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ADOBE SUGAR

By

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Bachelor of Liberal Arts, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 2017

THESIS

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

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Approved by:

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2021

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Adobe Sugar : Poems

Chairperson: Sean Hill

With a backdrop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, *Adobe Sugar* is a collection of poems that finds divinity in the mundane through exploration of youth, decadence, and nourishment.

“There is communion of more than our bodies when bread is broken and wine drunk.”

—— M.F.K. Fisher, *The Gastronomical Me*

“Blessed be things! Love them, love them!”

—— José Ortega y Gasset, *Meditations on Quixote*

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El Farol

When I am here my mom is here in the 80s

our bodies

riding up Canyon in a red convertible

made of the same dirt

different summers

we park in the arroyo lot across the street same punk boots probably

In the story

I am twenty four she is twenty four

the bartender tells us

how the kitchen is really a closet

the back room a brothel

afterhour ghosts that pile dirt on each table

a bullet goes through the bar

into the mixologist

the little girl opens laughing doors at closing time.

I'm sipping and rolling eyes with the slouching woman Stan Nachez painted

Guadalupe snarling at the flaming bull.

The Artist paid his tab xeroxing this brown town

coyote fences

watermelon hills

would his lady in red would be worth millions

stuck on the wall?

A waitress scrubbed last night's party from the portrait

with a bottle of orange 409

and the backside of a sponge.

Blues and cumbia dancers sand the floor

to earth

if we have enough tequila

call it the rubber room

bend the boards

Mom dances on the bar held together by coca cola syrup

the same kind of miracle
the angel produced
 building Loretto staircase
 without nails.

Driving home after graduation, East to West Alameda

I'm expert at celebrating alone

with confetti light in the pits of my windshield, the radio,

chamisa in bloom hot yellow like kitten piss by the guardrail

& my sentimental foot

on the gas negotiating speed.

There is a row of sand barrels at the rapid dead end slope of Calle Nopal

so it's okay to go down the hill sunset-orange-fast

or crash milk-dipped & high on endings.

Walking across a stage for thick paper

& parties afterward are fake hoops,

mock moons translucent & glued together

like peeling window tint

but even still I feel lucky like a pearl earring

discovered in sun-red earth.

Santa Fe

Can you sleep so heavy full
of sculptures?
I fall asleep fast inside
the mouth of you

like an infant
in the far room of my parents'
party. Someone drunk with
a guitar is playing
lullabies for me
& you.

Santa Fe, can you see
the moon? A curved
& yellow baby tooth, safe
in the pocket
of my jeans.

My old sublet in the crook
of your little hills, my mattress
swollen with monsoon.

Santa Fe, drag your dearest
finger, suckle dusty
along Paseo de Peralta
rusty like a horseshoe.

At the Cross of the Martyrs
girls with barewatermelons down the stone steps on
legs meet to roll

ly stopping
for the view: pink clouds gone
to bed with dark blue.

Dear Will Shuster,

I used to see your self-portrait every Sunday
on tours up Canyon. No lips just downturned dog-jowls & the easel
a dark triangle to hide behind. I liked that you put the scratchy brown part
of your art in the foreground, that you let your face frown. I liked
your white shirt & your glasses round like an owl's. Looking again now
I can't believe your thumb tucked into your trousers like a snarky wink.

I used to take old rich ladies in a group, point to buildings
where your friends drank bootleg booze, slumped in dusty sunsets.
I'd point my fingers through wrought iron bar windows where Claude's was
which is now gutted & gagging with cotton candy insolation. The owner must not
know how Alfred Morang used to sleep above the bar. How he died there in a fire.
This building will, like every inhuman property on Canyon road,
eventually become moneied.

Wide-eyed,

Liana

Garcia St. & Acequia Madre

Halloween & Lexy takes a long pee in the empty lot.

I straddle the adobe wall

almost keeping promises

not to laugh or look at the dark stain spreading on asphalt.

There is a moment when you get folded

into your hometown & it's final.

Lighting cigarettes with a jack o lantern candle:

night amplifies everything at sixteen.

High school days are almost all made of waiting.

Inevitably shredding the back of bare legs on stucco,

the way we drop little glitches of skin

on the places we intend to abandon.

How green we are in the dark, too old for costumes

& proud. So sure of a clean, unsentimental departure.

