

my face was swollen for the better part of a year
 then it lived inside a hollow glacier
to icefish with a silk net
—a hairy root growing in the cold (barbaric and primitive)
white sunlight on frosted loam still soft and warm in the middle
men used to push their fingers in the dirt to make room for seeds
(someone had to be punished with hard labor)
I want to try

white baby
 she took this small piece of
a low-growing shrub, a small piece of this hydrangea
lashed out the blue for her eyes
red bead of juice for various other
points on the face; this giant
being hovered over her, shrouded, hooded,
encased in stone, she held it in two hands like a bat
gave the saltwater surface a good smack
til her legs froze under the knee, turning, sea foam holding white
and the noise of the rest came like sheared wool

*Not berries or planets or stones but shining gold coins... some surgeries make people so
radioactive they can't touch animals or children for a week... colloidal oatmeal... smell of
colloidal oatmeal... he was submerged (horizon — I scribbled rocky mountains down the
margin) considering the excavated works. He left a sweaty smear on the back of my knee and
called to see if the bakery had any fresh slices of lemon pie*

Untitled

In the middle of it I watched her hanging
like a soft (pink) icicle, hanging upside-down off the counter,
that arm reaching long; long, and down, running the tips of her nails on the floor
and grasping, woman warmed in a summer bog, collecting early cranberries, her skirts wet—
her skirts deep red and heavy.

We were meadow-watching. Winter sun
mirrored onto the mauve tips of grass, lighting them like candles
(reflecting off of what?)

Writing in a soundless language
glossy jewel-colored berries, tumbled stones
with vivid orange and clear crystal marbling,
a single oiled cloth for polishing
Is it selfish? They are gifts I want to keep
to hold (to smell / please will you let me)

A blue piece

In the Catskills, on the last night:

it was a woven image and I will try to write it down.

on the last night: I protected him with my body—

I put myself between them— I had to—

flat, loose parts

(wood and leaves and dreadful garbage)

blew out from underneath the car, into the fire

I pretended the clothes we were burning belonged to us

I pretended the factory far

across the river was a city in the haze

to map it would be precious, the four of us splayed throughout the house and over the sand

if only the neighbor would stop yelling at his dog so loudly— and beating it—

In the morning I had a waking dream

of you, breathing shallowly under a lacy shadow.

If all you ever wanted was to be wrapped safe

in the leafy folds of yellow-green sureness

I would have opened my teeth for you, unhooked my jaw and released the living veins