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## Gospel of the Heavenly Mother

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**GOSPEL OF THE HEAVENLY MOTHER**

by

**Jennilyn F. Hass**

**Bachelor of Arts in English Writing  
Rhodes College  
1996**

**A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the**

**Master of Fine Arts Degree  
Department of English  
College of Liberal Arts**

**Graduate College  
University of Nevada, Las Vegas  
May 2000**

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**Thesis Approval**

The Graduate College  
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

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The Thesis prepared by

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Entitled

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is approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

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**ABSTRACT**

**Gospel of the Heavenly Mother**

by

**Jennilyn F. Hass**

**Professor Claudia Keelan, Examination Committee Chair  
Professor of English  
University of Nevada, Las Vegas**

A collection of poems, *Gospel of the Heavenly Mother* asks, and attempts to answer, questions regarding the freedom that is available to the individual within a power structure. The two structures examined in the book are the grammar of the English language and organized religion, specifically the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The poems enact the belief that as we reorient ourselves to these structures, freedom is possible; by usurping the syntax in which we communicate (and therefore the language by which we understand God and our relationship to Him/Her), we gain the ability to speak more fully and more clearly. This reorientation and clarification reminds us that humans are social beings and that there are many versions of what is true.

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## PREFACE

"All writing is exchange, and exchange is active in finding out what the present is."  
--Leslie Scalapino (as qtd. in Frost 22)

The continuous present, as termed by Gertrude Stein, presupposes what can be called the "continuous past": that which exists only in *how* we are constantly realigning ourselves with what does not exist. The present is the realigning.

This "how" can be considered the components that allow the present to occur-- it is the words we use, the syntax in which we use them, and whatever sense of "history" we have adopted, willingly or unwillingly. As a children with toy blocks, we build, destroy and build again. There is no one grammar best for the present, as there is no one logic through which all dreams are played out. Images, fears, hopes, issues simply cannot stop rearranging themselves. For this reason, even as we abandon a concept as false, it can reappear to us in another form and seem truthful in that arrangement; and on and on, until we don't know which, in the succession, is the original or most true belief. Our recognition of these constant reversals is often called "accepting our past."

The process implies the possibility of its own denial: any next present may deem this way of understanding untrue. Having to relearn is both our sorrow and our joy.

The embracing of this joy and sorrow was the modern sensibility; the postmodern is the *continual* letting go and *re-embracing*-- exhaling and inhaling-- because the present, we keep learning, is all that we can do.

I wish to express my thanks to Claudia Keelan, who has encouraged me in the research of this manuscript and compelled the poetics that shape it. My husband, Mauricio Romano, and Sasha Steensen both make the idea of a socially-defined self

more appealing, and I thank them for their friendship and love. I dedicate this book to my mother, whose continuous loving support and willingness to listen have been invaluable to my writing and my spirit.

# I. Benediction

"still doth our hero contemplate  
in raptures of undream

that strictly (and how) scienti  
fic land of supemod  
where freedom is compulsory  
and only man is god."  
—e.e. cummings (85)

"Liberty is the right  
not to lie"  
—Albert Camus (as qtd. in Olsen 44)

## **Adult Speech**

**There is a bully  
where the sentence begins,  
shoving us from airborne swings  
to the see-saw, splintered  
and asking to answer  
for the weight of another--  
heavier, lighter, slower, and  
compromise becomes  
the only play we know.**

## Finding Mary

Seagulls circle, crying,  
but my scream is all I hear.  
My dry throat, her dry body,  
salted, washed up days  
before and shriveled

like a child hiding

she'd tried all the corners  
there were; she just couldn't  
back in far enough.  
Even this time she failed--  
the tide circling in daily  
brought her with it

a Judas to her solitude

seaweed clings to her,  
from her arms, hair,  
lips. I long to kiss  
her, to feel the salt  
that had always been there,  
tasteless to all but her,  
to touch the wrinkles on

her blue-stained face

staring through me  
to the sky with no life,  
no regret for leaving  
me, is too much  
like the face I've seen  
every day for years,  
and I leave her to the gulls  
for only their cries to mourn.

Upon Excommunication,  
Without Remorse

—"And those that would not confess their sins and repent of their iniquity, the same were not numbered among the people of the church, and their names were blotted out."