Ending up like late sun,

hiding puddles of warmth in the ground.

Eggs

Sixteen & mean like hangnails or sharp
blades of grass we'd drive at midnight for supplies
fertile porcelain intended for high speed vengeance
fairy spawn restless in a carton
we wanted a girl in our class to know shame
wanted her mom to scrape dry yolk from the car
in retrospect I can't recall what sin
required albumen recompense
all I remember is longing to press
my thumb through skin with subtle bumps to pierce
through thin shell & membrane my own delicate
thresholds begging for trespass

Effort at Speech Between Friends

After Muriel Rukeyser

: speak to me you know me mostly in the middle of the night
you climb crying into my bed through the window
i cut the screen for this entry your face inflamed blue
am i the person who knows you eat crab rangoon
to staunch your sadness

: you know me
before the divorce i only had two parents now four
my mother an artist now an accountant
now i'm a photographer i wonder what won't i be in the future

: where are you now
you know how to maneuver i would text 1521 calle margarita in your white corolla
there you were your father wouldn't let you drive in snow
drunk at a party in the desert we hid behind a bush until the cops forgot
in berlin i never learned the name of our train stop you kept the cash
i am at ease to take your hand with eyes closed

: what are you now
sometimes i call your landline you pretend not to be there
all the minutes we lived in the same town and never speak
in my first apartment we drink tea out of wine glasses

: forgive me i am always talking theory
friendship is collusion in the same fantasy like indie rock or a john hughes movie
at the table in front of the little corner store i was you for an hour
i wore your wool coat

Best Friend

Put me to bed in your bed in silk from the thrift store
strip paisley cover off so feathers poke

the face I give to you is breaking
covered Elizabethan like venetian ceruse

icon on your browser tab circling
a pose for vanity webcam

to tilt my head this way makes a lovely distortion
even in the mirror I am the face you paint

you say red haired women feel pain differently
your sugar rose nipples & my brown plums

gap between your teeth a cracked door
bare legs fill february's gore

you say how wrists make model right angles
I imagine holding a tray and you think of tracing

exponential parabolic motion infinite collapse
in finite space I am greener than grass

I love you like crying into warm hands
a beautiful disease I give myself

Symposium

Why wasn't the party a riot. If you drink cheap booze you
can't pray to Bacchus? Even if you light the right candles
and stain the carpet? Dinner was civil like church service:
no rare gore in my teeth? Couldn't slaughter my suitors or
frisk in the drippings? Bought my own flowers? Perfect
hostess? Called a tin can a silver cup? Plastic bottles
paraded as stained glass windows? Flaming spear couldn't
puncture? Hated my dress & couldn't go naked? Didn't
play gory records so we forget our faces? No writhing
tongues, no hiked up skirts? Didn't crush our bodies into
canned lake trout: reflective stunned half dead?

Why isn't the soul content with anything less than God.

Birthday Presents

February is my mother's hair
in preparation for the party
blow dried long & box red
translucent in mirror lights
rouge caught in skin fluff

Everything's a party at Plastic City
each aisle printed a different pattern
like the alien concavity of a chocolate strawberry
champagne glass with detachable stem
favors in cellophane bags

When I turned 10 mom put booze in the punch
I guess it was her birthday party too
but I cried clown tears on a paper plate
& I think that's why Walker's sister-in-law
called me Selfish Only Child

Whitman would have said Happy Continuation!
You've eaten too many cheese danishes
they're all you've eaten all month
now your teeth are covered in hard gems
your toothbrush a red Valentine

February is ruthless lyric arrangement
Edge of Seventeen doves in my bed
& light bulbs you can change the color of
it's Stevie Nicks in a velvet beret
baby Jesus in your hummingbird cake

Non-grandeur

Autumn monsoons slap us silly,
make us wet as sunflowers

lean like drunk girls. I fall asleep
in your dorm room on a parade

of goodwill cashmere. I am always drooling
over your arrangement: vintage jewelry

like archival slides. Records twinkling
like old man eyes. Your paisley comforter:

a pre raphaelite garden. Loose tea spills
from desk to linoleum floor.

How easy it is to build a fantasy out of objects.
You braid my hair into smutty reptilian screams.

I try on your red lips, the black dress from art school.
You make my body more than a utensil.

