

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell:

An Election Cycle

Andrew and Donora A. Rihn

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Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books. More information can be found at www.moriapoetry.com.

Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politicallyoriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

If you live through this with me I swear that I would die for you

Pastoral

We got married the day before the election.

My husband and I, newly minted monogamists, stood with eyes welled before the judge. I wore a black

lace dress and new shoes. He, a student of the protests, strapped pop cans to the back of his Jeep.

Some months before, we had moved into a tiny house near a lake, and learned our neighbor two doors

down keeps five Confederate flags flying at all times. One night, walking the dogs, we passed another house

with its upstairs window open. I saw a woman undressing in front of another flag. I almost did not tell my husband.

The night after the election, I lie in bed with a migraine, the worst I've had in nearly a year.

I go to take a shower, our bathroom the size of a closet, and turn the water on as hot as I can stand it.

Benediction

What it felt like: to be the definition of a word you could not translate.

Storm clouds had obscured the night sky for some time.

And yes, I ran screaming into that night like a myth gone mad

while lightning pealed in your eyes, those glowing filaments of imagination.

We had broken into this bonfire feet first.

I didn't even know the meaning of risk until you laid hands upon me, bandaging my scars and soothing my ragged tongue.

You never gave up, the copper penny in my fusebox, and there will never be language enough to thank you.

Les Témoins

When we fell in love, you said I had changed the composition of the sky. Now we sit side by side in our booth at Denny's, newly married, watching election results tally like sins while our coffee grows cold.

A week before, I was on a treadmill, watching a news story about the kilogram. A precious lump of metal, locked in a Parisian safe beneath three glass bell jars, has become unreliable. Scientists, we are assured, are working to redefine the weight of the world.

Together, we bear witness to this news. An old Greek man calls to us from two booths back. *Witness*, he says. In Greek, the word *witness* means *martyr*.

We watch this origami world unfold. If the kilogram can shed its weight, we can live through this.

A Becoming

I was a wheel greased with my own blood, a bad metaphor for wanting.

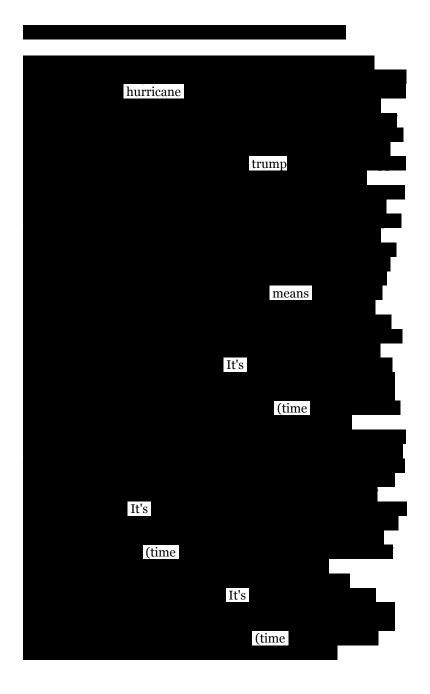
You, all black: hair, eyes, mouth. You lit a fire, and I never forgave you for it.

I forgive you for it. I knew you before you picked ashes out of your own

arm; I would have been at your birth to tell your mother her son would bring

the world's shudder to itself. We never know what goes on, do we, but this:

I love you now like so much blue fire, and we will live here. We will live here.



Acknowledgments

Title: The Marriage of Heaven and Hell by William

Blake

Epigraph: "Asking for It" by Hole (with Kurt

Cobain)

Erasure: "It's the End of the World as We Know It

(And I Feel Fine)" by R.E.M.

Andrew and Donora A. Rihn work in both poetry and rhetoric and composition. They live in the northeastern part of Ohio, a currently red state, near the Portage Lakes with their two rescue dogs.

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios - To Be An Empire Is To Burn

Charles Perrone – A CAPacious Act

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace - America's Tin

John Goodman – Twenty Moments that Changed the World

Donna Kuhn – Don't Say His Name

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – Bed From Government

mIEKAL aND – Manifesto of the Moment

Garin Cycholl - Country Musics 20/20

Mary Kasimor - The Prometheus Collage

lars palm – case

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – The Big Game is Every Night

Romeo Alcala Cruz – Archaeoteryx

John Lowther – 18 of 555

Jorge Sánchez – Now Sing

Alex Gildzen — Disco Naps & Odd Nods

Barbara Janes Reyes – Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2

Luisa A. Igloria – Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems

Allen Bramhall – Bleak Like Me

Kristian Carlsson – The United World of War

Roy Bentley – Men, Death, Lies

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – Dhaka Poems

Barbara Jane Reves - Nevertheless. #She Persisted

Martha Deed – We Should Have Seen This Coming

Matt Hill - Yet Another Blunted Ascent

Patricia Roth Schwartz – Know Better

Melinda Luisa de Jesús - Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls, with

poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama

Freke Räihä – Explanation model for 'Virus'

Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*

Ronald Mars Lintz - Orange Crust & Light

John Bloomberg-Rissman – In These Days of Rage

Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*

Leah Mueller – Political Apnea

Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*

John Bloomberg-Rissman and Eileen Tabios – *Comprehending Mortality*

Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*

Sheri Reda – Stubborn

Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*

Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetto, and Wesley St. Jo – No Names

Nicholas Michael Ravnikar – Liberal elite media rag. SAD!

Mark Young – The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo

Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*

Andrew and Donora Rihn – The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – Extreme Vetting

Michael Dickel - Breakfast at the End of Capitalism

Tom Hibbard – Poems of Innocence and Guilt

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – Menopausal Hay(na)ku

For P-Grubbers

Aileen Casinnetto – Tweet

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – Defying Trumplandia

Carol Dorf – Some Years Ask

Andrew and Donora A. Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

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