



Radioapocrypha

BK Fischer

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Oooh, baby, the gloves are off. In *Radioapocrypha*, BK Fischer has done imagined Jesus Christ as a buff chemistry teacher in Maryland in 1989. Does she not fear bolts of lightning? The author of two other superb collections, *Mutiny Gallery* and *St. Rage's Vault*, Fischer is the poetry editor at *Boston Review*.

(INSOMNIA)

Sweet Maren, relent. You are naked because you peeled your damp tank top over your head as you slept. You were clench-jawed and calling out about the Iron Curtain and the iron lung, voodoo, Virginia Woolf, Watergate, the last man standing in a field of wheat. You're here, with me, in the bedroom. Sit up and see by moonlight—there's the picture on the wall, the shape of the fruit, the shaded side of the bowl. Find your spot here on my chest, your damp ear, damp tendril. A carpet will slip on its carpet pad. Prophecies will cease, tongues will be stilled, knowledge will pass away. Only love remains. You don't need to get up again for a drink of water. You don't need to pee. You don't need to put your knee on the vanity to get a closer look at your imperfections. Believe me. The perfect is the enemy of the good.

MATT SUTHERLAND (March/April 2018)

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