

Two Poems by Shaindel Beers

I wish I was Tiger Lily - the idea of true self concept

I would thrust myself through soil in monocot defiance.
Strain to touch the sun. Unfurl a bold orange tongue
to taste the world. Everything a pushing, a furthering of me.
Six stamens, one pistil, lithe style, three lobed-stigma.
Everything about me orange and sex. Purple brown freckles
dazzling you to my center. The Indian princess who will
not give Peter Pan up. A knife in the mouth. Silent
even when drowning. No comforting nursery to save
me. No Nana. No Lost Boys. No pixie dust. No starstuff.
Just me and me and me. And that is more than enough.

The Child-Prophet Grants an Interview

Was Jesus another false Messiah?

Lilies are not tigers.

Whom, then, shall we worship?

*A girl will arrive in a butter yellow Subaru, her hair the color
of a new penny. You shall know her by her deeds.*

How will her followers find her?

E as in even now, even then.

When is she coming?

*The flutter-brush of your eyelashes against your cool pillow will tell you
a July not long from now.*

Why has she chosen me?

You have many hearts beating inside you.

Does being chosen mean I have to die?

*This flower is beautiful because it is fragile.
You will wake up with the family you had before the volcano.
They have missed you.
You are their only begotten son.*

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Bio:

Shaindel Beers is the author of two full-length poetry collections, *A Brief History of Time* (2009) and *The Children's War and Other Poems* (2013), both from Salt Publishing. She serves as Poetry editor of *Contrary Magazine* and teaches at Blue Mountain Community College. Learn more at <http://shaindelbeers.com> .