How easy it is to fool ourselves into a painting.
In the dining hall every bite is pearlescent.

You curate what goes in your mouth.
We are pretentious, which is to say

we pick the pattern of our tarnish.
You are certain you are losing your hair.

You are certain you are pregnant. We both are.
You say: whoops thought that was wine

turns out it's blood and lick your fingers. You say:
when I have fears that I may cease to be I go running.

You text me your sweaty body.
These days I buy abundance in half-off loose cans of beer.

I'm dragging our school girl corpses all over Montana.
& Romanticism isn't a lamp I turn on anymore. It's too garish.

After the Party Ends

I'll keep our leftover cake
in tinfoil. The dried out sugar
of us. Our floodlight irises
& cutting skirts. The satisfied
mirror gaze of us. How J stands
on a chair, her high holding
toasting the uncertainty
of us. Her tattooed shoulder
round. Before we spill
knees showing out
into the garden before
we walk to other homes.
Even when the lease is broken
even when this adobe apartment
doesn't have us, when the eye
of this room doesn't well up
with us. I'll keep the drained
bottles & dirty cups. Even
when kitchen laughter empties
the crowded buzz, the fever
thrum of us. I won't let it out.
I'll pay the rent to house
the holy how of us.

Puppet

At Fort Marcy Park among a crowd of thousands, I sit on my father's shoulders. I'm perched. A quiet dove with the fright & anticipation fire in my eyes. We stand in the dark. The crowd chants *burn him, burn him, burn him, burn him, burn.* A hum that seeks violence. We are here to celebrate the ritual sacrifice of a man. The man is 50 feet tall made of paper.

His name is Zozobra, a spanish word meaning anxiety; the unsettled movement of a bobbing ship.

He is our scapegoat. The vessel for every misfortune wrong turn of our lives. Filled up with love letters, parking tickets, divorce papers, eviction notices, a wedding dress once. Scraps of pain, anything flammable. Zozobra is dressed in a long white robe belted at the waist. His lips are red & droop clownishly. His eyes reflective hubcaps flashing in spotlights. His hair is purple, or green, or neon yellow. I can't remember. It changes every year. He is angry growling at the taunting crowd with groans like a caged animal amplified over loudspeaker. I feel sorrow for the man. The tingle of so many bodies in drunken revelry all at once. A single cell in this writhing pagan organism.

My father's left shoulder contains a long red scar from a cycling accident. I can feel the smooth scar peeking out through his tank top as I hold on.

I watch a dancer dressed in a feathery red unitard & tall spindly headdress dance up the staired platform toward the man. Belly-deep drums ramp up tempo as the fire-dancer acrobats his way to & fro across the stage. The glooms emerge in a floating line below the fire dancer — children dressed in bedsheet ghost costumes. They flutter.

I flutter when the fire dancer dips down with a lighted baton to the edge of Zozobra's skirts. The crowd's

sound turns sharp. The volume up. Zozo's eyes gleam wide. His groans turn to shrieks of pain. He doesn't even remember to be fearsome now as the flames climb to consume him. My dad is smiling & hooting along, one hand in a c at his mouth, the other gripping my leg. I bob like an unsettled ship. We are wicked, I think.

At Cornaro Chapel
(The Ecstasy of St. Teresa)

I pay one euro to put lights
on St. Theresa of Avila.
Near the pillar I press
a button to see her folds
with fewer shadows. Mouth
open like a diver undertaken.
See her writhing on a rock
with eyes locked. Writing pleasure
inside the holy text of her body.
Her marble body a box
no one else can open. The angel
smug with the gold arrow
pinched between fingers
is a fool to think
that any outside appendage
could undo her. As if
it were God who made her
a Saint in the first place.

I Get Religious in Spring

something like ruffled devotion

to window slats & sunlight flashing lazy in domino patterns

Winter makes me forget my skin's fondness for photons

microscopic excitement that seeps into everything

a migration to optimism like a jolt of realization

that the car isn't crashing backward

it's just a peripheral car in regular motion a safety rush that comes after

simulated danger bring me a bowl of red cherries

for my skull's refrigerator

it's popular now to know good feelings

by their chemical names serotonin like a flood oxytocin

trespassing & making me love you these corinthian names given

by scientists but not acknowledging the divine deal

blue skies made for the parade of flushed faces

& while it feels true all depictions of deities are related

I don't dwell too much on which particles

God might inhabit in case

the light moves me too violently

& my soul or whatever

falls out softly onto the floor like a silk dress.

