

KIM TALLBEAR (AKA THE CRITICAL POLYAMORIST)  
**PRAIRIE RELATIONS 100S**

FLYER 24.3.19

The bright-faced men who stand head-to-head with me, well-pressed and with a toque, recall him. Like my “half-Asian” limo driver in chilly Durham who asked if I am too? Flyer nights over two, four times per month in my city. I bring him odd-coloured wine in rolling tipped crystal when 13 hours remain before he sky climbs again. In return, I press him for *737 Max 8* knowledge. In return, he presses me, builds power, draws speed. We rise, limbs locked with the moon, and descend in laughter until the melatonin grounds us into quiet night visions.

FAIRY SEXY GODMOTHER 21.8.19

It took months to search and decide on a river abode. So I lodged a month, then four with a spirited love. We laughed, kissed, hugged. I heated her kettle, pressed coffee in the starry purple-pink-dawned winter. I wrote for hours at an antique table. She fell from her lounge into online molecular archives, prairie histories. Epiphanies cracked open our silence. When the city spun into dark, she’d turn from her screen and gather herbs, potions, tonics, flesh. A fairy sexy godmother, she whirled ‘round the kitchen, concocting spells that mostly worked. Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo! Dinner! Poof! I curtsied rosé into perfect-fit glasses.

LOVE HOTEL FIELDWORK 30.8.19

Sultry-eyed man in a suit, you and I were stuck loveless in the months I lived with fairy sexy godmother. Unless she flew off on magical business. She adores you, of course! But privacy, you know. Had our city caught on like Tokyo? I googled “love hotel, Edmonton.” Lo and behold, the confer-

ence hotel on Gateway near Whitemud sells 6 hours, discounted. You were Stony Plain scandalized, but oh did you smile. In my fieldwork, front desk staff are discreet. “Welcome, Ms. TallBear. Room 204.” You tapped the door minutes later. I pulled your tie. You leaned into the work.

COMMUNION 4.9.19

I inhale him, an earthy, full, round red. I know mineral whites best, but he is no airier blanc, even one run through by rock. On Sundays, he raises hands to heaven, opened by scripture. I recognize that Christian fever. I did time in worship, exiting for good on the heels of a single line: “All Jews go to hell.” Oh hell no. This one is oddly non-evangelical: “No human is free of sin. Leave down your stones.” When he is grounded between prayers and flights, he implores me, take him hard inside. His blood, his flesh, my communion.

CACAO. SEA. SWEETGRASS. EARTH 10.10.19

Her 99% cacao voice melts over us, pressed together in well-hung space. At the art gallery book launch, perched on chairs too spare for ample bottoms, I trace the glass’ edge with a thumb’s soft inside. Not unlike how I graze your perineum. Lids close, lips open, tongue tip probes the rim. Italian tide rolls in, stone and gold, then pulls back—a placid goblet sea. A drop on my chin. Aftertaste of cut prairie grass in that other teasing in-between, the border zone of nose and palate. I sip liquid earth in wine. I sip the sea from you.