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2/4 Being

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2/4 BEING

By

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Thesis

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in Creative Writing, Poetry

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Creative Writing

2/4 Being

Chairperson: Stacy Szymaszek

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degrallumination

spice in the belly
 of night we
 turn to great central
oak whom we have named Methuselah

 feel this in our
 limbs we our limbs
 & warm throats
in incised neon lights

 each golden bow
rising & hovering
 we dip in-
 to each other

& retract
 find every corner to be
 stale fevered longing
newness budding in isolation

slick heavy breath between
 us chai & pills
spinning spinning
 the teardrop swing muted

neons around the skipping tree
 every horse w/ your face
can't touch look
 i said

 touch
these boards in my back
 i swirl in
 myself

& why not
 should we return
to the garden it underneath
 our heads we laid

 all i am inside
this green painted grass
 choking on
 its color

i hold out my hand
 full of teeth
& you peck hungry like seed
 waiting half-buried
a child under my nails
 bark peeled back
yard braided
 words of grass where tree never rooted & others well-established
but unnamed I lay in the bed unstained construct stains & trees that
tree give it palm feet try something
 if there is always another iteration
is that failure
 the grass is a poem that can be walked through
every morning re-dewed different line breaks in spider webs new
 attempts to evaporate shape the exhales into

too many left wild

can't tooth those
plump w/ ambition
to bite back C.G.
rots beard in the la-z-boy
as if his naval sunk
ship

he trapped
these past

sixty-two years
i place this on my skin
for safekeeping

tuck it between my molars

to juice the poems out

maybe i want to explain this
maybe this line runs the length of the page information that will lead to insight
&

maybe it just ends
maybe this is more effective

infinity touches veins
throbs like bricks
i want to sculpt your insides into an island find myself a salt lick

this self is unmeant
i have aired its intestines like a bedsheet
curled up in the unhinged nest of exposition

this blue tangle of souls runs together into an indeterminable blotch
nothing to say when everything is expected to be said

here i embrace the sharp prick
place a skin over it
give it a book with big words hyphenate its name
tell everyone
ignore the hypocrisy put it in a pretty box labeled evidence
i will be what you want

above my desk the wasps have built a revolver
i put my mouth on it
i say my home is your home
i say my body is my home
i say possess me
i say
swell my throat shut take my voice

i am all algorithms & sadness
i unify my body with my body

bloom & collapse in time-lapse a swarm of bees peddles by on a bicycle
their wings are hot metal blades *mother, if the wound cannot close, can it*
heal everything warm everything drowsy count back from 10
too young can't language pain
can't put it on mom's tongue to sample to tell the gloved man
scales make no logic 1-to-10 don't tell a story
your bed is a boat each wave is pain
it is all pain
can't scale experience
can't language it

at the gas station i could see in him
feels like ants gnawing inside sunsets dying
in oil fields i hold out both hands full
of eyes fingers splitting tipsemitting
tentacular the infinite perpetual digging
before them a room the mountain
held face to grind stone unreachable

gutted a seal w/ my

hands

wrist-deep in its moist

sandbelly

& i killed it w/ a
swift kick

someone built this kingdom

barefoot
we walk the shore

flew

flew

you

tethered to the gulf by

the things intestines

it will be September
i won't say it
i'll miss the smell

beneath your body a window
i am full of leaves
lack reaching from a pot

it is the tremble in a tremble
a clarity w/out divinity

i stack these things
& press

wet enough to cut
 into a door
throw wide open a house
 of humidity two moths
separated common characters
 of me & here
the window was open
 gulf blvd our witness
i plucked the eyes from
 their coats
 melted myself down in the steam
 garden Celestial
 i am sorry for leaving
 your legs as colorful
towels shards of shell
 sharp between us
 understand self as feature
sculpted in time
 a ring about the drain