Dear Will Shuster,

You must have loved whimsy to build a fifty-foot puppet. Build him specifically to cry like a megaphone. Fill him with fireworks & everyone's worst days. Name him for anguish. With so much affection dress him in a white gown, a bowtie. Give him eyebrows like an irritated child. Find him a little nickname & climb into his dry paper mouth for a nap. Tie him up. Let the crowd rip his scapegoat name from their mouths like you would a disloyal lover. Burn him alive.

Do you think, in death we become puppets too?
Marionettes with strings for the people who remember us? You were lucky with legacy. You built it & burned it every year. We are still building & burning him. As a little girl I sat on my father's shoulders in the roaring crowd, my face lit & hot. Somehow already believing that if you want to kill your gloom, something has to burn.

With affection,

Liana

Florilegium

Ajax is my name. Agony is it's meaning.

If I must die I will dine first.

Do you not know that it is God you feed?
You carry God about with you, wretch.

Weighing poetry as if you were selling cheese.

For what else tells us gold is beautiful?
Hewn chunks and whittlings of words.

Divinity mixed our troubles
with a dash of immediate pleasure.

Moderation is basic flattery. Night itself looms
with naked bow and nocks
your wine onto the carpet.

The women beat their chests & Antigone screams like a wolf.

You should feel sorry for lovers, not admire them.

Grief can't be poured out
but this comedy trusts in herself and in her script.
Emptiness & clouds & tongue
the only holy trinity

Our heads copying the shape of the universe.

Haircut

mess everything up in the first act
grip kid scissors
fizz in the bathroom mirror
bite down on anxious
snarling kitten teeth
rev up for the snip
thin lizzy sings
wild one over & over
make yourself up
such small daggers
shape merciless fringe
messy edge is white girl
rite of passage
such strain in these knives
carve your own frame
give yourself over
to bloodless cut
you look just like
a bright kind of night trash
you look just like
you intended
bloodless cut
give yourself over
carve your own frame
such strain in these knives
toward rite of passage
messy edge is white girl shape
merciless fringe
such small daggers
make yourself up
wild one over & over
thin lizzy sings
rev up for the snip
snarling kitten teeth

bite down on anxious fizz
in the bathroom mirror grip
kid scissors mess everything up
in the first act

Showing Skin

I am in a new city & I go shopping for a new face.

I want a blank canvas.

I ask the woman working at Sephora:

do you have a product that is the moment

when you are dancing in a crowd & lose your body?

Like when the lights go down

in a theatre & you get pushed

right up to the proscenium?

I'd like a face that is painted enough to forget.

The woman at the makeup counter has eyeliner like chariot wings.

She pulls creamy pens from the shelves

& prepares soft instruments.

Her eyes come close to inspect

the face I have now: indentation, a variety of carnival rides.

I could kiss her tense mouth with just a few more inches.

Her hand comes to cup the round underbelly of my chin

& this face is a fox with a thorn in its paw.

With tweezers she plucks

a fleck of dried skin. I imagine

if she kept chiseling away

my face might be constructed in new skin.

She, my sculptor. I, showing what's underneath.

Fig

You swear these fingers
were made to pinch firmly
each crossed & slivered quadrant
to blade-split & turn out fragrant
guts. Seeds tethered to fibers
like balloons on strings
like sperm with tails.
Seeds that pop like hail
on a sidewalk. God
forbid you disobey the fingers
in your own guts. Difficult
to locate this scratching
banquet in your torso
the painted nails squished into fists
who want to feel your fruit
instead of taste it.
Fingers born of digested seeds
who grab at birthday pinks,
globed greens. Flowering stems
that form like the four
quadrants of a human face.
Keep reaching for edible
jewelry to appease ugly thumping.
Organs impatient, tapping
fingers at your body's table.
Hungry for external pretty
for flesh to match the messy
jam of flesh inside.

Butter

To sit in my mother's lap after dessert unafraid
to match our figures together like napkin corners. Unafraid

to look at our holiday bodies. These opal rolls, silverskin bellies,
shinbone knives dipped into comfortable fat. Thighs

that spread in the pan. How we dress the table
in grease stained clothes & grandma's berry-colored

depression glasses. How the colors fade with repeated lips.
I've grown into mother's particular etiquette.

