Spring 2007

Three Poems

Patricia Goedicke

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss67/4
PATRICIA GOEDICKE

When Blizzard Shatters the Gray Air

"Things eternal want to join us"

Or Atomize:

split each unit a-
part into eyes, shrieking wires, ice needles
in micro-diamond veils banging,
clattering up and down,
rushing against each other with fine ground
chiseled claws sweeping over the cornices,
the flat steep sides of the house, the incessant noise ——

Out Of Which We Are Made

from white absence into white
raging angels/ snow devils crazed
rabbit ears spinning whistles from the anti-
podes strings tug at the clapboards
snarled banners slither head straight for the windows
those blinkless eyes
stunned spies at the entrance

Alveoli

of the lung hive behind them, open-
mouthed, almost empty
except for the pit-
ed huddled seed in its precious
vacuum limp air sacs pockets

15
of brittle bubbles the wind hungers
to breather into,
stick its right hand in and lean back at table
satisfied having absorbed
every last rabbit back into its hat

Trick

and so oblit-
erated it even up to the ears
(“always the last to go”)
earth’s garden beds and gutters
into borderless space gobbled anonymous bones and grit cycling
and re-cycling
in the house or out-
side even the one closest,
the one we said we’d never —

At The Undefended Door Still

knocks knocks and keeps knock-
ing whether to add or
subtract is not clear battering rams of abstract weather systems bombard
suck up all the air, though in the white yard cardboard boxes bumble like clowns, head over congealed toes, rough flips and flops friendly or not who knows under the doorsills drafts reach for the ankles try to lift us up
Into Silence Which Is No Silence

only acoustic absence

noise-

less, in a chamber full of soundless pressure what if something

pitched higher than ears, with long jittering whips

across the world-house spews, sizzles us

into iced parallaxes skinned

whimpering stripped

into eternity,

into our places which are no place
Kayak

Shoe without a foot.
Moccasin-shaped, sealskin
    soul pod. Knocking against the dock.

Leaf, scatter of lackadaisical cloud —

but you were never a hard driver.
    Nor I either.

Filled, used to be
both of us,
    whole from stem to stern.

Some days, sailing along.
I'd carry you with me, from subway to work and back
    like a book I couldn't put down.

Other days, folded close
we'd turn ourselves upside down in the river
    and just hang there, sputtering.

then swing right back up again — amazing —
and never drown.

Drifting along as one
welded, spirit-caulked,

so fitted feels
wet. Sleek
easy as fish feel,
tail and fin powerfully
swimming upstream —

or womb-walls, caressed. Rippling
so smoothly who knew which was which —

Except for the villagers on the banks,
the children calling out

across the world:
little pot-bellied chocolates
trampled in their sandboxes —

Who paddles for them?

While you and I ate, drank,
lifted and dipped arms

who said any great enterprise, even love, say
is worth how many

lives?

Reader without a book to read by.
Glass without water. Plate without a crumb —

Last night you came swimming towards me across the desert.
Rudderless. But still sea-going.

Bother the big ships, the ocean liners full of people.

Who said one isn’t as mindful,
as good a crew as two.
Frail memory vessel for holding
ghost texts, palimpsest after almost forgotten

palimpsests; children,
tender Pharaohs encrusted
   "forever"

word stitched across crumble,
on thin papery skin.

Open, please, and let
a live body in.

Come, Shoe. Tongue, wag your best.
This isn’t a coffin
   yet.

With or without paddles,
each life’s leavings
   still call, imprinted deep

in frozen stem and marrow dreaming
single cell on the sea
   still knocking, full of —

covered over and sealed
for the night.
Never A Shade

But real. As goatskin. As leathery
pomegranate packed with seeds circulating through
all of us, you were sweet sap, you were apple; even in old age
never drained, fine high jet of conversation

endlessly rising and falling, no I am not
exaggerating here: you were articulation’s
juiciest snow pea pod of a man loaded
with salts crystallizing into sugars, into hard

fragrant cider: even sagging from the heart-stem
painfully, at the apparent end you were still full of it,
spirits that never sting but speak true, brisk buckups
for darkening friends, fruit flies and honey bees multiplying around you

then as they do now, under leafless trees stricken,
jostling each other for one more sip of you.