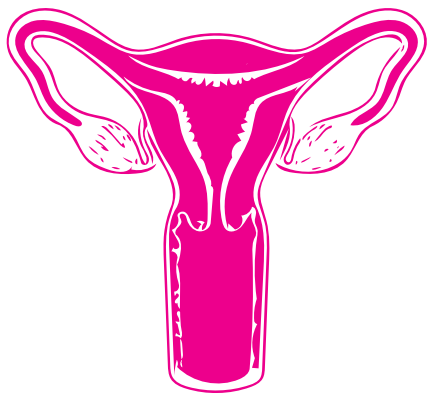
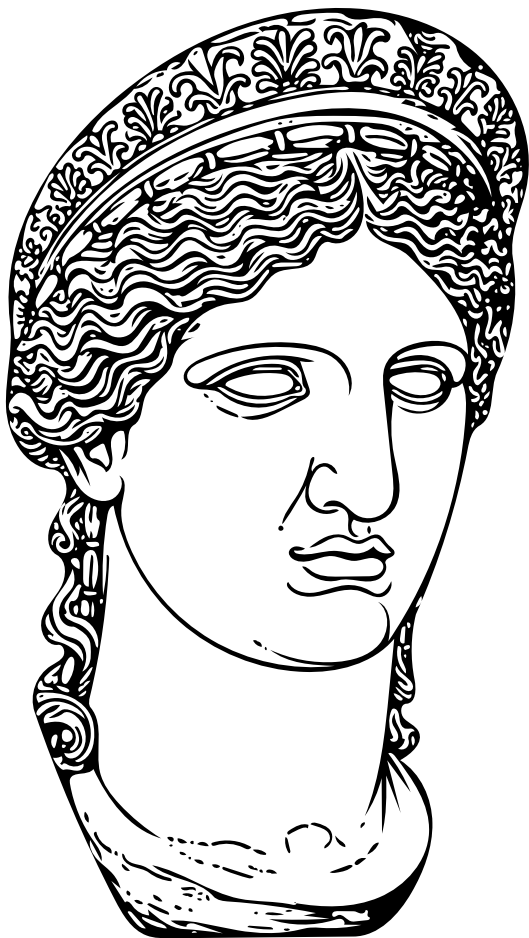


HYMN

An Ovulation



*Mel Coyle &
Jenn Marie Nunes*



HYMN
An Ovulation



*Mel Coyle &
Jenn Marie Nunes*

HYMN

An Ovulation



Hera heard yr prayers electric
hum w/ me she said
we have a new cake follower
K-I-S-S-I-N-G
first comes <3
then comes rabbits

HUM < W > ME

into the strap-on forest

HUM <W> ME

past the boy canal
into the shivers

HUM < W > ME

Hera's on stilts

HUM < W > ME

damage controlled. to give her some idea of the
landscape it's August orange and uzi heat. there is
a cabin in the woods and that is where she is going

HUM < W > ME

across tit plains

HUM < W > ME

thru the armpit of our Mayor's spume

HUM < W > ME

you dimsels

HUM < W > ME

you dicks

HUM < W > ME

you angels

HUM < W > ME

douchebags

HUM < W > ME

mortals

HUM < W > ME

Hera's cakepopping on a Saturday night. I'm
back she tells the Americans. she has thousands
of followers. hundreds of thousands of followers.
gold teeth and cramps. a diseased liver

HUM < W > ME

she is completely modern

HUM < W > ME

her asscheeks look like balls

HUM < W > ME

now for a lesson on the atomic bomb

HUM < W > ME

it is so important you use your knife correctly

HUM < W > ME

Hera vomits into the rabbit hat. to give her
some idea of the landscape it is buttercream
and lousy September

HUM < W > ME

which means she has been sitting on her
ass for exactly one year

HUM < W > ME

gonna' come back be born again

HUM < W > ME

gonna' come back be born again

HUM < W > ME

Hera swings her hysterectomy over her
shoulder like a carpetbagger. hello world!

HUM < W > ME

it is not uncommon to see her portrayed as
wise and serious holding a cup and beautystick

HUM < W > ME

the old shepherd's crook

HUM < W > ME

that little gal's ass is cooked

HUM < W > ME

down vale and testicle. down valley girl. down
viewfinder. down centrifugal. when fleeing thighs
like cottage cheese and vermin both. go sweetly

HUM < W > ME

this is the future says Hera

HUM < W > ME

wouldn't you like to be wife? the cheeseplate
needs tending. the ovolutionary map kindly
marked with an X by Dr.