Object placement as preparation for pleasure. Spoons
that curve and suck up to mouths. To hand wash & polish

plated silver. Preserve exterior richness. We're best
when our eyes are big, eat lushness, regret none of it.

When, having considered proper, we let ourselves lavish
on candlelit dishes. Close & happy as full mouths. Full as moons.

You've Eaten Me

After Marina Tsvetaeva from "The Desk (2)"

this is what's left

I butter the pan & write you down

breakfast was decided for us

you pickle onion I fry eggs

vinegar in your hair like funeral candles

acid pink resting on creamy yolk

pencil tip bursting yellow on the plate

this kitchen is a belching poem

you jarred olives in oil

I bare feet in crumbs

when we buy a dinner table

I still eat on the couch

rest a bowl on my knees

lick a greasy finger & mark the page

eat & read

never wash the dishes

I've loved living with nothing clean

Audrey and I Build a Pinhole Camera

Late August gives lighthouse offerings

we cut a window into a watermelon

almost any box that is dark and hollow will do

Aspens toss coins onto the mountain

we never do

this shaggy red flesh is sweet with moon slivers

I say: make sure the shutter is closed

barefoot weather is departing with warm breath

in my picture the moon is a nail clipping

into quietly-stopped movement

if I am the lens

this eclipse plays baby moons all over the pavement

let photons slip through

shadows grow close between us this time of year

we always say we'll take a scenic drive to see them

we cut a spyglass into watermelon skin

good enough to eat, but Audrey wants to spike it

this golden light is an offering

Audrey says: in my photo the moon is a seed

photographs decrease whole planets

if I am the camera

this is how the scene bends

Dear Will Shuster,

I want to know how to paint a house fire like you.

Isn't this what artists do? Sit up on a hill with a palette
of yellow & orange, make someone else's losing beautiful
instead of passing water to the fire brigade. Instead of being useful?

Wallowing,

Liana

Domesticity

this fig comes with a floral couch and a junk drawer
washing the dishes and placing the dishes in one particular order
is like wading a finger through the white dust on fig skin
a habit or groove emerges and gets printed on repeat
I traded a pile of wrinkled figs for a single plump one
on the best days I can imagine myself as Mrs. Ramsay
lighting the candles to alter everyone's interior lives
I believe every dinner party can put life in different light
it's red and the soundtrack is a youtube video of a busy restaurant
my adult vocation is waking panicked in the middle of the night
is the same as Ruth's in the alien corn
intimacy with alien presence we'll die young if no one notices
when we're gone or cares enough to text a question mark
meanwhile beneath the ceaseless arguments
reality is actually charming

Heavy House

Alone with my grief head
my milk mouth

the sofa my silent sister
my nest of frets

take a quiet read
of the room

rooted drought eats
a piñon tree

beetles bite chunks
of the body

needles fall dry
like fingers fluttering

trees trying to breathe
underwater

weeping is a labor
like scrubbing sheets

June in a Jar

Out the front window deer silent
in the yard, how they wander
haphazard together like lovers,
sometimes losing each other.
Wine glass smashed soft
pieces making their pilgrimage
under the fridge, under the oven.
Books abreast, dusty & unread.
All the bags gloomy & unused.
The hooked-up duet of my coat
& yours. Our possessions mingling.
Even pebbles on the walkway
are thirsty for leaving.

Dream Vacation

We ride through Paris streets on the back of a brown horse
The city is barren and the government is so small
they all sleep on a little dog's tongue
Remember what a crowd feels like?
Rainbow stones by the side of the seine squeaking against each other
grinding themselves into dust particles hoping to be inhaled
I just realized I am wearing Mary Shelley's petticoat whoops
Hot stones in her pocket make me smile
Horse's hooves are coconuts on the sidewalk
Maybe there's a cafe? my mouth open
they've all been filled up with super gloss epoxy
mix clear with white stir with a popsicle stick
everything is aquarium-grade now
Do you think everyone's skulls will go into the catacombs?
I hope my skull goes cheek to cheek
with Marie Antoinette I always liked her
You spit in your hand and wipe it on scratchy trousers
Bouquinistes are absent but the stalls are full
of books moldy pages completely mask sick spring fruit
I steal a naked-lady postcard
You tack it to the front of my dress like a calling card
There now you'll never get lost

Eels

As a child I pitied them captive
electric behind aquarium glass
silently spiteful like housewives.

