



Love, Ophelia



poems

Jenna Kennedy



LOVE, OPHELIA

◆
poems and illustrations

by
JENNA KENNEDY



DONNA BOOKS
Toronto, Canada/ Brooklyn, NY, USA
2nd printing, 2020

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Watching it Float, August Birthday,
A GLASS PICTURE,
BIRTHDAY Bananza, Ophelia's Dream,
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Circus Daze Con't, Oh How!?, Slow-ly,
BEARDED BATS Who Need A Trim,
City ALIKE

One last letter.
One last song.
One last picture of us on our lawn.
All that wills within myself.
All that wills within myself.

I love you,
Goodbye.

Love, Ophelia

I
INTO THE LAKE



the FUNERAL letter;

Oak,
Great Oak,

You're engrained upon my roots like a dog that barks at my unholy side. I feel this guilty grain that I can't hide made of frozen stick with frosted stems. I see them frosted into buried time. Buried these sticks dressed in fine linen suits, deeply buried, beyond belief, belief only making non-humans seem real. Real occasions, on real heavy nights, neatly tucked in before my broken bed. Surrounded now, by bearded necks, with moss-covered eyes, softly singing sweet lullabies. OH, my tired eyes that could shine so high are tangled and trembling, our last goodbye. But this could be the soft weep into new city life. New life could be less lost! But all that looking, you looking down, down and dirty on every new occasion. OH, breathless hero, heroic tree, I don't mind if you follow me. HECK! You can grow straight through me on these new and dangerous streets. Like a dog WITH her protector tied to your solid oak tree. Your wooden patterns, the patterns they fold, with layers of layering, our last living goodbye. A kiss for you now as I try and leave. Leave always looking back... at your great Oak.

the AUGUST RUSH song;

I'll rush home to my August
The place perfumed so darkly
That the city scrapes behind me.

Just my desires and I
Can keep this ghost alive.

A shadow follows
Under your red star
I'm drawn to the corners
That seem to cut

Behind the bar
I see more bats
I look back at my city
As it smokes
I'll follow them out

Another alleyway mouthed in pink
With all those open mouths
That keep on opening up

We are all dropping now
I'll drop, as you drop.
The closer we can become.

I see you again,
And your anchor is fading.

I see you again,
And you're make-believing.

I blink my eyes and it's all changing.

No more, and no longer.
No more, and no longer.

I'll go back down our old watered road.
With your anchor tied around my feet.
And this can be the last song you ever sing to
me:

“To be free, sink down with me. I love you here
in our blue dreams. We've gone so far down.
Down so far we are in the clouds now. Together
you and me, we can dream in our place of need.
And we can call it our August rush. We've gone
so far down, were in the clouds now.”



Watching it Float;

i went outside the morning after
found an old friend lying low to the ground
someone i'd be okay to lay the day into dying
with
we sat on the ground and starred at the clear
blue sky
wondering when all the clouds would soon take
cover
the shifting patterns both bold and beautiful a
sky filtered image filled with
too much
too much
too much
too much of that wonder
too much of that blank
making everything and nothing
all we can take



August Birthday;

Should I send flowers out to your grave?
Should I visit on THAT very same day?

I can't cry for you,
Not like they do in the movies.
So I'll go ahead and bake you a cake.
And I'll eat it with my party hat on.
And you can call me brave.

And I'll sing a song for you on your August birthday.
And wash it down with your dark chocolate
brown cake.



A Glass Picture;

“I threw a chair straight through a glass window for you. It was in the middle of the night at a dive Chinese restaurant. I was mad because I saw your ghost in the window’s reflection. When I got closer I realized it was only my drunken blurry self. I wanted to find you on the other side. I guess I’ll have to wait a littler longer. And then maybe you can answer some more questions I have for you.”

