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Vaginal Dialectics: Mama Freud and the French Possessionists

My vagina wants to speak to you but your penis contains my alphabet and I wanted to speak to you in my own language. My myths / yours / our common sacred dialect. When I wrote your story on your skin I wrote the beginning and end of your narrative between your balls.

Now I'm sorry if that sounds offensive but your balls are only tiny breasts to me and I made them. All fluid, weeping. I have to be sucked. Can you see the difference and similarity yet? Oh dear Freud, you got it all wrong and yet not all. I don't have your active tongue. My lips cannot help but offend you with their sex, their labial language. I understand why you could be jealous that I have two mouths to eat you with while you only have one to...yakyakyak.

I can't help it if your mouth was designed to fit around my nipple. Oh yes, how it fits there so well that it scares you. You will do anything to keep your mouth busy. All those books. Anything to distract you from my breast. I can't understand why you failed to see that I am more than the sum of my lips. My whole body is a mouth.

Ah the things it says to you that you cannot understand. The secret language of women you will never be able to transcribe. If I do this with my body, what do you hear? What meaning shall you give to that gesture, this tone, this phrase of infra-intra-meta-narrative? But when I say it I mean something that you cannot understand and I mean something different every time I say the same thing, so you will never understand me.

Dear son. Dear child. Go and play with your words, your surrogate phallus. I will make a brother or sister for you. No, I will make hundreds of them for you because I can. How you ask? How can it not be so? Each time you look in the mirror are you the same man? Is that not a brother or sister there in your gaze? Wasn't I clever to give them all to you.

Don't look so confused child. It is an easy concept to grasp. Listen to your phantom lips. To the braille on your body and the camera in your eye. The kinship of the cornea of secretions, of blinking, of family, of heritage, of victory, of pain you know nothing about. The innate masochism of giving birth. No wonder you feel superior when you view all women as incubators for your sperm.

You need to control her body because you cannot give birth to your own penis. How does it feel to hate and love me so, my little penis? Little penis, I have a cupboard full of photographs of you growing up. Is that why you don't like me to touch you any more? Is that why you don't like your father to touch you? Are you frightened of turning into a homosexual or bisexual organ and losing your discourse?

Come child, put your mouth on my breast and be silent. I promise I will not eat you tonight.

Jayne Fenton Keane is the author of three poetry books, the recipient of several major national awards and fellowships and a poet who often features at International Festivals. JFK is a current doctoral student at Griffith University and the author and producer of the award-winning website The Stalking Tongue located at www.poetinresidence.com Please visit and sign the guest book.

TEXT

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