dustlight pull/pull trace able
body growing from where touch

mirror jesus birth fingers from fingers birth

i write this down paper
pull me from

always place noplac pinpricks between
pinpricks see selves

many mirrors bogsand Christ
weight weight weight weight

feel stretch tendons
pull ripplillusion constellation

walk narrow
feel caress
selves lick cheek

*factual emboditombment i/we born & taken
born/taken*

consume this amen stairs uneven
come down stagger up somewhere meet

cold black water above us
come back here &

rub your grace on me
burst this needle

i grab internal pull
i trace i extend

ribs & stars stars & &
placement be dipped

carve jagged this fluid dive through

understand through me this
collapses mapswebe

collapsed one into another
pulled self into self

& on the sixth day
transmutation

image of pulled from image
of graphite taste the pull

not creation /capture
recording a falling

a reality see this
through this trace

skin/mirrors/skin
out that in pull

just slight crack
& weight

pour we out we pour
i on me/me drowning in

mother stands in room
 (boy's, empty)
 pinching her gut
& elsewhere
 another version in silence
 shatters
 i know there is
 god
 in your spit
offer my eyelids to your teeth
 drop me as a glass
 in a porcelain sky
& everywhere we walked
 i remember
 on the bottoms of my bare feet
 cat tongues by the fountain
 nails peeled back by brick
 fractured us on the staircase
 oil & grit
 spray paint christmas
 tortilla shards in the weed box
 another cliché about firemen
 shed of their skin
 or hot tubs full of fronds
the sand still glassing
 the shower floor
 & two moons
 too near
 or a garden
 to trace the scar in my side
 the gaping question
we all wear
 down the center
 of our stomachs

previous nights exposition
 rough stubble of bricks
 fountain indoctrinated by fractions

 my fingers crayons
 flesh curled like wood shavings
on rose scaffolds

 can i say this without my body

i am impaled by blossoms
 night blooms self-structuring

 indigo into indigo
rattle of old teeth
 me leaning into you myself

 we collapse

here again

the slat board plinth

metal bench

still something ballooning in me

lead paint in hues of you

i see it as powdered
topside
reflections

i want it how it was

blur of skin outside a carnival
navy blue tunes sticking in the air

we atop carousel
haunts of the cupola
pain & all

we find ourselves
mouths open spaces pouring
from our eyes

placed in passersby
to preserve

this tide
wallwater

clatter ing

the window open

nopicturesnobody

there is intimacy
in i's

are these the given
carried aimlessly by atmospheres
destined to fall & sprout
in the wrong bodies

the purple leaf plum starves in the sand & sand is all we have to give it. no purple. no plum.

purple leaf woke
once straw
in a rail car
bruised (plum)

can a lamppost fill the

empty, we
empty

in the dark boy drinks
tea, tennessee
pouring windows into
his blood

residual air splitting
 hands
in places
 substantive
 vacuous

 set foot
willingly consumed
 conformed
 structure to structure
 resin to resin

laid beneath waited
 warm
embrace fallen self
 blankets self

regional disparity
 seasonal disembodiment

tamarack brighter
 purple limbs
 elusive
in their space

no history w/out
historical
w/outness

more zip
lastcling zap

distant (other)

is leaf metaphor []

(in theory) Bergk finds himself

exposed

grave outturned in wind
like a whisper

nothing before;

