Transience
Kaley Schumaker

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Schumaker, Kaley (2016) "Transience," The Oval: Vol. 9 : Iss. 1 , Article 11.
Available at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol9/iss1/11

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mail.lib.umt.edu.
I.
something in the darkening corners
by the shifting hostel bed
where the restless dump their baggage

II.
speaking through the wrinkles in his hands—
   I drove his car for fourteen hours
   the pills helped, he only charged me gas
   like my company was some sort of payment

III.
mel carries more weight than any hitch I’ve seen
faded four feet of canvas bag—his prosthetic
like a wooden leg for staring, he suggests
Ulysses and you forget everything you should be doing

IV.
what do the Druid, Escapee, Yoga-Stripper
and Journaler have in common?
something about Patti Smith and frozen blueberries
but the Londoner showed his stab wounds instead

V.
when I was 26 I spent 9 months along a cardamom river
the weightless washed their hammered bowls and chanted
(the orality of) what would otherwise be lost.
sometimes I dream the colors of their silks for fear I will forget
VI. realizing on the cold bench of the local park gathered dirt from walking in wet socks kept broken glass of the West Street turnpike from piercing soles the dog walkers miss my comfort

VII. hole in the bathroom ceiling webs blend to peeling white strands wave in the ebbs of steam sniffing dog at the door

VIII. “that’s a bit presumptuous” he said from the owner’s kitchen his voice echoing off nakedness and eggshell walls “where do they keep the fucking espresso cups”

IX. the little birds, demons in the hole near the bed frame head “I’ll eat your Satan babies” he’s a Viking of a morning person

X. every house on the corner the same baby-boy-shower blue “our house is the blue one on the left, sorry we won’t be there to greet you”