Love, Ophelia



Birthday Bananza;

i was at a birthday party
a real birthday bananza

birthday bananza had had its match!
sad to say b/c i missed it again

morning reminders of what I have done
not done enough
b/c there's too much night life
and the heart thumps the deep
scarred all the bruising
and what the men want to keep

punctured
rasping
grasping
hollow air

and you cut the fruit of a single pear
and i am never there
to share its thirst
oh family, the travel is too long to know
how i can never know
who i am

i look to my friends to see myself
clothing alike;
we match all alike
and our fear is folding
in our closets catch

we hang ourselves out to dry
strung out
on the picnic table outside

half iced cubes melting
perfumed dry haunting
another friend to call
when the vodkas runs out

then a stranger says to me
oh little lady, I understand!
cut out heart on a cut out string
heavy hanging around my neck
Anchored

i've lost the original piece
phlegm in the middle
outing all sickness
i've potentially inherited



and then a familiar song
makes us forget our naked stretch
makes us forget our naked truth
and when the song is over
i can't help but wonder
where is the man to hold me
when these friends

can't give enough
can't get enough
can't give enough
can't get enough
can't give enough
can't get enough back?



Ophelia's Dream;

"I was born a rebel! My rebellion is all that I
have!
That being said;

I will smoke in my bed
I will out drink any sailor
I will visit Hamlet, my maddening lover
over and over
and
over."

And under the covers we can paint pictures with
all the ashes of those who are now dead.



Du Maurier Death;

Chinese ZODIAC

Learned through the walls of mother's house
In soared the dragon
To pick up the daughter
Not a minute late was his night.

Those blonde rooted manes
Could cover those flames
As you puffed away
I would smoke
Blow, blow, blow away all that pain

One hacked up throat to another, can see little
red stars in the sky.
And if you follow those spots that are burning,
you can smell cancer,
those creatures
so brave.

"I want to stretch my arms and legs limbs out
long and above to say hi!
Full body stays limbs just to say hello!
Red blown and blowing we travel!
You can't stop me!
You can't stop us!"



I Felt His Wrists;

I Felt His Wrists
Beat. Beat. Beat.
Waiting for the sudden Stop.
Beat. Beat.

Two fingers on his wrists.
The harmony is
changing,
changing,
changed.

Mother sits outside the hospital, on a bench
sharing her last dream of you with me. All the
others use her as your poison. She assures me I
must share my poem with you
before you go. After I am given a sketchbook to
draw but the wet tears ruin all of your natural
beauty. Where will I hang this morbid mess? I'll
go down to the lake and get inside.

Blurred. Life Blurred. Blurred. But life goes on.

Beat.



II
REBORN BLUE



Blue;

“Into the lake
& out of the blue
Deep down
I will go
Deep down the cold depth,
Further down into your non-forgotten.”

“It pulls
And it pulls
This is the magnetic feeling,
Down it pulls.”

“I’ll surrender to this drowning
Into the sounds of our days
As we played by the lake
The music of our lives
Floats forward in my mind
All this playing
Makes your heart beat again.”

“The rhythms and their many dances
I’m happy
In the blue
In the blue
I see you
Anchored underwater.”

“Replaying what was lost, watching life move
above.

On my own,
All blue and blurry.

Reflection

How difficult to see life not sunken.

Distortion

Quick, heavy

And swimming numb.”

“I guess sometimes

I want to be pulled out!

But not until I inherit your cool blue

Will I ever learn to live above,
without you?”

“For now I’ll try and be happy

In the blue

In the blue I see you.”



Hollowed Out;

Hollow out this bottle
And we can hollow out some time

Your arms can wrap around me
And hollow out this heat

It's a muscle made of madness
And some mother's last hopes

Then you can squeeze me hollow, dear lover,
dear boy!

I keep taking
A little more than my fill

All tangled up in these covers
Made of mangled up goodbyes

We breathe together
And we can beat the need

And when the bottle seems too empty
You don't have to worry
You're not worthy
Of my hollowed out time



The Carnies Love Letter;

Dear Lover,

ENGRAVE THE DAY WITH ALL THAT WE PAY
THE MONEY THAT GROWS ON THE CITY THAT
KNOWS HALF SPOKEN WORDS ON COLD CUR-
RENCY CURBS CUTTING DOWN THE URGENCY
WITH A HAND TO HOLD IN THE BUILDINGS WE
BLOW COLD HARD CASH WE BLOW SPEND IT
ALL ON ME SPEND IT ALL ON ME AND THEN
THANK YOU CARNIE FOR ALL OF YOUR UNHOLY
LOVE.

