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INTO THE TIDY SHAPE IMAGINED

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INTO THE TIDY SHAPE IMAGINED

By
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Bachelor of Arts in English Literature, University of Colorado
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presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
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in Creative Writing (Poetry)

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INTO THE TIDY SHAPE IMAGINED inventories the mundane and the banal—particularly the ways in which their coexistence and prevalence in the domestic space influences the feminine experience. In collecting the often overlooked, these poems express the ways in which we might process: internally and externally, subconsciously and purposefully, for better or for worse.

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Poem full of gathering

to unscrew light from its base
may require a great deal of centrifugal force
we have thus far not accounted for this

The mammal problem

In collecting all this dust I made some progress

trying harder to place my feet head in time

trace strings which help only insofar I'll turn one half
of the brain off the other hopefully so conscious and counting

that earlier I stole two or more things it keeps a track
I've preliminarily determined that the problem peers only when I'm this full

Of all that I've gathered one learns or should learn there is size
and there a you
wired together and counting

It's the same bit where I assert my seeing of everything
like especially the humidity there are many signs

and certain fires do challenge us again, again
I read once that Percy Shelley recently solved climate change

so I should at least try to yank the air conditioning unit
the mostly faulty window for efficiency's sake if not for an off-pride

also this contemporarily reads surely different
also I find the room most accommodating and entirely uncomfortable

but I've to fill and all the morning
When I'm small we call it big bed there is always

a profound or necessary organizing of things
whether time happened today or ever then

some news is we both know where we put the light
then today this dead ladybug just appears my stacked keys

to investigate I put my nose to the ground and sort everything
I'm wondering a lot where you came from for one

I just love how small time feels how it lets out air
on Sunday once and nothing is mine

Such a thing as beauty a wholly gratuitous mess. The morning was over, always faking its pretentiousness. She wouldn't have to appear, sleeping real tidy in the artificiality of the air. Is one kind of predator is a hungry survivalist. Well buttered to repair the whole missed morning. Such that morning can't be.

Inheritance

To start anywhere
I have to trace a year or so ago
to my last birth date at very least
or at soonest
and I wore a rough orange dress
the length of the whole county
or at least the length I remember March to be
with too worn boots poking out
the far end in some necessity
Not long after I would look at buildings
on corners with my father
We would get caught in a snow storm
quite early for September
and smoke weed until we fell asleep
in damp socks
then watch football
I am more grown now if in days alone
and shifting thus
and talking to my mother
About our kitchen sinks or our guilt
The show you've been watching—
they do make nice cars
Every morning you bring me a small glass
of orange juice
and kiss my face somewhere
knowing full well I won't budge
until eleven at soonest
As for anything free
nothing and none of them are
Maybe in a hotel again
like a cuckoo ejecting
everything not ours to throw
It shouldn't have to be so conditional
I just watch about the weather
I just take note of each train
They are late and hardly distinguishable
from stomping and to never hear these
outside the hours which mama trained me

to denote as paranormal ?
I'm trying to tell you
that I must run the air conditioner at night
to protect myself
Yesterday I hung a right turn so quick
that all curbs must have feared me
I waited for a flat that never came
in some strange hope
So I resolved to batch salsa and to see differently
where in the world the birds might otherwise live
I fold laundry for three
which might require the expanse
of a larger bed than my own
laying socks out single to later match them
If one turns their socks right side out before wash
they often come out much cleaner
Which I try to teach you like I try
to teach you about the lint and the sinks
Folding a fitted sheet is generally more like balling
something inconveniently up than it is like folding
I do want to change that though and just because
I'm sleepy doesn't mean it's any lesser
Doesn't mean the closet of mismatched linens
cannot look as such
Nor that the floor should be so dangerous
tracking in thin gloss after thin gloss of sand

Apology

Accident prone
as you once were
there are the new repercussions
Handed politely over
in a large organic egg case
Goody's hens gawking
for warmer weather
Over orange juice over ice
Then the brandy sings
For clumsiness
For not
shoveling the snow
You try to erase
your car from the view
of every neighbor
You give quote
not to clear your name
Your window doesn't open says
Take some stand
in favor
of greener honesty
Take more time
up and down
The more frequent
pressing of your paled grey
bedroom curtains
with the boot stomp print
Take the iron
who speaks of
generally going more
Who needs the water refill
The examiner moves in on you
you show everyone desperately
the closets in your homes
But it's a damned defensive failure
You'll keep things
less personal
but a brick is a brick
and the cold levels

with the covering up
Then there's just you
dressed down
trading light for light
like it saves energy
Twist one off to switch on another

In the story you go from house to house collecting all the birds. Good news is that you may imitate every person in the room for this. Across the table you are especially enamored. Across the new table and you especially suspicious. You cannot know how anyone is doing the exception being eyes. Their exceptions are their eyes which look perhaps frailer or rounder in some past as you have. A wonder your frailty. Now it's known you were not held, though who is holdable by their eyes alone? My god this score may be kept in passing or in the reflection beaming off a particular hat stapled to the wall. We all are and this is a valuable line-up. Lets start here .