—Mosiah 26:36, *The Book of Mormon*

A careful wash-and-wait  
stored for drying  
stored  
for others / unloved /  
undone, and soaked

shaking to leave the comfortbed of lack

/ Instead /

map project of other  
stone throws:

she never  
went far from herself  
without backtracking,  
/ careful /  
without knapsack  
with lunch for later.

The world without prep-  
osition is a lovely, cakey  
thing: sticky trying,  
lost method change.

## Liveliness

The color pink  
fades  
from rage to sorrows:  
stagnate, anger  
spreads a rot--  
the color  
is a counter-act,  
an intuition  
saying nothing.

Not a thing  
takes up space  
in my drawer,  
my closet, under  
the games  
I don't play  
(no one wants  
to listen  
to me win, to me  
lose, to me).  
Not a thing is company  
in spaces  
of common wonders:  
the wonder of others,  
the wonder of self.

I is a wonder,  
a space occupied  
between old panties,  
behind the 80's version  
of Trivial Pursuit.  
Catch it only as you clean;  
clean it only as you throw it out.  
Pink will return in its place.



Toulouse-Lautrec was a man  
a painter and a lover  
too, I'm sure, a lover  
and when he died he came  
to visit me on the canvas.  
He is a spry young thing  
and a lot of muscle.

How the Noun watched Others  
watch it fall apart

Seamless dolls (it was) a teacake of sugar  
and melting pot

or washstand (it was)

he goes away

I stay wanting the change  
in myself in construction (it was)  
of pants that sometimes fit  
hoping they never will

this rayn of sunshine waits for me

waiting

was never a specialty (it was)

selfish and serving

this kind of pottery burns

wanting a roundness unknown

kick pin

kick-

pin pokey

couldn't put the sentence together again:

~~I'll wait~~ I'll want

to want to wait.

I'll never love like you.

Her mouth doesn't work  
without an ear, hearing page;  
she makes him listen  
spacing herself line to  
line to hear at least  
a glimmer shadow  
of what her voice might say.

## Loud Air and the City

Counting grams of sunlight  
the wind gets home faster than I;  
I can't use numbers  
and give them to the rain  
falling behind wind.  
I never ran quickly,  
never loved a moment  
without destroying its memory--  
the act of protecting  
turns me still/weak/somber/old.  
I am a walking piece of thought unattached  
unorganized and mostly cloudy.

The wind isn't heard in this city  
(the hungry hands  
paralyzed in cup position).  
It needs painting--  
pesos are the color here,  
a dirty and wrinkled and rare coin.

Love calls and a sound to listen.

## Prayer to Stephen Dedalus

Girls from divorce  
can have hope too--  
watch them  
                  hokey pokey  
and rhyme-diddy  
(my shoehorn doesn't fit,  
I hung my stocking  
                  too high,  
and fell further  
for being barefoot;  
the bra sagged too.)

Watch me dance  
around the totem pole and sing  
hi diddley dee

Please have me painted by morning.

## Take-down

Take me down-town  
she says to him softly/  
roughly/hoarsely a low voice she knows  
he will love (obey). Take me please  
she says higher so  
his unborn daughter goes too.  
They share a bucket seat with not enough  
buckle, the she-lower thinks,  
while the higher  
hums a tune she hates.

## Breathing

I don't know who writes you,  
but you've ceased to write yourself  
if you say you can't cause pain.  
You deny you make me cry,  
so I deny you are God,  
but as a human,  
my breathing forgives you:  
the man who thinks he is god,  
the god who forgets he's a man.  
I carry you bandaged  
in my chest of hearts (I have many  
for they sometimes fail)  
until you cry your pain  
yourself, inhale hurts  
of those who lost hope of love  
in your name. You will heal  
in your then-teary bandage,  
hop from me alive,  
in painful love for others  
you'll call  
*life*. You will live  
forgiven, friend, a failing god  
like the rest of us.  
Many wait for your healing,  
as many long to love  
your bleeding eyes  
for what they cry to become.  
Welcome, friend, to the land  
of lostandfound. Here the wind forgives you.

## The Anatomy of Opposites

—"All men and women are in the similitude of the *universal Father and Mother*, and are literally the sons and daughters of diety."

