



CHRISTI RUCKER
WRESTLING UNDER A BLUE MOON

If I were a wrestler
I could break this board on my head
and it would be glory
in phonics—my mood sounded
out by syllable. You would understand,
you'd hold a sign for me,
cheer, "Gangrene, never go silicone,
never chase a dare!"

Before matches, I tell the mike
Frank's Sawmill is where I picked up my
signature, and my moves:
the Double Splinter,
the Figure Four Amputation,
and the Husqvarna Pile Driver.
Oh tannenbaum.

No mention made of a childhood
of conditional love,
addictive tendencies,
low self-esteem.

Perhaps this is how this mood catches me
by my own shadow, hits the back of my heels
like a rolling log—
a saw calling for a board.

*Here, pretty city chick chick.
It will only hurt
a little.
Your future is welts,
whorls, splinters.*

I'm a blister of fists,
a rogue force of nature.
One hundred thirty-five pounds of fury
straight from Crater Lake, Idaho.

My tattoo sounds truth,
blurred with sweat:
The Enemy Within.
Fighting oneself is tiring,
as is sitting on the cement steps
in front of the house, between cars passing,
daylight, broken. I am a little master,
an inflated dictator, a wall-puncher.
I do not wonder how I will pass muster
after so long digging, burying ignorance,
my green-spangled tights
under one blue moon.

