

2010

## Ash, Ash - You Poke and Stir

Georgia Kreiger

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kreiger, Georgia (2010) "Ash, Ash - You Poke and Stir," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 10, Article 8.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol10/iss2010/8>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

ASH, ASH—YOU POKE AND STIR

My friend calls it the blues and gives me a book about women  
who take long baths in green tea or eat cherries or buy colorful scarves  
to alleviate their dread of waking each morning to a daze, gray-lit and starless.  
Some have said it is a well, deep and frigid, or a cave: a liminal twilight  
that promises nothing; a mute interim between us and our futures.  
Others say it's a call, like Lady Lazarus' talent for the rot and return,  
her headlong dips into the deeps of oblivion. And I must admit  
I've heard a call, a voiceless beckoning to a distant, shimmering edge.  
My friend calls it the blues and gives me a book, pointing to passages  
about acupuncture, recipes involving chocolate, verses about a new dawn.  
I say it's not that and tell her about the dream I had, my body doused  
with gasoline and lit to the treetops, and from the ribs down only  
a phosphorescent glow where that part of me had been, and now only  
heart and brain, two loners sending their signals, drumming on.