—Joseph F. Smith (as qtd. in McConkie 516)

### Anatonyms

found themselves cornered:  
a mirror into mazes  
of stirred repressions let loose

turnings and turn

-ing  
slots of A's and B's:

*repetition /re pet it ion/  
the joy of the human race  
a lavish trying  
drooping for more*

catch up to find them  
staring in wonder  
at where they are each other

catching raindrops to save for later

a small indented circle  
erased a calming spot of land  
corner of love and sky to sport  
not refusing to listen

*The sentences fit  
The sentences fit  
with spaces between*

knowing that to speak  
isn't always to know

*coughcough /canter/  
slay sleigh 's lay*

*spelling doesn't make it so*



**The water spirit that birthed me  
was a writhe one  
and she never left again.**

## II. Sophia's Incarnation

**"In the heav'ns are parents single?  
No, the thought makes reason stare!  
Truth is reason; truth eternal  
Tells me I've a mother there."**

**--"O My Father," *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints* (292)**

**"Some said: 'Mary conceived of the Holy Spirit.' They are in error. . . .  
When did a woman ever conceive of a woman?"  
--*The Gospel of Philip* (31)**

**"The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also;  
but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit."  
--*The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints*, 130:22**

**"This earth was created to be a place where the hosts of spirits might come,  
receive mortal bodies, and undergo further testing and trials."  
--Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine* (575-576)**

**HOW THE SPIRIT SPEAKS  
BY MOVING PHYSICALLY**

Libation to the God of No

*HOW SOPHIA WANTS  
TO COME TO EARTH*

Counted lovelorn  
                                  a flock of geese  
flies southward  
circles, gladly  
                                  in one direction.

An only is told,  
honking, and the next  
mountain listens.  
Offense.

In a square, you  
are a noun reaction.

A diaper speaks all ways  
in shrills.

## Conception

## *HOW SOPHIA IS BORN*

Coersion of a second-rate type  
couldn't see the rush for waves.  
Wasted, unwanted, a couple  
gathers in  
for winter.

She skips to him,  
notices grey in the window behind.

It falls flat, a kiss, in  
the knowing of a torque wrench.  
Humbling, a twist on goodbye.

Body

HOW SOPHIA BECOMES  
NOT A GHOST

Circular swings  
an open door

sing sing

mold to my wants  
and wishes an

I-can-betray-a-thing  
I-can't-be-faithful-to-a-one

a you  
for whom  
the circle is a square.  
Tighten a proponent  
to watch for falling--

the failing  
to watch for loved ones--  
people you cannot  
hug:  
they are too hairy  
too clean  
too oozy  
too mean;  
they remind me--  
I'm here now, too

a woman galvanized  
for the long  
walk ahead.

**Inconsolable**

**HOW SOPHIA LEARNS  
NAMES FOR THINGS**

Dust begins, she watches  
the pane for signs of spring.  
yellow. uncautious. indifferent  
to her silver,  
powder puffs on the counter.  
Children sing, dogs growl,  
clean and dirty enter the room.  
    Cattails dance the side of  
    the road, how can green  
    grow without her help?  
    Nestled under her dorsal:  
    contempt for  
    nighttime needs, open windows.  
It settles, soon and even.  
She sweeps a constant  
for distraction of results.

**After-immigration wandering**

***HOW SOPHIA COMES TO  
UNDERSTAND THE UNSTATIC  
NATURE OF TRUTH***

**a fiesty kind of walk  
an empty-headed foe to kill  
a friend for whom  
talk is meaningless, a bundle  
of foreign hillsides aren't the same**

**indigenous brothers**

School

*HOW SOPHIA FEELS  
THE WORLD IS SMALL*

Droopy legs fall hard  
on the soft couch  
they gave her.  
"She will smile," they say,  
but her memory is too sharp,  
perfect to allow her hope.

They watch.

*Calling india, india  
a place where place is superfluous  
and wishing an elsewhere  
is an unknown job.*

One cannot paint with expectation.

*Current:  
a coral messy mid-March  
myopia.*

Take her away and kill her.  
Touch him and he will die.  
Still death floats  
on metaphors between them  
while they wander without home.



Sinspot

*HOW SOPHIA DIVORCES  
HER HUSBAND, GOD*

There is a never spot on the window,  
for washing when things don't fit.

