The Tempest Suite

CALIBAN

I
I should go
I know
away from here
where temptation’s
a rough flirt
willing the fate
I’m plotting
for myself.

II
Violence begets violence
falls now, to the sweet
swell of pleasure
a good fist brings
or the clean blade
made sudden red
wiped on your pants
forever its delicate russet
a reminder of the pattern
taking freedom makes.

III
When I was hit
the pain didn’t register.
Later, my ribs ached —
a year, maybe longer.
I always sensed
the bruise
a mistranslation.

We never did
really connect —

there always were
lost words
between us.

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FERDINAND

he was gone
I fathomed that
anyway, a father
can be too close —
I’d been drowning
under that sensation —
the burden of all his dreams
he’d sunk into me.
I had no space
to breathe, eat, sleep —
I was repository
of his failing life
his hope of the new.

All I ever wanted
was this escape,
a forgotten place
my own time,
the chance to make out —
chase a bit of skirt
forgo the intricate
play of words,
learn firsthand instead
the diplomacy
of sex.

MIRANDA

When my thirst came I looked around
old faces, none new
never new around there.
I had to content myself with myself
keep Dad at bay
and his sundry hangers-on.

Then I met the boy
from abroad
knew my luck had changed
took no time at all
to have him sleeping over
sneaking to each other
the hot fug of night,
Dad thinking he’d spied it all
but not.

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To get out of home
I saw I’d have to play the game
I won’t say if you don’t
and turn a blind eye to the rest.

It worked.
Have my own place now
five kids, grouchy husband
always off with his mates
and a photo on the mantel
desert isle’s honeymoon snap.

**ARIEL**

Hunk like him
I always thought
his thighs,
the turn of his shoulder
when lugging wood,
spread of his hairy chest
a waste on that girl.

He wanted her.
I watched while he
jumped through the hoops
plotted for her
tried playing dumb, then cute
acting all-knowing
when he hoped
it would impress.

Brute strength won out
why shouldn’t it?
all that frustration —
in his shoes I’d have
made sure to slip it in.

That’s not my fancy, but
I promise
far greater delights
await him
when we come to be
alone.

**Kate Deller-Evans**

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