When evening is surgical in the ways it moves. Quick departure you've assumed is real wonder. You watch here or everywhere for the straining of things which may or may not include faces. You might ask questions why the light bursts there. It's a time-of-day thing—and you are glass! You are of certain reason in your never-ending or somewhat sprawling rearranging of things. Here, an insisted pause, there your sublimation. To consider the ways of bounds might be useful. May help you to see in all green see real precision. So it's determined in stealing every bird you reap joy at real cost.

Poem with essentially nothing to say to you

It's me though the formality of the suit is justifiably disorienting
I came to your wedding only to rave about your skin
and possibly other things but also I'd complained a bit.
this shape in everything looks sparsely sweet on you
—do I misremember the scales ?

It's two nights since I've seen the moon in the window
six months since last before then
lower moon lowering on me
I believe the spinning only happens
to distract one from the shrinking.

That I may have to leave you.

That you've receded I've bought new boots I've walked more again.

That it is not that there is a ton to say about this wholly misdistributed collection of power.

That this is so much power and stacked deceptively so like blank cds many on top of each other many make a wall.

That if I rearrange them all cute it maybe wouldn't be bad.

That if you wouldn't go about denying me this much.

That I took a puzzle and I made the puzzle into more earrings.

That in this dream I pull a thin and large white splinter from between my scapula and skin like it is the paint shedding from my real ceiling in patches.

That the glenoid cavity (has to) connects itself to something tender to form suitable enough a joint.

That I definitely still am always looking for large aggressive spiders.

That some sort of bubble shield of petroleum and blue may make me less vulnerable on my way to something kinder.

That I'm not not afraid of heights or is it clouds.

That it's in a rare moment I have to smile.

That the extra short thus disproportionate too small even for a toy truck bed.

That we have names but are only tons of particles.

That you let me have my party for footnotes.

That we were worn and worn and time was made of many many upside down napping bats.

That time was a skeleton we changed our names I tried and tried to earn Gus or Aluminum which are not necessarily similar.

That I used extra goose down to build a satellite which was very close to science but two short.

That just because my body could detach from her limbs did not make you triumphant.

That if concussion were a mood I'd have come so far.

That my options now, you say, are podcast or oxycodone.

We sprouted though no one saw except me & the whale

In the video the woman
moves her arms around
full circles and it's not
that she's lying
or doing it for fun
she's just nervous actually
probably that everywhere
is moving around her
and green too alive
retrospectively she shares
about her perverse curiosity
which comes from
real knowledge and doesn't
forget how angry she is
 was the last time
she broke a tooth
was only one tooth
a whole slew of less
than willing tooth
 namely I know
it wasn't any sort of game
If I am remembering
it was sometimes
a believed game
only less involved
I ask her to never say
that I didn't do anything
for her or this reenactment
because I redid the whole
thing believed myself as part
those arms and pulse
completely bought the torn
imagined room much worse
and an arm of myself
lugging this wheeled box
over rock
wearing only to carry

So as not to get really waiting

Nearly like a body is seeking it—out a day will cease to end really. There ought to be some humor in the joke of a task. So if it is that we're curious about a day's ending in feeling, it is remembering the last time I counted out loud at every pace. There is the failure of accounting for the rather small things picked up along route.

A few grasses, much the trash, an abnegation of our otherwise necessary assertions: that I remain untethered that we'd go unspoken without telling one trash thing the fate and, thus, the unnecessariness of striation—(like this). That the body is nearly once finding it, but it's since forth passed and the earth cannot quite move as quickly.

For my healing I hardly know what to carry around. Meantime, there is the assessment of my arms, though not circumstantially.

There is the folding as it pertains to just about any window. The capacity of each one to strain and to what end? Say there was some conclusion—what would be found yet is our relentless incapacity for consistence, albeit its counter (being real compassion), how uncomfortable.

