## Viking Part II

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I am a Viking!

I am a phoenix

River phoenix

Drowning in tears.

You are the blossom,

That soaks my blood.

My wounds!

Draining into the soil,

| Whittle your longboats!    |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| Sail the raging seas,      |  |
| Without a sail.            |  |
| Head for land,             |  |
| And plunder and pillage.   |  |
|                            |  |
| Frankenstein:              |  |
| A million shards of glass. |  |
| Stitched back to a Man.    |  |
| Ferocious;                 |  |
| Mad;                       |  |
| Insane;                    |  |
| We are the artist women!   |  |
|                            |  |
| Lagatha the Viking         |  |
| Raging at all the men,     |  |
| When they are too weak,    |  |
| To beg.                    |  |
| That begs the question     |  |
| Should we smoke?           |  |
| She asks.                  |  |
|                            |  |
| Botany is the cursed       |  |
| Science.                   |  |

Of soldiers,

Raging in war.

It breaks our backs,

| And makes us Cinderella,            |
|-------------------------------------|
| Leaning on her broom.               |
| Or Taggie,                          |
| Cleaning up after the lazy bastard, |
| Obsessed with his piles of bills.   |
| He was the marble:                  |
| Underneath the                      |
| Stone.                              |
| I carved him out                    |
| Forcefully!                         |
| With an axe.                        |
|                                     |
| I AM LAGERTHA!                      |
| QUEEN OF THE VIKINGS.               |
| You must                            |
| Bow down to me.                     |
|                                     |
| Before we wage war on your pathetic |
| Hamlets, villages, and towns.       |
| We own the wilds.                   |
| You cannot hide.                    |
| You cannot win.                     |
|                                     |
| We smoke drink and laugh            |
| In Valhalla.                        |

Who is Ezra Pound?

She asks.

| Wandering through the              |                      |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Wasteland of London,               |                      |
| Admiring grandeur,                 |                      |
|                                    | As our souls die.    |
|                                    |                      |
| I liberated you from the marble,   |                      |
| To dance the dance                 |                      |
| Of death.                          |                      |
|                                    | La Mort.             |
| A ballet of the Rite to Spring     |                      |
| Posh birds                         |                      |
|                                    | (Know how to party.) |
| She is my mother:                  |                      |
| She is caught out in her knickers, |                      |
| Still haughty and proud.           |                      |
|                                    |                      |
| She is the Ice Maiden!             |                      |
| Haughty and proud,                 |                      |
| Cursed by ice                      |                      |
| When the North Wind blows,         |                      |
| I go underground,                  |                      |
| Like John Smith                    |                      |
|                                    | (Or Jack Sparrow).   |
|                                    |                      |
| Oh, the movies!                    |                      |
| How we laugh, and cry              |                      |

And love--

| Then miss our own lives,         |
|----------------------------------|
| As the Stradivarius passes us by |
| Too stupid for words!            |
| Men with their swords,           |
| And cutlasses.                   |
|                                  |
| We have diamonds                 |
| In our hair.                     |
|                                  |
| I am Emily Dickinson!            |
| Penning hatred and misery,       |
| As we all run to war.            |
|                                  |
| I am not a lady.                 |
| I am a pirate!                   |
| A viking;                        |
| A samurai;                       |
| All at once.                     |
| Not racist but cultured,         |
| Pillaging and plundering,        |
|                                  |
| For gold                         |
| For gold And myrrh.              |
|                                  |
| And myrrh.                       |

For Gwyneth Paltrow

