

THE TWELVE HUSBANDS OF CITIZEN JANE

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Jane's First Husband (The Prototype Husband)

Jane went down to the well
And brought herself back
A matrimony. He had rode
In on a well-fed white
Horse with head. Slathered
In glottal-tightening cream,
All meat-heated hubris;
Underskinned to make Jane
Lose it for once and for all.
Jane displayed herself quite
Properly on a bed covered with
Sprigs, made in the fashion of.
They gaped at one another until mid-
Morning and the community
Couldn't help but please all over
Itself, taking credit for these courses
Of good action Jane had so lately
And surprisingly compelled upon herself.

Jane's Second Husband (The Doctor Husband)

Be-sequenced and razzle
Dazzling, all posy ringed.
They grabbed a pocketful.
Claimed an untrying love
Of chambers and heard
That, in certain circles,
Cannon fodder was making
A comeback. Jane's uterus
Floated hysterically upward
And onward. They tried
To pin it down. With style.
With gold-inlaid instruments.
Cataclysmic, this crinkling
Pink impulse, when not
Checked the right way.
If not checked right away.
With night-long holes.
With mouths full of tubing.

Jane's Third Husband (The Holiday Husband)

In danger of being understood
Too well, they gathered up
Their orthodoxies and made
For the sugar hills. A nite
Of piecemeal anathema,
Backlit by bubbling overs.
He dazed his way through
Jane's too brights, pushing
Arias in their properest place
Whilst the maids giggled
To the keyhole. Jane behaved
Admirable, relieved
To have an audience – nothing
Really counted if it was being publicly
Noticed and she, with her gemmy
Being tucked in and out so rapidly,
Needed very much for this nite
Not to count for much of anything.

Jane's Fourth Husband (The Retiree Husband)

Jane brought him his little pick
Me up. He was a bulwark,
An ice picker, a thick piece of.
She had wanted them to go Baltic,
Thinking he would touch her there
Since here was such a no-go.
But he wanted to plant a flag
Or two deep like in their front yard
To reassure the neighbors
That they were nothing like
Their parents (who had been carried
Off to the salt mines after mentioning
That it looked like an excellent day
For parading). Sighingly, Jane leashed
Her tiny fingers and took them for a walk.
For the time being, she couldn't help
But resolve to keep her hands out
Where everyone could see them.

Jane's Fifth Husband (The Healed Husband)

Lately, Jane had been feeling
The gore ball bouncing against
Her sternum in time to.
Per the special broadcasts,
He was no longer significantly
Othered enough to spark her.
Jane had fallen for him because,
Not in spite of, his minus one
Kidney, two fingers, and three teeth.
But after last week's Flag Day Incident,
They had all grown back and now he was
Entirely too whole. Jane found
Herself filling out forms to request
A transfer to an apartment across the street
From a crematorium or practice surgery
Parlor, someplace she could really work
Triage without fear of judgment
From her now healthier half.

Jane's Sixth Husband (The Patrol Husband)

Babushkaed, Jane tried to soldier
Across the westernmost border.

With a shrapnel-shaped smile,
The hall monitor in him winced

But resolved to wave her on
After she agreed to grease his lunch

Break with a little good old-fashioned
Godsend. His anticipatory mustache;

Her doll-ish colored rightly.
They made their straight along

Surfaces shimmy. Jane thought
That this was the most unmessy

Gesticulation she had ever made
With another person. She couldn't

Help but want to stay in his tent set
For a bit longer. It soothed her so,

The way he avoided her hip spot,
Her problematic feeling button.

Jane's Seventh Husband (The Pirate Husband)

Jane wrenched her way aboard
A pirate ship with a peg leg
Taped to her envy berth.
He took off his mouth-patch,
Told the parrot to ask her to name
Five things people do to avoid scurvy.
Jane raveled her hair, pretended
To be in dire need of the situation.
Below, mermaids perked and circled.
He threatened to go overboard
If she couldn't offer the right kind
Of proportional response.
Jane panicked and sob storied up
An intangible to blame in the eye
Of the mutiny. He started to fish around
For more truth but realized halfway
That he had anyway lost the heart to plank
Her down the doubly wooden boards.