nothing after

the longest caress of

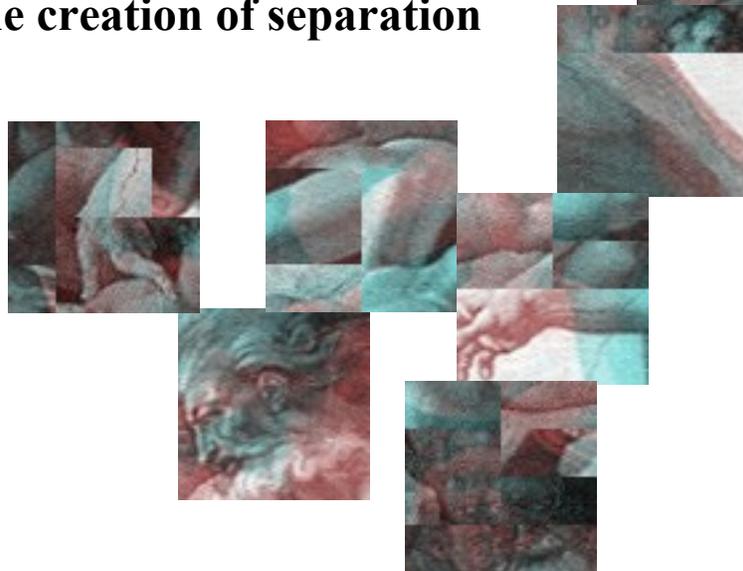
[] & []

blame internalities
 gears turning slower
to the speed all
 recognize
this grinding
 molars/molars
keeping of time
 keeping
 found selves sinking
found one more
 the needles swelling
shrinking
 giving way to
new air
 remember the shade
yellow that rises beachside
 shakeitoff
it tears them in two
 sutures in the wake
purple leaf takes plunge
 shatters left root in going
call this: welling
 earth bleeding itself
take/plunge
 traded iron fur for buffalo
swallowed the spices whole
 can't
blame root
 blame structure

some nooses disease
 no people please do not
leave beautiful axe
 splayed statue of father
 hollow needles scene:
mattress body ice box harmonized
 dripping
 head pumped warm
w/ blue rope here they reach
 early & syphon erythrocytes
 winged infusion nesting
in opposite crook boy is 28 days
 gravity
 fed
 unformed in glacier-gloved hands
skin puckering to meet scalpel
 kisses
 as they revise rivers dredge
abdomens to a hum



the creation of separation



through reeking jar serpent removed my makers too large on pleather chair
watch me twelve breathing sharp sutured night mother hand hovering traces
air snaking above my belly woundgashlength the silent

october of undoing chemicals spicy injected into tiles
arm halls a mask over your sinking sink
into naked unknowing you removed from
you maybe only what you have lost

selfbody
w/ metal tongs they
too young to
look down now on
out

selfself
pull self from self
grasp this
bedboy cheeks scooped

figures circle unrobed holy vultures armed/unwinged outstretch
fleshy scalpels anoint transparent sepulcher oil & prayer this body
this pile of bones laid soon to rest artificial beneath the blade
beneath heavy veil of latex & drape

such length drip i beg how
pulled from such gash
such length from such gash
such length such gash the pull

inhabit suit of self in bloom the crows our arms several steps a puddle
all this pools within gently the Kiss his furred head fully in me
boy stunted youth of moonfacies some things shrink some leave
label it all healing

corpse weight
all displayed in
laid out cold

gowns falling
notebook diagrams the missing parts
life pooling to be measured

too young for sea legs thumb on trigger *touch the bed* *i swear* *blow these veins* *straight to*
bliss it's inversed moses/dry ground bitter-handed scalpel staff budding crimson new
death beneath fluorescent gods take me to the altar finest harvest of an empty husk

stuffed w/ soft absorbent night
& microscopic bits of
so close but
no skin no friction
plastic in place
of air

jar given slight twirl

contents

helixing on

their own

tap tap the yellowed

glass

last night

a quiet pop in the belly

felt more
than heard

inside me
 fairytale
 pale
yellow

want
 whatever they scrub
 the floors w/

human
i am not human
 in the tissue
 grown over
 the lack

the clothes have soured in the wash again
i am dying
splintering time watching it all
look: halloween & me
dressed up my belly catgut self exiting
through cracks

why this instinct

gnaw/roost

weariness in brainstem

urge for deconpreservation

just want to

grab pull

watch emaciated body

stirrup & split

gut of sandstone

surrounded by mirrors