She was a woman  
and left him  
wanting children of his  
(er) own.

The telephone cackles domesti  
cities  
of transcendental transgressions that  
my *FUCK YOU* can

(t) say:  
without you--  
how it loses flavor  
mastur  
(er)bation never was temptress of mine.

There is a wash on the window,  
a(n un)  
finished word wiped clean,  
only speech staying to  
sell the barn of oysters and cloistered  
nunnies

with too much time on their hands.

Don't stop to stare at me,  
you perfect sen

(in)tence across the street;  
I can't  
(-- ) declare war  
on half a window.

## Inheritance

## HOW SOPHIA UNDERSTANDS HISTORY

Dictating a love malign,  
meaning  
(a heavy soul determined)  
imposed weight upon the world.  
An abundance of counting  
shivered itself to sleep.

A quiet rest.

Assimilated upon arrival,  
rhyme can bear a pointed tooth;  
undeniable: we glean rhythm  
from dead men's mistakes.  
We are bold to say:  
their ignorance taught us  
a new vocabulary.

Speech accurate and true.

Cancel my love, my life,  
my second chance  
for eagerness--  
ego, mystical wrongness.  
I lie in a bed  
I hope is unmade.

**Glow**

**HOW SOPHIA FINDS TIME  
IS UNLINEAR**

**As if**

His -tory could be wrong,  
this river runs backwards  
north to  
Pacific  
and  
I decide  
which right to flow,  
drowning either way  
in the tide  
that sweeps the land.

**Moonrock**

crumbles  
washes love,  
the sinless  
wait  
to perfection:  
lost to found,  
their slipshod wordage  
adds breath to silence.

**Love for children**

clears the throat of  
teaching rightness:  
History can be wrong = cannot tell itself.

**In your death**

I live  
simply.  
Our children glow  
a relative light  
in speech they taught themselves.

**Truth is messy**

and only present.

Office

*HOW SOPHIA LEARNS  
EMPATHY*

Desk next to  
Barbara is  
a clear jun-  
gle mess. She

thinks she  
owns her  
pencils  
her mind  
her no-  
ticing  
spelling  
keeps her  
free  
for days. One  
day she will miss  
a verb  
maybe  
an  
ad-  
jective  
then  
she will know  
she can  
leave.

To Honey

*HOW SOPHIA CONSOLES  
THE REJECTED GOD*

Limit, love:  
the candle burns  
    but  
not forever.  
Speak, love,  
of constant, sure.  
Can't love,  
not a trace  
in my rotting shoe.

Here. Love,  
hold  
    and  
tell yourself  
you speak fluently.  
Lightly in a frame  
we run  
toward each other  
    but  
what we see  
is ourselves.

Cautious, kindness  
a welcome stick  
breaking softly  
on a fence.  
You could not say it better.

**Anatomy After Sweeping**

**HOW SOPHIA IS  
ATTRACTED  
TO HER BODY**

**Exhaling  
this dust  
leaves me empty  
of structure and  
lack of form  
takes over  
my insides until  
my stomach  
is in my head  
and the pain  
near my toes  
is a heart  
doing double time  
to rise through  
legs intestined  
with where I've been  
then recorded for a day.  
I can't feel where  
my brain is  
                  only see  
my left breast  
is bigger  
than my right (still  
breast), and  
my lungs,  
sunken to where  
my uterus  
used to be  
can now enjoy air  
where it's clear.**

Summer

*HOW SOPHIA CELEBRATES  
BEING HUMAN*

The currents continue,  
wiping disconsolate welcome  
onto newly conscious sky.  
North Star, can you learn to cloud the sun?  
In my winter you were both each other.

I hear the dawn rise early.  
I hear my voice is blurred.  
My arched back is frozen  
in an age that's relative--  
I am my own grandmother.

Because older ones aren't noticed  
I hear them talking on the bus.  
I grow young  
as people feed me:  
the sweaty smell of working,  
the sounds of going home,  
the laughs of those unknowing  
that silence isn't wasted  
on those with watchful ears.

**First Date**

**HOW SOPHIA FINDS  
ANOTHER LOVE**

In

terrogatory free  
dom a sultry call to no  
where a version  
of completion (in  
complete) . Non  
sense to be  
wanted to be  
a part apart:  
coarse  
cold hands  
bad beer and  
not knowing our  
self(es) stealthily off  
er free  
dom to a whole  
a part  
a won  
der.



