

## A Shorthand Epic

Written by Maria Cristina Jiminez

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A while back we were really taken by [Wednesday Magazine](#) (excuse the "Atari" Format) . Sadly, Wednesday is now more. However , the gang is back at [Writ Large Press](#)

and their new book, "Who's to Say What's Home" by [Kim Calder](#)

, is to be released Friday May 2! I saw Kim read a few weeks back and she this promises to be one of the best poetry releases of the year.

In the meantime, here is a look back at one of the excerpts from "Wednesday."

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### Three Golden Apples

My favorite character in Greek Mythology  
is Atalanta. The fastest runner  
who dared any man to catch up with her,  
to keep up with her. The one who beat her  
did so by tricking her with three golden apples.  
I told you this story. Later you surprised me  
with three golden apple-shaped candles.  
I was so smitten. So impressed. So easy.  
I let you catch me with  
Bed, Bath and Beyond.

### Ruins

“Look at the architecture,” the guide says.  
“The Incas used no cement, no mortar, no iron”  
She holds up a manila envelope  
And nudges it between the stones, but can’t  
I slide against my lover, arm against arm, leg against leg.  
That’s how close I want to be. To last through all our wars,  
Our love sustained. Earthquake proof.

Our guide leaves. Now we can kiss,  
Pledge our love in this sacred site.  
Instead he goes to a corner to chant.  
I sit down to meditate.  
Llamas walk between us.

We stay till closing. The last two people in the ruins.  
I buy postcards and take them down the hill,  
on the bus, on the train, on the two planes back home,  
all the way to my refrigerator.

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I see Machu Picchu  
Every time I need something to eat,  
Every time I sit down to write,  
Every time I ponder the mystery of why he left me.

## **Reverse Namaste (the dark in me salutes the Dark in you)**

I'm not really sure why we're breaking up.  
You said you're confused, something inside of you shifted.  
You no longer feel the same way towards me (asshole).  
That's OK, I understand.  
You said I was the healthiest woman you've ever dated  
(motherfucker), so unlike the others.  
I love to hear stories about the others  
cause those bitches you dated were insane.  
I love it when you start with the dark gossip,  
God, not even US magazine compares, tell me more.  
And tell me more about how sweet I am, how open hearted,  
you said I'm the most amazing woman you've ever dated (son of a bitch).  
What the fuck is wrong with you? Don't you know who you have by your side?  
Don't you know I'm a catch? Don't you know I've never had an STD? That I've  
never been drunk? I don't do drugs? I love sex.  
What's WRONG with you?  
I'm sorry, what? Yeah, I understand.  
Yeah, yeah, take your time.  
I love you too.  
Namaste.

## **Wish You Were Here**

After our breakup you left the pictures  
of our trip to South America under my doormat.  
I purposefully stepped over them, closed the door, and walked away.  
I'll leave them under the straw volcano.  
One day, the next tenant will unearth the remains  
to discover evidence of a happy couple somewhere far away.  
And wonder - like I do - what happened to them?

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