Jane's Eighth Husband (The Racketeer Husband)

Jane rendezvous with him in public
Restrooms and mid-sized luxury
Sedans. He is gilt-laden, gussied
In ascot and champagne cork heels.
Speciously, he compliments Jane's
Proliferation skills as he slides
A stipend into her hot hot holster.
Casually, Jane twists his loose mammal
Into a party favor shape. It was nothing
Personal, he had many levels and layers
On him. An heir to a tin can telephone
Empire, he was an expert at getting
His people to the front of the breadline.
Jane works him into giving her a promotion.
She wants to chase cops, for a change.
To be in the middle of all things directly
Related to. She wants, she says,
To be at least as infamous as him.

Jane's Ninth Husband (The Pop Husband)

Jane found him in an ill house of plush
Repute, shaking thin in a way that suggested
He was by now used to following somebody
Else's plan. She spiked his hair radium red
And taught him everything she knew about
Promiscuous discourse. Her friend pulled
Some strings, got him caught on the prime
Time airwaves. Amped through the wanton
Moreover, he propogandaed Jane's lyrics
Like a natural born celebrity. The presoldiers
Fell in love with him instantly, raucously.
His fans broke into a present store in the middle
Of midnight and stole all the promotional boxes
Of mandrakes stamped with his catchphrases.
Station managers fell all over themselves to approve
Jane's riders while, in interviews, she had him insist that
There was more than enough of him to go around
And that he wasn't anything like a panflash.

Jane's Tenth Husband (The Vigilant Husband)

There is such a thing as a bad idea.
Cloning Stalin, eating sheep's brains
Are just two totally real
Instances. He told Jane that he choked
On waiting for her hold on tight nights
Under their company's exit-wounded sky.
Before the words fled his mouth,
Jane resented the reverie. She faltered
With his untough tassels. With a touch of tympani.
He perforated the pillow rounds — which weren't
The feather-filled kind (they hadn't made
Those since the Hygiene Administration).
Jane told him that she needed flux in her life
To keep couraged in the face of.
He understood but, notoriously, decided
To hellfury her motorbike for goodly measure.
It was all therapeutic like, he said, the smell of
Her missile fluid burning up in to the macroverse.

Jane's Eleventh Husband (The Moral Husband)

Jane never knew how he figured,
But when he did, he capsized
The floating hothouse he'd gifted
Her with uncle's unsuspecting death
Insurance money. He woke up
The neighbors with his shoutshooting.
Now, Jane had been wrapping
Her blanket over somebody else's
Pig, true, but calling this "Vectoring
Into The Nuptial Void" was some kind
Of overkill. Surely they still sidekicked one
Another and there was no need for all this
Invoking of wind-up life preservers.
Jane knew she still hearted him
Most and when he guttergrowled that it
Wasn't mutual, that was the first time
It dawned on her he would never learn
How to lie even the least bit convincingly.

Jane's Twelfth Husband (The Underground Husband)

Lately, he'd been engorging her with a toxin
Slipped out from the laboratories where they made

Strawberries glow. His aspirations
Had become too concise Jane thought in

A thorough manner. She resolved
To join the ranks of spouses with white

Flagships blocking their erstwhiles. With no-
Such-things strung through their help holes.

Jane closed his breath under the cauldron
Easy-like in the style of prewar filmstrip.

It was not so much an act of violence as she had
Mercy on her mindset during the planning stage.

The crows queued up, expecting a
Kind of fortifying face-leak on her part.

Some kind of satisfying bow. Per usual,
Jane delighted disappointing. She hummed

In the manner to which she had become
Accustomed, and went about the business of.

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