**Nouns**

**HOW SOPHIA IS COMFORTED  
BY HER BODY**

**They're worth the question.**

**Calm settles, a cloud  
covering all but me:  
I run too fast  
linger only in  
my cleaning.**

**Indignity is reward  
for bastards of this strange breed--  
lovers  
    who cannot love.**

**I smile  
    to forget  
and stand still  
to collect  
a slow drop of calming**

**wait**

**Trees know what they want.  
Circles return from somewhere,  
no apologies, no skeptics. I wake  
for my body movements and second-  
hand learning. It becomes gently mine.  
Trees know what they want.**

**Mid-Mass Exodus**

**HOW SOPHIA BECOMES  
NOT HOLY**

Innocence reigns a  
dictator to the solemn  
sorry church of moaning  
(the sound of doubling  
two unknown happy thoughts).  
Constant consti  
pation in this nation  
of fools gone wild:  
*I am free! Who is me?*  
*I am me! I am*

not elder  
in the crosslegged corner  
(for my lack  
of desire  
to know nothing but  
good  
and loving).

I  
quietly sip away  
while the chorus sings be.

'Til Death

HOW SOPHIA BECOMES  
MY MOTHER

He is young-er than me and  
sings a dance fleeting  
but is always in flight.  
The bird he flies to me  
from himself and back

to him

sometimes stays flitting  
with my hungry nonsense.

Sometimes he sings alone.

I am a constant  
peanut-butter birdhouse  
(our nest I built for one)  
we settle and hover and  
fiddle-- children can't see

a progression.

There is space for two  
where butter holds us  
the butter we love  
we love to eat

our love

it will grow back  
our magic birdhouse.

Baby,

he sings, and where I nuzzle  
his neck he is bald.  
He is a bird and a counting song  
that cannot live but sing

to me

*for Mauricio*

### III. Invocation

**"The Word is everything to the child, both father and mother,  
teacher and nurse. . .and the Word alone supplies us children with  
the milk of love, and only those who suck at this breast are truly happy."  
-Clement of Alexandria (as qtd. in Buell 164)**

**"i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth  
day of life and of love and wings"  
-e.e. cummings (114)**

## Where Babies Come From

In the post-war  
backhand of an hour,  
in the was that can't be told,  
in my finishing a sentence  
of yours and you of mine  
("that's a lie" – "you're right"):  
there is a something  
so ripe it can't be  
duplicated or  
spoken of--  
and the word  
is dead compared,  
and the silence produced  
is all sound,  
and only in its death is new life born.

## Learning Language

truck truck dog  
dog mommydaddy no  
seep bus vroom mvoom  
baby no baby no

(it's easier to expose a lie  
than it is to tell the truth)

Under the truck there  
is a dog mommy  
daddy doesn't know  
what it says vroom.  
The dog under it sleeps.

Corn loves the under  
side of itself and can  
hate the dirt it grows  
from, can't see  
to attach smell, sky  
as mealy with worms.  
Crowded the birds  
have dirty beaks.

A lolly  
could stand  
a less  
loved thing  
a hopeful  
absent sweet  
ness kindly  
melting  
stick  
ing to the tops  
and sides of  
mouths



## Toybox

I never saw, an E-I-  
E-I-O, and on my honor  
I did my duty  
to God and my country

the law of the pack  
I never belonged to  
but in word. And even it  
divided me, nine by three  
and twelve by six,

I was old as the shoe woman  
with so many she didn't know  
how to be  
one of her children, and

became her only question,  
and my only answer

to more tinkly tunes  
that wind down before they're done.

He had a farm

and obeyed

and by six and teen

what to do  
what to do

is to turn the page

## Silent Wish to Momma

Sparkle  
like you did  
when you first came home  
and thought the pay-  
ments were worth it.  
Shag carpet and  
lemonade can't grow  
a miracle like you were;  
every day and then  
some days twice I saw you  
sit close to no one  
but us all  
and love no  
one but us all.  
We felt no  
one but us  
all loved us.

