



Heather A. Warren

## I Want Your Burnt Whispers & Other Poems

### Author Bio

Heather A. Warren lives in Fairbanks, Alaska. She is currently working on her MFA in poetry at the University of Alaska Fairbanks. Heather has poems forthcoming in feminist/queer literary magazine *Iris Brown*. Heather was also a runner up in the *Iris Brown* poetry contest.

↳ I want your burnt whispers ↵

hitting my back like wax

stammering blind stupid

this sweet utterance is

a gulp of blush bruising your cheekbone pink-apple blend

curling the curves against your breath

against the forgotten grip to God's fingertips  
that always brushed by your eyes too closely

We can unlock the box of exits

on another day

at another time

not now.

↳ Stillness ↵

like a SMOLDERING  
BOULDER!  
blowing insect frequencies like a pin-dropped  
HEADACHE.

Please remove the stitching from your lips and say something honest –

because this middle-of-the-road SHIT isn't leading us

ANYWHERE

but nowhere.

“Here’s the thing about rights.

They’re not supposed to be voted on...

that’s why they call them RIGHTS.”

Thank you Rachel Maddow. I said something similar last Tuesday.

“Oh but Heather! Look! Seventeen States!”

OUT of FIFTY

“Be patient. Change is coming.”

Right.

Sure.

I should just

wait

and hold still

like I gotta pee in the middle  
of class.

We need unisex bathrooms in this place

because last Thursday I felt primarily masculine

and I put my fake cock in my backpack on days  
like Thursday.

## ↳ When Facing Problematic Contradictions in Love ↵

I could  
rotate  
my namesake  
into a ball  
and roll her through  
mind constructed narratives  
only to land on stage with an unpredictable prompt  
landscaping gravitation  
unfolding  
what should  
unfold  
electric  
bold  
binding a brand uncertain.

I could  
pattern plot the patternless  
into that tincture  
she claims cures ailments from  
microwaved radiation  
blurring  
“You are such a mess”  
with  
“I am such a mess”  
that  
breaks the unbroken  
manufactured  
puzzle unsolvable

I *should* switch snowcapped peaks for radiant skyline drives  
unwinding as an untruthful compliment  
and send it your way  
on a platter  
recycled  
diamond  
that  
glistens  
through my beggar:  
“what else would you like?”

I think I should brush the stems  
blooming from my open eye  
lashes in the wind  
whistled with desire  
like the rising loaf  
forgotten on the counter  
and left for the dogs.

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[www.polarijournal.com/resources/Warren-Burnt-Whispers.pdf](http://www.polarijournal.com/resources/Warren-Burnt-Whispers.pdf) (accessed <insert date>).