

MARIANNE MORRIS

Envy

—for CAConrad

'If woman had desires other than 'penis-envy', this would call into question the unity, the uniqueness, the simplicity of the mirror charged with sending man's image back to him—albeit inverted.'

Luce Irigaray

Someone is bartering in the shower
showering in the verbena
re-arranging the pronouns
from the plastic hammock
no longer to be punished with attention
but with purposive absence, and porn
slotted in to the empty place,
porn with its
spoon from the kitchen
porn with its
fork in the mustard
with its pencil shirt
lasciviously
sexist with its
woman with a sexist face
ruling by gavel. Why
is no one reincarnated as a pigeon

leaping and sedition

done always from far away.
Considering how and when we are

going to admit our love of manufacturing
our genuine condolences re: iPhone
our joy exchanged for mourning
I could hold on to
you could not pull back
I could sully
you could Wednesday
et cetera, either/or
pour
from my garden
of singing, a punishment
hanging from the neck
of a CHATTEL
and if I say FREE
then so what
what happened
is happening
again
song—

From the alienated companions I had thought to call hipsters
I learn that the teenagers of today's generation
read periods in texts as passive aggressive,
that if someone says I'm late
and you respond okay
it's okay
and if you respond okay period
it's not okay—
and from them again I learn to be meat
and need a better camera
with which to mimic the surface

beneath which I fawn with industry.

The bottom of myself drops out
awake and charged by hashtags
seeking to decipher the difference between actress who fucks and actress
who does not

between fucking for pay and representing for pay
between actress who is paid and actress who is not
between actress who does not fuck and stand-in who fucks for her hierarchy
of petted morals which possess my body intimately
can I speak of violence with body intact
except you do not wish to hear it, will inspect me for wounds
every other enemy's a standing manuscript
every other manuscript who's enemy's a woman standing
a woman photographed in the act of excusing her patriarch
who happens to be a woman in a suit but it doesn't matter
it doesn't matter
actress whose body pleases dirty-shirt man
whom envy has bound to a couch—

Purported envy which flexes our fingers in dance of refute
The refutation of which constitutes more fully a defence of the masculine
The refutation of which is necessary to the love of right
The refutation of which may be right, but not true
May be accompanied by a recuperation of the dildo
quartz, amethyst, rhodochrosite dildo
pink tourmaline dildo
shungite dildo
laughed at yr dildo over lunch dildo
dildo of fat art dildo of proof
of recognition dildo
proof that what begins specialized as medicine
flying out of left field
may end as daily practice
yuppie fetish dildo

how can I envy what I can buy with my wage
what redefines my status as sexual proletarian
how can I buy that

I used to believe that there was really such a thing as a woman with
no limits
the byproduct of a broken fantasy of community, perhaps
or just the long germination of stupidity and fixity—

The strap-on was purple, and decorated with daisies,
how pretending to have a cock is girlish I don't recall
to numb the threat of my having it all
I suppose

I thought it would extend the clitoris of my feeling
into the muscle, but I was wrong—
without a daisy chain of jism to entice an ending
the only point of a strap-on is to make someone wail
the weapon stripped of its empathic sweetness
is just a weapon, is this what it's like
to be envied