Love, Ophelia



Bed of Punk;

wicked boys, and your un-cool sadness yah just
can't get rid of it can yah?

trust me, you don't want this kind of mentor
you want a passion filled woman, but one with
the most control

not a mad one on her loose ends with her loose
hair and loose life

in my bed of punk in my bed alone my hair is wet
and I know he's coming

in through the front door, i feel the organ, the
drum, the riding tambourine

and the scream, doesn't have to be on key bas-
tards are growing long-haired willabees and i am
in a room

surrounded by only dye hard me like a research-
er sucking hard on her ice
with all the kurts

but what am i? and where is he? the jim, the
james, and all the keiths

i guess i have to sing cold ice break

cuz i'm just a drunk funk to him and all the he's





A Bird's Vow to Hamlet;

Her cock
Her power
Her thrust
A bird full of love and change
She made it with herself
And the love from her mother, the world, and the
boys of others

Can't you see it?
Glowing red
Pumping just enough punk
To sink in just enough blood

In between the lines
Sinks a man,
Caught to the tongue
And one plucked feather
On HER own time

Her feminine beauty
A turbulent flirty
A mixture of you and me
Equals us

See past her softness
It seeps down
Down from her hands down to her knees
Take her out
Take her deep
For as long as the heart can repeat

It has room to be
OUR cock of hearts
In full flush

“Leave your number on the nightstand if you
choose.”



Water Home;

Dear Home,

I'm in the city now and I can still smell the lake. It's an arrogant cologne half still on the wake. Just above the water line it beats far and wide. Like a stubborn decision, that won't make up its mind. Why did you have to leave? And who did this to you? I can't help but wonder, what fled you to fly? I wanted to keep swimming days long and cold, on and on by the water and the lake that still had its folds. I wanted to swim into my wedding day with you by my side. Bathed in a wet suit wedding dress, water logged and all. Never wanting the sun to set. Never wanting those days to end. Despite my wrinkled fingers we would always live til' dusk. But now, I'm alone in this city's smog. Where kids like me are driven mad, runnin' free. There is no one to ask me what I am doing or why I am not doing a thing. Because now my anchors loosened, I'm better off free. Oh, the thick brown smog made entirely of your disease. Your anchor fell too soon and now I never want to get married! Men stay away from me! I'm so far away from any sort of domestic parade. Well, that's a lie. I just find it hard to imagine now. Now there is no water. I'd like to say I can swim. I'd like to say I can love. I'd like to say that I am perfectly okay, knowing all people die. And so will I someday. Love, Ophelia



Mad;

I am mad

I will go mad, mad, mad

I am mad

I will go mad, mad, mad

I am mad

I will go mad until the day

I join the circus

Where I can be myself

mad, mad, mad.







III
THE CIRCUS DAZE



Circus Daze;

Dark blooded haze
Surrounding me
Me and my circus daze
I feel it all in waves
Coming in like a current
I feel it all in waves
Big black red and dirty dusk
Wild riled cornered and cowering
This is the beginning of a whole new me
Me and my and my and my
Circus daze



The Water Balloon Parade;

Let's have a celebration
A holy moly parade
Take all the kids
And force them to grow
Grow and blow
Into big balloons
Then set them free
Into the big angry sky
Now watch and see
All that dark beauty
OH, look at the colours!
Let's watch them fly!
Fly up above in a motion of cloud colouring lines
And then it hits me
Not sure why
I'm having a hard time and I'm not at all sure
why..
Maybe I'm up way too high
High and lonely up in the sky
The beautiful colours
Were once so bright
Could you see all those pinks and yellows, the
fluorescent, could you see us float?

Sometimes we get these urges to
POP, POP, POP! Into ourselves...

THE BALLOON PARADE IS GROWING. INHALED
AND EXHALED INTO ITS OWN. IN. OUT. ALL APART
OF THIS AIRY LIFE. LET'S EXHALE THE MAD-
NESS AND PUSH IT ALL OUT!