Smogy lightbulb eyes & rubber skin
nestled into caves. Mouths swaying
open & closed to show teeth
like glass shards cemented
to the top of a wall. Were they warm
in their fabricated dark?
I imagined they made love entwined
like slime in a goblet.

How impossible it seemed to breathe
your own instant ocean.
Impossible to pipe the ocean into a desert.

All Green

(Painting by Mary Abbott, 1954)

Waking for the first time I am half green
—the trees drip leaves & light — my first memory
a breath whipped out —I don't yet know to see
steeple or spoon— the unavoidable genuineness
of solid things—my consciousness just kernel
or pith— the gist of me isn't settled yet
—the watchful inside eye of me is jostled
out of my body with each step of my mother's
feet on the trail.

Gardener

I.

Behind a clinical gate

digging belly-sized holes to fill

with nursery flowers in plastic cups

the house hemorrhaging water into the koi pond

spade trowel scythe

out from a car trunk radiant on the gravel

fertilizer water soaks into denim knees smelling like

sweat

resentful next to the peonies

I want to slip into their paper-silk and trade faces

or crush them

with black half moon fingertips

shoo the rabbits from oasis

into powderkeg desert

vacuous sky clouds cut out

aspens lean in.

II.

After Jean Follain

The man wearing a straw hat tends to the weeds
complicated greens make the soil dark and full
he crouches in swim trunks
his knees pop and groan
to fetch a tiny purple crocus
veiled by the grass
the trumpet vine blares and coils on the trellis
the sun flowers are unbloomed
soon they will be a crowd and drown the yard
without feeding anyone
except maybe the birds

January

Well, now it's real winter here.
Today goes yellow and dull by four:
a dying bathroom daffodil.
And those young people are blue in the adobe walled yard.

A pitted windshield on your Volvo.
No new loves, an old acquaintance in your front seat.
You've had them both since you were fifteen.

Biding time under your coat.
The sensitive plant of your fingers laid bare.

Trees crouch strong and still green
Planted in snow on the mesa
breathing heavily and
settled in Good red dirt.
Unemployed with enough time
to swoon when Frankie sings silver extra long.
But even that only lasts
for half a day.

Winter Pantoum

I can't remember June
cigar box begs generous silence
sick pearl in a separate room
the mocked prince becomes a tyrant

cigar box begs generous silence
broken curtain gulps dark morning air
the mocked prince becomes a tyrant
wake to light snow on metal chairs

broken curtain gulps dark morning air
I am a deer creeping nude from bedroom to bath
wake to light snow on metal chairs
an oven hums to cracked tile patch

I am a deer creeping nude from bedroom to bath
sick pearl in a separate room
the oven hums to cracked tile patch
I can't remember June

Will Shuster's Funeral

You were invited but you hadn't found the West yet.

Got gassed,

(expectorate and respire)

probably died of old age, snake bite

drinking too damn much bad whiskey.

Always hung under the stairs or in some out-of-the-way alcove, you know.

In a mud house: color notes in color.

Doing something on the side too, to keep alive.

Well, I think it's the flowering of civilization.

Stayed up in the mine shack with Old Jim White.

We'd go into the caverns,

got to know the lay of the land.

We climbed down the ladders ourselves and prowled around in the dark:

two lanterns, a little food, drawing materials,

we put the lamp off in the formations and worked by the light of another one.

People in Carlsbad didn't realize what they had there.

The cowboy who saw the flock of bats come out?

Somebody turned out the lights on us.

Yes. That's the darkest darkness in the world.

Remind Me to Rot

serenely. To cut the tissue
of time thick enough
to be scalloped
with a spoon.

To walk & savor
slow enough to notice
glowing flesh.

I want to collect the shards
of sheathed things.

Touch trash
uncovered in the grass.

Christmas coins
& Easter eggs
in the alley between blocks.

Broken bottles
like jeweled knives
speckling the sidewalk.

How they nestle new
& opera orange.

How the light liquors up
cold confetti.

An orange bell pepper
ripe fruit
bright with sweat
now nude

& on the verge of dying.

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