## Lullaby

Parting elephants sway,  
swing purple-giving  
and slightly raised (you're mother)  
the wallpaper faded  
since he-de he-de ho  
tink tink never mind  
I'll take myself  
to the table I want  
get my own then crush  
the centers. I know  
audience doesn't care,  
staring staring (you're beautiful)  
at what is shown lies lies  
tonka trucks under the bed  
hide from you stop stop  
(you're sister) this is for me.  
twinkle twinkle say it  
goodnight.

## **Anthem**

**That is a way of singing,  
a quiet nationality of hope  
and song measured in ballets  
a chorus, a chorus of cheese:**

**they give a non  
sense reiteration,**

**retreating to a treat where necessary.  
The snacksong can give  
it back and never  
can it thank. A ballad failing  
to repeating**

**Give it back, it sings with deafness.**

**The dearness fell silent,  
singing a dance it couldn't move.**

For a New Tutor

Mr. Careful won't you	come	
to see me here and	some	
lessons teach me	can	
you teach me to love	can	
I learn a new	word	
all those I've not	heard	
those I	fear	
will never be		Here
is a place where rhyme	dies	
a death I see every	day	
and here is	where	
I need a new line	to	
say something new so	can	
you teach me to	love	
can I learn a new word?		

## Negative Capability

Torrid lorrud mal a dees  
tick losson mosson do  
torrid morrid ping pong bock  
tore blossom never blue.

Teller nevel gloric now  
the doric of the bawn  
shine-e shine-o lock be ho  
be nomul horrdy lon.

Fivel nevel clossum doe  
fivel clossom do  
nevel nevel clossum nee  
the rain will beat on you.

To deebe deebe deebeho  
blahde saydin hod  
klama klama dama dee  
the rain be mon jihad.

Fa dee sevin for dee sick  
dee sevin sick some don  
to dive dee dive dee cleaven bove  
dee boy som mof ur tawn.

Stu dannel me stu dannel dee my  
stu dannel dee sadie me  
my dog she be she beedle ho  
me kennel be woolen klee.

## Going to Solla Sollew

Our mindful \_\_\_\_\_ pick-up  
plants \_\_\_\_\_, weeds  
shoot up behind  
you and me.

We ride  
tip-toe, \_\_\_\_\_, bare,  
unaware of the other's cold,  
warm to consented neglect.

I talk, listen: squeaks, chains, \_\_\_\_\_,  
(breaths, mostly vowels);  
you listen, talk: \_\_\_\_\_

Left, front, sideways  
and back. My list  
of scrapes and dents:  
circus of stars teeming religion,  
jolly roly-polys, and crisp  
white shorts.

: \_\_\_\_\_  
I drop you off.

## Biography as Constant Climax

The details are:

stains only on the canvas of the shoe  
black lights surround a car's two signs.  
There we were, the truthful  
happy few, skating away  
on plagiarism and dirty diapers.

Once there was no sound is me.  
Then I inhaled the voices surrounding  
and spat them out in my own.  
(No, I only learned to declare  
the background noise more beautiful.)

The details are:

spanish speakers stay in back  
orange rises between cloud shadows.  
There is a plug under my bed  
disguised as a wild thing.  
It sings to me at night.

Snowmen never grow here, sadly  
nothing does, happily this isn't  
a problem for me for my details.  
reverse is in the upper right  
too many cookies are bad for the soul.

The details are  
only until the next

twisted cinnamon-sliced loaves  
garbage trucks afraid of dogs.  
Feet say so much about a person;  
pain sinks to them daily,  
landing on yesterday's unfinished chore.

Unlimited magic is the apple  
forever unplucked. Reachable, yes,  
edible, maybe, but still on the tree  
for even the unknowing to teach us, again,  
it is a fruit. it is alive. it is happy.



## **Blink**

**Choochoo the eyelids close  
to the opening field around  
tracks shining daily  
nightly speed slowing  
speeding slow daybreak  
as eyelids awake.**

## The Variety of Religious Experience

I.

Knowing left the right hand  
so the left

kept me knowing

will undoubtedly swim

from me--

to bear

(to bear  
would be to raise a child).

Swim

gently

back

what cannot cross;  
what cannot cross

seems not a hard thing

a baby

to me

to me.

II.

*The*

solstice  
hand  
water  
thing

*To*

rise  
cross  
love  
not know  
bear

**The water spirit that birthed me  
was a wri~~th~~e one  
and she never left again.**

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