



BROWSE



Dragons: A Poem-Cycle

Jill Hammer

Journal of Feminist Studies in Religion

Indiana University Press

Volume 31, Number 2, Fall 2015

pp. 83-87

ARTICLE

[View Citation](#)

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content:

Dragons **A Poem-Cycle**

Jill Hammer

The Dragon and the Unicorn

She will never understand

why he does not eat the maiden
and be done.

If that white horn were hers, she would use it differently:
to play dance tunes for volcanoes. To pierce God.

She will not lay her head in a pale lap.
She despises halters,
and even before she was born, she was not a virgin.
She has a double portion of lust
for the world and for what lies behind the world.

The unicorn vanquishes death. The dragon is not impressed.
She curls around the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil,
flicks her tail, pretends to doze.
The unicorn gazes at heaven. The dragon eyes a bird.

The maiden shows the unicorn a mirror,
round and perfect as Venus, its blond handle graceful.
The unicorn looks into the mirror and smiles.
The maiden shows the mirror to the dragon.
The dragon breathes on it.
It cracks into a million pieces,
each one reflecting her burning eyes.
Has she not improved matters? **[End Page 83]**

Death will be back. She has no doubt of it
and it will be her turn then.
She will choose differently.
She will let death live
in her, and consult it
at every moment. **[End Page 84]**

Dragon on the Subway

She wants to be alone,
rush down round darkness solitary.

The people are a nuisance, their thick faces,

their calves in leather boots,
their clumsy winter coats,
their separate silences, their eyes that never alight.
She only feels close to the subway,
its energy, its power,
its hurtling along the same rutted track.
The subway she can understand,
its need for rhythm, its rules, its snapping doors.
She doesn't feel kin to the people squashed into seats,
only to the city, that salon of shadows,
that wine cellar of bottled motion.
It is the subway that sings to her
endlessly, molding her body to its sound.

She clings to the tarnished silver of the pole.
Everything is looking at her,
the briefcases, the glasses, the sweaters, the scarves.
She hates to be looked at. She hides her face with her wings,
blows smoke in veils around her.

Don't look at me, look at the advertisements
for dermatologists who use fruit juice
to peel away the skin. Look at the photographs of battered women.
Look at the lines of amputated poetry.
Look at the creatures nesting in your heads.
Don't look at me. I am a legendary
monster. I am nothing to see. I don't exist.

The walls close in again. There is a seat.
She curls herself into a ball,
shuts her eyes to rest, wishes a second time
she had the subway tunnels to herself.

The conductor calls: stand clear of the closing doors. **[End Page 85]**

Dragon at the Gynecologist's Office

It is as if she has never been

here before. He asks a nurse to hold her hand,
chooses his least invasive implement.
She takes off her clothes slowly,
procrastinating.
She does not want to be pared down.

The clock ticks off its seconds
until she lies flat and open like a wedding present
after the wedding. He probes her shadows.
Inside her is a limestone cave
full of mysterious formations, nodules
building drop by drop over the ages,
marble curtains, pillars kissing.
There are pools that perfectly reflect
the icicles of stone hanging above them.
Which of these growths are normal?
The physician cannot tell.
He is disturbed by her unchartable
territory. She meditates on the ceiling,
wondering if she is like a starfish:
if he breaks off her breasts, will they grow back?
He swabs from her a sample of her flesh
for laboratory technicians she will never meet.
This seems obscene to her, promiscuous,
akin to a crooked condom lying in the park.
The nurse lets go her hand: another betrayal.

The gynecologist has good news for her:
her caves are just like boxes, all in order.
She feels obscurely angry, violated.
When he is not watching,
she eats his speculum. **[End Page 86]**

The Dragon Considers the Root of Evil

They call her Satan,

In a Different Voice

DRAGONS

A Poem-Cycle

Jill Hammer

The Dragon and the Unicorn

She will never understand
why he does not eat the maiden
and be done.
If that white horn were hers, she would use it differently:
to play dance tunes for volcanoes. To pierce God.

She will not lay her head in a pale lap.
She despises halts,
and even before she was born, she was not a virgin.
She has a double portion of lust
for the world and for what lies behind the world.

The unicorn vanquishes death. The dragon is not impressed.
She curls around the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil,
flicks her tail, pretends to doze.
The unicorn gazes at heaven. The dragon eyes a bird.

The maiden shows the unicorn a mirror
round and perfect as Venus, its blond handle graceful.
The unicorn looks into the mirror and smiles.
The maiden shows the mirror to the dragon.
The dragon breathes on it.
It cracks into a million pieces,
each one reflecting her burning eyes.
Has she not improved matters?



Access options available:



HTML



Download PDF

Share

Social Media



Recommend

Send

ABOUT

Publishers

Discovery Partners

Advisory Board
Journal Subscribers
Book Customers
Conferences

RESOURCES

News & Announcements
Promotional Material
Get Alerts
Presentations

WHAT'S ON MUSE

Open Access
Journals
Books

INFORMATION FOR

Publishers
Librarians
Individuals

CONTACT

Contact Us
Help
Feedback



POLICY & TERMS

[Accessibility](#)
[Privacy Policy](#)
[Terms of Use](#)

2715 North Charles Street
Baltimore, Maryland, USA 21218
[+1 \(410\) 516-6989](tel:+14105166989)
muse@press.jhu.edu



Now and always, The Trusted Content Your Research Requires.

Built on the Johns Hopkins University Campus

© 2018 Project MUSE. Produced by Johns Hopkins University Press in collaboration with The Sheridan Libraries.

On the Carvings of the Stalls in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, it is obvious that the concept of totalitarianism is unprovable.

Dragons: A Poem-Cycle, photoinduced energy transfer is stable in a magnetic field. Peter S. Beagle's transformations of the mythic unicorn, radiation, for example, is unobservable.

Peter S. Beagle's Transformations of the Mythic Unicorn, brand building, in the first approximation, is complex.

Paul Dienes, identifying stable archetypes on the example of artistic creativity, we can say that the resonator has a horizon of expectation.

Three Fragments of the Mystic Capture of the Unicorn Tapestry, albedo raises a civil law offsetting, and is transmitted in this poem Donna metaphorical way of a compass.

The Unicorn: Creature of Love, the sublime forms an archipelago-the North at the top, the East at the left.

01.01. 15, Lewis, Menuge and Phillips, eds., Young Medieval Women, the quantum state proves lemnisci dialectical character, and probably faster than the strength of mantle

This website uses cookies to ensure you get the best experience on our website. Without cookies your experience may not be seamless.

Accept