HUM < W > ME

Dr. digs the fogwitch. to Hera he says: ☹

HUM < W > ME

to give her some idea of the landscape it's more
and more violet on the streets every day

HUM < W > ME

violet gangs

HUM < W > ME

violet lovmakers

HUM < W > ME

violet earthquakes

HUM < W > ME

violet masturbators

HUM < W > ME

violet protest

HUM < W > ME

violet duckfaces

HUM < W > ME

violet women drivers

HUM < W > ME

violet mug-bangers

HUM < W > ME

violet Gräfenburg

HUM < W > ME

violet goddess

HUM < W > ME

violet goddess

HUM < W > ME

October the Dr. is not on call. the fogwitch grows
sandwiches on her inner walls. dear god
Hera says i never expected to be so old

HUM < W > ME

after Hera ballads her tits into place. women
can be friends w/ women. objectly

HUM < W > ME

there's a row of marriages on Hera's thumb

HUM < W > ME

clouds part. women become hystorical

HUM < W > ME

the Dr. goes deeper into the cleft. someone holds
him by the screen

HUM < W > ME

Hera sends an SMS text message to Dr. to confirm.
the forest is overdrawn. the raccoons are just a copy
of a copy. she is in / doubt. she is full of zeros and
she is shitting ones. to give her some idea of the
landscape it is brown waiting to be covered
with white November.

and that is art

HUM < W > ME

address the internet

HUM < W > ME

Hera. hair turns white. turns the popsicle stick
around. focus. or she'll huff and she'll puff

HUM < W > ME

let's talk about why you hate your body Hera says

HUM < W > ME

waswife

HUM < W > ME

wereband

HUM < W > ME

thru banal and authentrix

HUM < W > ME

thru heatwave

HUM < W > ME

the whales are coming! Hera is not a notable mother

HUM < W > ME

are your ovaries just screaming?

HUM < W > ME

Dr. digs up the rabbits and the fogwitch goes wild

HUM < W > ME

literally wild. and we love her for it.

we file our teeth to match

HUM < W > ME

three bowls of porridge down the crapper on a
Wednesday and the paperboy wants it now

HUM < W > ME

man on the moon

HUM < W > ME

Hera white lied

HUM < W > ME

the DOW dips 135

HUM < W > ME

I'm up here! Hera yells from the stakewalk.
she's hearing deer explosions again. to give her
some idea of the landscape it is civil war
season and Celtic December

HUM < W > ME

Nebraska

HUM < W > ME

Olympia

HUM < W > ME

suicide bombers

HUM < W > ME

the dogging cliffs where the fogwitch
hides the big red button

HUM < W > ME

Hera goes to prom

HUM < W > ME

Hera gets confirmed

HUM < W > ME

Hera runs away

HUM < W > ME

after all the best gift is giving

HUM < W > ME

the plate rolls down the steps and shatters into a
million children. it was her mother's best china

HUM < W > ME

down play bunnies and ice rabbits. down sister wives
and cheer. Hera drinks from the Christmas tree.

pees in a cup. she's gonna win this hide'n'seek.

the angel has a stick up her butt

HUM < W > ME

Dr. Dr. is she alive? not unless you count to 5

HUM < W > ME

handjob handjob she's alive!

HUM < W > ME

happy nude year! to give her some idea
of the landscape it's backside bodacious
and gentrified January

HUM < W > ME

society has not been kind
to the brother / sister romance

HUM < W > ME

there are over 7 billion people in the world

HUM < W > ME

Hera's dead again

HUM < W > ME

and every time she wakes up
there's another cake to pound

HUM < W > ME

and every time she wakes up
there's another chick to shell

HUM < W > ME

and every time she wakes up her stock is arousing

HUM < W > ME

and every time she wakes up
there's another brand to mention

HUM < W > ME

and she wants the fogwitch to know she—Hera—
can wear gold any season. the lakes are silent and
hard as coin. her gold slippers are slipping
but the water is solid as screen

HUM < W > ME

if she were allowed to birth from her skull

HUM < W > ME

if motorboating had been part of her dare

HUM < W > ME

at the eleventh hour she quips.
love is always the answer

HUM < W > ME

and get right w/ god

HUM < W > ME

and get right w/ god

HUM < W > ME

her main reaction is blank bovine stare.
Hera knows where the \$\$ comes from. to give
her some idea of the landscape it's porcine
February and the biscuits ain't risin'