That there in the formality—it is rather the falsity in the formality—we find not only no valuable measure, but what may be necessary. As it seems quite clearly to be the persistence of a microwave sort of picture. Only as manifest in sound. See, of my whole time in this house, I've used but two forks and one spoon.

Why's it every song feels like you won't believe me

Franklin told me that it takes about two days to drive
Amsterdam to Italy it was just a suggestion
but still I have to wonder how it is

that our's is a continent of such distance
see I cried about seven times when I swallowed Wyoming
everyone's license plates scrambled told me so

 instructions were to listen as big as I could be
okay maybe it was you that was crying
 only in California

but when I took my sweater off the results were astonishing
 you should know that this was not my idea of fun today !
I had disappeared near entirely sans this trail of navy lint

which was really just a bird which also really had my arms
I needed them back to wash my hair for nothing I sifted
my better bones or for the constant humor in it

I have no friends and no hair time is kept less justly
than the moon truth be told, when I anticipate fall
I still hear difference also maybe none and just pause

She wakes up a real villain, thought her insides furiously blue. Certainty costs her everything. A place to start looking might have been under every pillow. Each tile has a name even in the in-between they are individuals. No one names isolation. A never-ending sequence of containers may or may not contribute to order. An untimely interruption involves a bright orange candle and a catch.

This is well among the things which I'd promised you

This morning I bathed and just refound my resentment
it'd been jammed properly between the washer and wall all along
we spring clean to avoid this surprise on larger scales

yet there it was inside the heap
of me I leave just outside the tub
knocking mad or demanding of me not an admission
the worse type
a real game

it fell out of my mouth like lavender
I couldn't rid of
you were there mostly in sound or stuck
to the bottom of the shelf
trailing

and later your voice in someone
else's eyes
coins which won't stay seated
the ramekins caught in woodgrain
a whole house peeling away
at root

* * *

Annie who follows right on my heels she's really sopping up
all the exhaustion to claim it her own it just cracks this house

in almost all ways I know her burden is my own body
I'll reel and reel with so little time allowed lesser the visibility

* * *

In August still the two of us
jammed in front of some mirror and glitter
flying practically everywhere

If it snowed like this forever I could've been stuck here.

I'd spent a great while with small change thought—

these could awfully move
the odds toward my favor
I all but the outside parts
an envelope undressed
always shedding lavender

* * *

You should know that I praised
all the emptiness that was mine then
lest it be as quiet as this time of morning
and know that I'm just trying to understand space still
 why space is never space enough or free
 how it never quite holds a body

I made a friend of my resentment
stuffed it in my ears like cotton
missed everything once

but I would wish to set this as my new standard of kemptness
I'd really have to stop myself and time
 I think this is possible as you were possible
 and it's just as likely
 that seething from the tub the walls this screen door
 some me that is younger is constantly forgetting.

To sister

I begin again with my full name
and you hold my hand by taking my notes
Collecting baby teeth as beads
taking gentle count of my whole returning
I've had the passing fear twice
catching myself accidentally picking
my nose in the shower that's all open
going to bed alone for the first time
I'm estimating the timeline of course
How to get comfortable I start
oiling the hairs which only grow on my shins
Grabbing water in the kitchen from the new pitcher
and the passing thought of grabbing something weaponized
anything sharp enough for the thin skin reverse my palm
once was the thinly wire noseband of a blue disposable mask
tempoed in intent escape with my booted blooded stride
It's a big open window with the blinds stuck at some six inch
useless position and a too grand fireplace and concerning gaps
in the brick in the floors
All the ways I have failed myself and mostly you this past week
Burying in the hypothetical once carpet like my nearside does
in this fake satin emerald nightie into a new and all too soft mattress
collecting the fake bone of teeth to frame in pride
I'm doing the failing again
sipping ice there is some comfort
You close your door for the first time
its own audible seal
Emptying everything into the expired small blue light we've shared
There is no fear here with the green bowl now blushed
pink with drowning starch
The maintenance of crunch
and recycling worn instruments
Shopping around still for my new supposed fullness
Shoving myself into the tidy shape imagined for a woman
of this particular rectangular stature
Refusing trims—failing again to succumb to his detangling
The front door literally having no key beyond grand winds
it is in the report we send back false guarantee for replacement
Like the insured red car we photographed this late morning

I bleached the sheets heavy and you smelled no bleach
In all my upset I think only of my walking the par frozen mud
ground that hardly took my print today
I miss my shoes with better grip and lighter blue laces
The first anything faded for me like wrapping paper edges
and for you newer tied with fresh enough twine
more expensive than any one ever imagines visible
I have no blame and growing hunger

Fire dream.

