half minutes of storm but I surface

my face messy in your bathroom mirror and I suddenly know
I just want to win
I am the worst girl I've ever met

here on Monster Island we are spectator sport so put a hand down hold me tighter push this gagging throat

until the moth stops shrieking

then tell me why they renamed her The Thing and tell me how you knew

hey cat-face scale-back bigger nightmare come chew on this come knock this building down

no this one no wait

hey you sweet scaly thing curl up to sleep on my body the carved out ruins of this city

you wrecked it

LIKE A GIFT BROUGHT BY SUPER SCALE TYPHOON

we bank on that for terror some inhuman bigness that looms

but even slim-figured bipeds can grip and pull can hold you down

MY BOYFRIEND REVEALS THE FORMULA

There's always a scientist
There's always a girl
and the monster never touches her

I wanted to be both I wanted to bring you facts, angles, rational numbers and hypothesis after hypothesis

And then lay myself down for testing to be tested I mean to be found not wanting

"He now leaves radioactive footprints and breathes a kind of atomic fire. The islanders' ceremony, meanwhile, does nothing to keep him away." Am 6. August 1945 morgens um Viertel nach acht wurde die von 400 000 Menschen bewohnte Stadt Hiroshima zu neunzig Prozent durch die erste Atombombe zerstört. Auf einem wenige Tage später im Herzen der zerstörten Stadt aufgenommenen Foto ist das Ausmaß der Zerstörung zu sehen.

I do my research, you know.

I spend the summer learning German.

I spend the summer reading about the bombs.

Everything is about the bombs.

I cannot speak about the bombs.

I want to be very clear: my trauma is nothing like a bombing.

This is the problem with pain—nothing is like anything else except in metaphor.

GODZILLA (2014)

we know how to feel because big-eyed white people feel it all for us

ALTERNATE HISTORIES

"Unfortunately, Godzilla quickly became disillusioned with Hollywood. He didn't like how the monsters in American films were always portrayed as soulless villains. He also felt out of place as a giant monster, something Hollywood monster films were lacking."

—Rhea M. Dee, "Godzilla After Godzilla"

You lean a steadying hand on the Golden Gate Bridge
You join the NBA
You destroy New York
You sleep
You lead kaputtes Leben, my textbook says
You destroy the moon
You're banished
You raise a son
You wait
You teach your son
You sleep
You destroy the world

You save the world

You sleep

You sleep You wake You sleep

HOW THE MONSTERS CALL TO ME

leather glove on bass string rusty metal shriek

pitching down inhuman sounds we were never meant to hear

twin fairy girls in satin and fur on a CD you saved from 1995

HERE ON MONSTER ISLAND (reprise)

shake
shear
killer kaiju girls in wait

ONE MONTH WITH MINDFULNESS GODZILLA

ends

if you could burn away what doesn't work atomic breath aimed at the center of me

I'd still be driftless, shaking, sheared at the seams

because breathing isn't fixing no matter how much I want it to be

"OVER TIME, OVER SEA, LIKE A WAVE"

praying Mosura No Uta until I fly awake

only bird I know that can throw punches

Acknowledgements and credits

Long quotes on pages 2 and 12 are from "Nuclear Trauma Monster," first published at <u>thefilmleague.com</u>

"Godzilla After Godzilla" by Rhea M. Dee was first published at *thefilmleague.com*

Other quotes were found across the internet, in films, on posters, and at Godzilla fan conventions across the country.