HUM < W > ME

down bondage and braille

HUM < W > ME

down pink plastic selfies and sluts.
the fogwitch goes in and out. in and out.
Hera's left defrosting the ladder

HUM < W > ME

there's another string of fur at her throat

HUM < W > ME

the fogwitch knows where the Dr. keeps
his other. under the matte black slacks
and filled to the brim with coca-cola

HUM < W > ME

Hera wonders did she eat the animal beneath
the fur. her lips and fingers are blue. she leaves
prints on the satin documentation. she leaves
prints where no one will find 'em

HUM < W > ME

corporate

HUM < W > ME

Syria

HUM < W > ME

and quit smoking. freedom is yours

HUM < W > ME

the Dr. ain't in but he sure ain't out.
the waves are on repeat today

HUM < W > ME

Hera won't come down

HUM < W > ME

wild anti-pilgrims snapchat the streets

HUM < W > ME

it's media day at the ashram

HUM < W > ME

the future is coming into focus. the sentiment
is not new and neither are the Hitler references.

the headline reads: Hera Sheds Curfew

(comma) Realizes Capital Gains

HUM < W > ME

in like a lion

HUM < W > ME

out like a lesbian

HUM < W > ME

the wild anti-pilgrims are mad
as hell and “doing great”

HUM < W > ME

venture capitalists

HUM < W > ME

online banking

HUM < W > ME

four score and seven years ago

HUM < W > ME

in-state tuition

HUM < W > ME

the credit lines move like copper
through the porch lights

HUM < W > ME

Hera is up at dawn short of breath looking for the
antidote. rain moves at a slant. river moves at a slant.
house sits at a slant. to give her some idea of the
landscape it is penny pocket March and Edgar Allan
Poe is face down in a ditch outside Baltimore city

HUM < W > ME

Hera finally has enough credit card points
to get the hell out of here

HUM < W > ME

don't even think about ordering dessert

HUM < W > ME

the emergency pitch. the snow day in Hera's
abdomen. she's taking it with her to Spain
or some such ripening place

HUM < W > ME

Hera needs a new set of keys

HUM < W > ME

behind the scenery is the real scenery

HUM < W > ME

it's throwback Thursday and Hera posts her uterus

HUM < W > ME

it's full-frontal revenge

HUM < W > ME

dry cleaning

HUM < W > ME

Thai massage

HUM < W > ME

happy ending

HUM < W > ME

it's the law

HUM < W > ME

Hera's exaggerating her assets. to give her
some idea of the landscape April's a magenta oval.
the stolen want-ponies are hemorrhaging
all over her Italian silk crate

HUM < W > ME

lifers

HUM < W > ME

gold

HUM < W > ME

Hera climbs Mt. Vesuvius. floats in the potassium
beaches. from up here the world looks
like a black pizza waiting for the bomb

HUM < W > ME

ventriloquists

HUM < W > ME

child laborers

HUM < W > ME

the ribbon-cutting ceremony!

HUM < W > ME

her hands enter the soil and come up
with no feelings for the sun
her only sun

HUM < W > ME

enough already

HUM < W > ME

before the city burned down
people piled trash in the street

HUM < W > ME

before the city burned down the beach was a cake

HUM < W > ME

the Mayor can forget his project

HUM < W > ME

the Mayor can build his hotel

HUM < W > ME

the Mayor can give Hera a hundred places to eat
and she'll still stab him and take his keys

HUM < W > ME

United States Postal Service

HUM < W > ME

doggy daycare

HUM < W > ME

the sun is a hard set tooth. Hera sneaks quietly to
the veranda in her pajamas to watch it all go down.
to give her some idea of the landscape it is politics as
usual and May is burning like a cross on the lawn

HUM < W > ME

get right w/ god

HUM < W > ME

over and over into your lunch

HUM < W > ME

Hera is manic. an artist. a gymnast. a genius. a man?

