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The Noose

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The Noose

Abstract
I could arrive from anywhere. Any scarf, any stocking. An old belt. Shoelaces. even when the knives and pills and nasty things are all taken cautiously out you have not gotten rid of me. I hide.

Keywords
poem, poetry, hanging, death
The Noose

by Corrina Bain

I could arrive from anywhere. Any scarf, any stocking. An old belt. Shoelaces. even when the knives and pills and nasty things are all taken cautiously out you have not gotten rid of me. I hide. I transform. I know the glory of the breath, ridged tunnel of its passage small throbbing lines of fluid along the sides of the neck. The muscles’ twitch and slacken, vision gone dark then fireworked through with stars. When men come to me, half the time they are in search of orgasm, or else they are thinking of wild west outlaws: gallows for everyone to see their tough wronged glory. But when the girls come, they come to die. To be held in the dark forever, heavily, no more breath or choices they freshen the water in the dog’s bowl, pick an hour of the day they have all to themselves, and they fashion me, loop and hitch of the long fabric. They know the way the body will shed its waste
how the face will twist, contort, they
know they will not be pretty. So
I hold them in a slow
twirl. My newfound brides. Daughters
of air.

Corrina Bain is a gender-nonconforming writer and performer, based in Brooklyn, New York. He has an extensive background in poetry slam, and has toured throughout the contiguous US. His work appears in RATTLE, Muzzle Magazine, PANK, theRumpus.net, and elsewhere. He has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. He is a staff member at the louderARTS project. More at corrinabain.com.