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## Sanctified

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*Sarah Den Boer*

**The investigations that have “led analysts in the defense industry to ask for other drugs that could, for the sake of national defense, if not for the soldier, temporarily shut down his or her emotional response” \***

Somewhere,  
some gods are laughing at us, a people who have  
disconnected our own tendons, who have freely  
volunteered to participate in an encephalon  
stir-fry, of sorts. As we throw cloaks over  
every stray limb and reel in each kite of passion,  
we insist on only buying maps with  
perpendicular corners, two-lane roads, car-washes  
every seven miles. Complexity is becoming a  
disease the way a person jumps up and down on  
a diving board but never into the water because  
his eardrums can only handle one level of  
pressure. It is like looking into a pool of mercury,  
a slow march towards robotization when  
the princess will kiss the frog only if she  
knows she can sell his legs on the black market.

*\*Adbusters, March/April 2004*

This poem first appeared in an electronic issue of *Brick and Mortar Review*

## **Sanctified**

*Sarah Den Boer*

in an empty cave beneath the badlands  
where black is not black  
and lime blooms like hardening taffy  
where the drip of water is the mark of  
sustenance and substance

our hands reach, a clutch of  
knuckles like cicadas crunching underfoot  
an embrace of bones, knee to knee, clavicle to clavicle  
we rattle the polka through the dark  
skip over rocks slick as raw egg whites

terpsichorean creation buried before  
it was born, then buried again