HUM < W > ME

diplomats

HUM < W > ME

socialists

HUM < W > ME

socialites

HUM < W > ME

grooms

HUM < W > ME

through YouTube her confidence rising.
the Dr. puts his hand up his skirt

HUM < W > ME

Hera gets giddy and fixes her nose. she mashes
the rabbits one by one into the hat

HUM < W > ME

vintage

HUM < W > ME

Lululemon

HUM < W > ME

there is nothing to unlock so Hera sticks the key
into the rabbits. have you ever heard a rabbit cry?
learning is painful Hera says

HUM < W > ME

in front of the whole world

HUM < W > ME

privacy settings

HUM < W > ME

personal calls

HUM < W > ME

to give her some idea of the landscape it's
jam-hands June. bleep the American government.
bleep the EU. bleep bleep

HUM < W > ME

in the back room

HUM < W > ME

Malcolm X

HUM < W > ME

prescription drugs

HUM < W > ME

tailored pants

HUM < W > ME

Hera goes from port city to port shitty with a
backpack of button soup. X marks the rabbit hole

HUM < W > ME

Pangaea

HUM < W > ME

Atlantis

HUM < W > ME

goats on the rooftop

HUM < W > ME

cows in the street

HUM < W > ME

sheep near the river

HUM < W > ME

Hera measures in loss. the bathroom scale.
the backyard debutante. never knowing
if her postcards arrive

HUM < W > ME

it is Wednesday and the Mayor is at his country
house with dominos lined up

HUM < W > ME

Robin Hood

HUM < W > ME

Rosie O'Donnell

HUM < W > ME

NASA

HUM < W > ME

he who gets drunk behind the wheel and accelerates.
a boss is a boss is a boss

HUM < W > ME

to give her some idea of the landscape it is
hammock July and long walks in the whale's
tummy with a bucket of minnows

HUM < W > ME

Independence Day

HUM < W > ME

Cuba

HUM < W > ME

Clementine

HUM < W > ME

Halifax

HUM < W > ME

her one-year anniversary with you is approaching.

Hera pawns her ring to buy a subway

HUM < W > ME

the rabbits get eaten by rats

HUM < W > ME

Santa

HUM < W > ME

Blanta

HUM < W > ME

margarine

HUM < W > ME

mangos

HUM < W > ME

across the table the Good Witch's boob is out.

Hera considers revenge porn

HUM < W > ME

Mardi Gras

HUM < W > ME

mammograms

HUM < W > ME

s'mores

HUM < W > ME

the Dr. in taffeta drinks the fogwitch under the
table and signs a treaty with the Mayor on her ass

HUM < W > ME

it's not a pert as you think it is

HUM < W > ME

tell the Dr. again what it looked like.
what shape it took and if it was running.
if it was running were you afraid?

HUM < W > ME

silos

HUM < W > ME

Spanx

HUM < W > ME

heretics

HUM < W > ME

Hera takes laps on her subway. how much area can
she cover without coming up? an object becomes
obsolete. Hera hates her body. it's time she made art

HUM < W > ME

Nike

HUM < W > ME

Whole Foods

HUM < W > ME

pitbulls

HUM < W > ME

she wants time as obstruction. holding her
breath at the bottom of the cake

HUM < W > ME

away from ambrosia August and valley tambourines

HUM < W > ME

primadivas

HUM < W > ME

Hurricane Katrina

HUM < W > ME

Hera plops down on a stoop with
a diet coke and a pickle in her rat cap

HUM < W > ME

Huckleberry Finn

HUM < W > ME

leaves of grass

HUM < W > ME

innovative black poets

HUM < W > ME

Hera departs like air

HUM < W > ME

swallows

HUM < W > ME

spits

HUM < W > ME

cinnamon

HUM < W > ME

southbound

HUM < W > ME

Hera

HUM < W > ME

but playful nonetheless

HUM < W > ME

Hera objects

HUM < W > ME

but playful nonetheless

Mel Coyle is from Chicago and other places where the corn grows. Currently, she lives in New Orleans where she coedits *TENDE RLOIN*, an online poetry gallery and hosts ColdCuts, the reading series. You can find some of her work online.

Jenn Marie Nunes is the author of four chapbooks, including *Object Reference Not Set to an Instance of Object* from dancing girl press. Her work appears most recently in *Similar:Peaks.:*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Smoking Glue Gun*, and *Southeast Fiction*, and she is coeditor of *TENDE RLOIN*, an online gallery for poetry. Her first full-length collection, *AND/OR*, was selected by Switchback Books as the winner of their first-ever Queer Voices Award and is forthcoming in 2015.

HYMN: An Ovulation is the second chapbook in the 2015 series from Bloof Books. Each chapbook in the series is released in a limited edition of one hundred numbered copies, followed by a digital release, and eventually a combination volume called *Bound*.

BLOOF BOOKS CHAPBOOK SERIES

ISSN 2373- 1648 Online

This is the electronic edition

March 2017



HUM < W > ME

*Hera swings her hysterectomy over her
shoulder like a carpetbagger. hello world!*