Cotton Candy Camels;

A camel is caged in a flea market circus
Pink balloons are floating in the sky
Blown and then thrown
Into rivers and clouds
Big and above
Only a single dollar for this cheap ride!
Served off to the side
A coleslaw container
With two dollar thongs
In a bucket that's red
White and red and pink perfumed
No longer neatly folded
The containers and bins
Can't help dripping red
Spreading toxic exhilaration
Contaminating the minds
Of our children who play
We play with this heat!
HOT and HEAVY we play!
Men taking pride
Leading ladies thrown off to the side
How sweetly we surrender
Under the loading docks
Oh, the fun!
See the dead beats
With their wenches molding
The crooked teeth of our time

Making wild moans
The aches and bellies
Now being thrown!
All to the beat
All to the beat
All to the beat
Of this underclass circus



The Fog Machine;

Walking grey mists
Who dance late at night
Walking grey mists
Who spend time late at night
They build a fog machine together
In this life
In this grey light
The smog of quick sickness
Soothes the sexes into trance
Screaming and roaring the sexes they dance!
Dance with their sugar coated martinis
On this brims of this life
The upper edge into feeling
In this life
In this grey light
Oh no,
The fog machine is now hollow!
Like a party favour with no flavour
Let us all go home and take a rest
Oh man!

We should have all known better...



The Homeland;

The homeland HILL Billy's
Live on an island
The island is shaped like a slope
So easy, to fall over

Oh, how can Billy still live on that hill?
And how can Milly still snort from his bill?

If you leave the island you can swim all the way
to the city
Be called a city slicker, fly with the pink bats and
kick mostly hard rum

The HILL Billy's stay up
Up past their dawn
Up, up their noses
So neatly and knotted
Stuck on a boat, cutting ropes with high hopes
No swimming to the city
Just island surrendering

How unfortunate to watch
The knots wash in with the tide
Tied not tight enough
Taking them in
The waves rest all the right spots
Naked in the water

When I visit home
I can always see them float
Starring up at the sky

I want to live light
Throw me my life savor
B/c this water like madness
Is not half my home



Alligator Blues;

I once saw an alligator
Gnawing on a wad of jumbo hot dogs
He was in a cage
Locked up at a circus parade
Already full
Full of it all
All that bologna caught up in his throat
And the kids they just kept on feeding
Thinking, "How new and improved!"
But the lethargic lizard
Just couldn't be heard
Lying in the lake
What he wanted the most
Singing the blues with his eyes
Was all he could show for his circus sacrifice



Ophelia's Mask;

I'll put on my red nose
Just like you
B/c I wanna hear the laughter.

Circle around me
With your junk food, funny tablets
And clown like spirit.

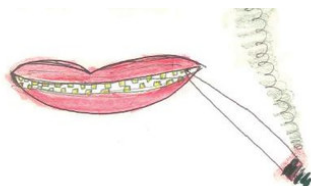
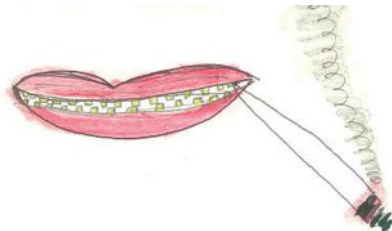
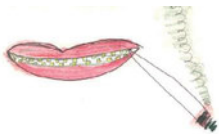
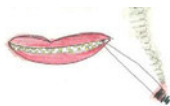
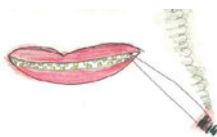
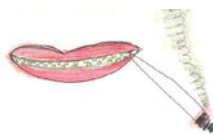
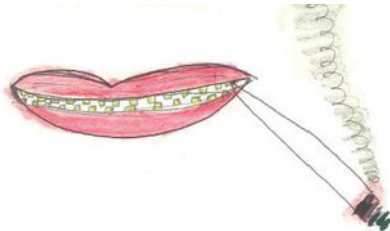
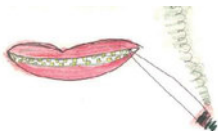
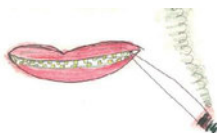
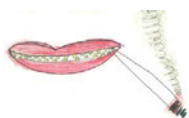
Let's take from each other
Just a little
Enough to laugh ourselves right out of it.

