

My Beautiful Black Rainbow

Janine Fitzgerald

Did oil bubble from the garden of Troy
where Cassandra stood
predicting doom believed by no one?

Did the soldiers of Agamemnon
soak their arrows in oil
as they clamored into
the Trojan horse?

I saw a picture once of an oil fountain
in Mexico
Revolution
eager to come to the surface
change the fate of a nation.

I am driving down the road in my car
I am free
I am fast
I am alone where no one can touch me
I can sing
Oh Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz
Songs about cars
Cars that are songs
My beautiful black rainbow

My rainbow made with grace
and sunshine
Phytoplankton fed by nitrogen
sinking quickly
slowly into the earth
where she is heated
and trapped
and converted into oil

Fuels made of fossils
Fossil fuels
Stored sunlight
My beautiful black rainbow

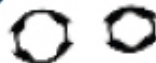
The men they came to get her
and she came willingly
whiskey barrels in Pennsylvania

Men wanted her.
Men drilled her in hard hats and steel toed boots
in Texas, New Mexico, Louisiana, Oklahoma.
They found her black and light
in desert kingdoms
in the forests of Venezuela
the swamps of Nigeria
the jungles of Ecuador
the tundra snow of the Caspian Sea
the fierce oceans of Scotland.

The men, they wanted her
They left their wives
Their homes
Their families to search for her

John D. Rockefeller gathered her into his arms
his rail cars, his pipelines
Standard Oil
oil standard
owned my black rainbow

He sold her to me
And she made me free in my car.



There is a long strip of desert

My black rainbow no longer
comes to the surface of our world
Willingly

Now she hides
in porous rock
eager to escape
detection, depletion, extinction

Now we are the eager ones
Wild cat wells
Drill rigs
Fractured earth
Pumping sea water
Driving drilling dying
In our smog
Our lust
Our cars
In the midst of our black rainbow
Oil

until we stop one day



There is a long strip of desert
in my mind.

Stone walls curl
themselves around me,
their angles threatening
burial.

And I cannot remember
anything taller.
I cannot remember
anything emptier.

Think of falling
into water
thick with silt and soil.
Think of the moment
of resurfacing,
still tossed
by the momentary blackness.

Brown is the color I see
when I think of returning.

Julia Klema