Malleus Maleficarum 3

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Transcendence comes late, well after seven, that age of reason when you're finally able, after games of Catechism, to figure out equations for salvation.

Honey, you need a good cleaning. Your face is covered with a dark green veil and your eyes have lost their watery sheen. Mona Lisa's next, and look at Generva de'Beni, cross-eyed as the day she was born, now pearly as a baby's behind. The tints of her face appear not to be colors at all—but living breathing flesh.

**MALLEUS MALEFICARUM 3**

Let me tell you what it's like with a goat, gentlemen, his officious member wagging upward, the spleen in his eyes requiring coma on my part, the thrill flagged before his first bleat. That rogue. He carried me up the stairs to my bed which lay squarely on the floor like any sixties witch's pad, and took me there in full earshot of every saint I conjured up to ice him instantly before my babies climbed their crib bars and toddled down the hall. That scamp. Who knew cavorting against one's will could be such an obstacle to grace—that stench-filled dance on his part, turbid gulps
of time travel on mine. I see it now:
the Mom, the kids, sucking snow in a strange
land. The snow is blue in white paper cups.
I think it's Coney Island before the flood,

there's a horse diving into waves, salt
for floating, cotton candy, franks. "Hot

enough for you?" the tanning people say,
my own body nestled in wool, in fire.

FLASH

This female life is such a secret vernacular, I'm so slinky and sneaky,
prowling the heat of Broadway with my invisible spear. The heat begins
inside, radiates down my legs and up into my eyes 'til I'm crazy with
restricted information, discreet as a hand circling a vulva. Soon no ova
will descend the little tubes shaped like music, leap from the ganglia near
the cashew-shaped ovaries, and break into the womb's dark clearing. The
first time I masturbated, I thought I'd cheated on my then-husband, Ricardo.
Someone had finally provided enough foreplay for me to reach the cliff
and jump! That night I felt the fetus like a swimming in the dark of
uterus and soul, nibbling at my insides, no, a knock at a tiny door, a
tiny knock, lots of them, alien hands pulling taffy back and forth, scritch-
scratching on a chalkboard. No one can feel this but me I thought but it
felt like a scream and no one could hear that either. Who would believe
the end wraps itself around the beginning, that I am ruled by hormones,
this heat an ovum, the way the egg slips, incognito, into the cool obso-
lete, tinier now than a teaspoon's shadow.