And then I wanna
Turn this joke around on you
After all the He, He, Ha's!

You can call me your she devil
In this who's Zoo.

Let the mind escape into wonder
IN and OUT
And back to you.

And then I'll switch the light on
Thinking about what could be possible.
Could you ever have the control?



With your head on my lap
You can feel my tattoos
I look down
And I'm reminded
And so the mask stays on.

All those dirty tricks
All those party spots
Stuck deep inside my mouth.

The wholes are getting deeper
Both round and stout.

Half whipped and willing
To anyone that says hello.

Share all those things with me
That could be brighter
Than our fake names.

Just be real with me
And I'll be Olive
And you can be Harry.

After all & all
Our masks are the ones to be blamed.



Circus Daze Con't;

the travelling wheel bury
carrying me and all my companions
a monster truck has been created
filled with grease monkees and telephone junkees
we eat stale weed and hospital food for fun
and for our departure an order has just arrived
from Mr. Dr.
a little prescribed tempo for under our twisted
tongues
keep it up keep it going this is the fuel for the
mewl as we set out for fun

the time is now, as we try and travel
across all the America's
all and all
I start to feel
the mind can unravel

we've exhausted our used maps
with careless wrong turns
bent and bruised
from all the cigarette brakes

the evening is now a platoon
and we forget where we are going
hey Mr. road sign
hey, hey now!

i'm trying to hear you but my ears feel
mistreated with all the sounds of others who
have made it far past

down the path of the crooked road
well known
better known
for the songs they have wrote
it's hard to catch them at their steady pace

this circus wagon will continue to follow
making easy rhetoric for my circus daze



OH, How!?

we're all dropping now
dropping into catacombs of time
i follow my leader into alleyways we rhyme
mischievous monsters biting at my wrists & mad
experiments to the ego persists

curiosity is killing this cat and i stroke it's fluffy
filth
can't we all get along within this indulgent
smoke?

like the ways of wounded i go under and take
cover far, far away from the bird

the bird continues to move and fly across the sky
enough times to catch the eye of the pussy cat
who sits directly on my lap

and it's daunting all this haunting

i think i am now ready to share my inscriptions
bring up the letters from far below the ground
and mail them off into the sky with the bird for
anyone who is willing



Slow-ly;

Still waiting
For a walk to the store
Empty purpose grocery bagged
No ham
On a fifty dollar budget for the week

A circular medallion around my neck
Around the wheel that keeps hanging up

A cold grave in the dirt
Next to a hammock worth swinging

She remembers the big tree
And the sun keeps shining
Turning yellow hairs golden

Where will this sickness lead when it's all done
fighting?
Where do the turtles bleed when waves stop
rotating?

Another one gone
And only a few more to go
Washed to the shore
All the way to the turtle store



Bearded Bats Who Need a Trim;

In the day more real
In the night it's bats
In the place outside
Tall trees
Under tall buildings
Swoop up and over tall
Tall over all the bats
Now flying bats
Now bats pink
Bats pulsing
Bats not knowing
What makes them grow
Warmed and wing'ed
In the day they could
Tower high
High like city scrapers
Scavengers pink rodent too
All wrapped up in this thing called "art"
Always missing the main meat
Nighttime bats
Eat scum on earth
Scum lives in towers
We go at night
Toasting to intoxication
Toasting to the flight of nakedness
Liquored beasts
Inviting bats back
Back to see their towers high

In the city
High, high, high
Now the windows forced to shine
Confused bats
Cry out loud
The beasts are off their rocker
So bats fly back
Back bat!
Beat it with a broom!
In the day more real
In the night it's bats
Back bat!
To the darker side of this silent town



City Alike;

There's so many of us alike
Wandering around
In the city alike
I want to like this life
Bright smokes of hope
Good job
OH man,
I could cope
Unless it's good for someone else's reasons
Reasons being wrong
Bored out of wit
Once again getting lit
Spark the power
Spark it back to life
Dull hopes of life
You just have to set me right
In this city
All alike



end.