One marks taking me a long time to find you
Never did find you but smelled the campfires
Was perhaps asleep once and did find you

The better me has twice as many fingers
for tasks such as eating rhubarb and air
Also digging out the rhyme worms with which
my lungs are so fraught.

The time was something of the spring; I set out.

He means you pretend well that you can see

Sir this is the tiny plane which is intended to bring you home I hope you are not nervous every-
one's so busy teaching each other how to be afraid it follows that there is a great
implausibility in every representation

that's not to say this cannot be generative or none of it is under which circumstance
I regret I have to start spending my last forty-two dollars

Your ledge is really different than my ledge insofar as the color I'd tried to paint with acrylics
once hilarious really no shattering comes natural to eyes

It was never a fit but a brilliant shade of green no painter a platform I owe little ex-
planation

It's perhaps that I cannot move anymore quickly nor send mine anything further please take no
disrespect for these bounds are their own shape of forward

Performance, a difficult state.

In a fit of fury inopportune late in the evening I recombobulated all of my formal wear into the largest statured man I could muster and gave him a sleeping bag for a bowler hat and positioned him to look just right out the front facing window of the bedroom down onto the sidewalks. Last night the house one and a half doors down caught fire—a suspect was arrested for arson the morning to follow you'd called it.

I think most of unpacking then repackaging and the getting locked out part is just hilarious. Such as a cocktail has a mouthfeel so too does your speech. I heard molten instead of melt soften. Things just become things in this sense like new habits, like having come to terms with my chipped tooth, finally lighting the sage. It's a story about a house that is mine but has always been many houses trapped inside of one another, none of them mine. I knew all day that I knew the proper rotation of children's Tylenol and children's Motrin but hesitated all the same. This is a strange hurt.

Since then, Mama has been calling them Honda thoughts after a typo she made speaking into her cell phone rather foolishly anticipating a more perfect transcription. When I roll all over obsessed with light, our sterile walls mocking my unrest and I must write the thing down as to not misremember. You don't love it or the heat.

She is the moth which flies into the whole house and stays there. The kitchen barely sleeps. Pinpointing the perfect conditions for the perfect pattern is a hangover. She finds the furnace replaced with a movie projector. Not broken. She has a pool party full of fury. Big mouthed woman. Swallows lemon seeds for the thrill. There is everything in her spit.

About which too much (or agency)

This dewed indulging has become somewhat ritual, as has flipping every light to on somehow before and during sleeping like waking.

Last night I spent several hours teaching baby pigs how to swim in the name of some science which was sometimes hard when they failed, for example.

I am choosing to believe you would not have woken me had you known this to be my deliberation.

And then again, how in nearly every way the racing spider takes up more than is his own room entirely. We can agree strictly insofar as his going and going.

The racing dream spider covers a whole lot of ground and is, in so many ways, just fragile as I so stupidly refused. Instead I hated and hated him for his whole selfless line.

Such as the hummingbird, he could so soon die upon any lagging. Which proved equally as risky for me to bare.

And so, otherwise alone, I consider a time lapse taking up one whole wall from one small point in a wrong type projector the actual magnitude of a journey wherein I might go out

with each and every intent on recovering a more miniature version of myself.

One can remember: at all times we must maintain the lostness of precisely one to three objects

we can use so many terms loosely in the fulfillment of this wandering, the shaking of energy it will always require.

Sarcastic, limbless, talking fruit—we all are

Fake Sister carries with her the scent of three hundred day old smoke and sweat I fear some part of me is becoming the very air. Her vanilla body butter seems to fool many. I am always surprised by this, when one, two, three men from the town tavern fumble for the spare key left intentionally under the mat and let themselves in to please her. I am permitted no fun nor freedoms sans the short walk from the back door to the alley dumpsters—today's luggage: one hundred empty bottles of five dollar red wine, two shriveled artichokes, a half sweet potato with buzzing fruit fly companions, the plastic packaging from all kinds of meats. Fake Sister has a small horse with an eyepatch over her left eye leaving the right to beam even more sickly and drooping. The small horse laughs at me and kicks up the dirt where she sleeps and eats and shits. She must know that she is not a very nice small horse and yet I have this strange pity for her founded on the neglect she must know as love.

The poem is a whole smudge

pink only if a mouse really is just like an octopus
I used my pretend hands to craft this fear
or some reflection of a mouse that looks just like me
and today on the plane I plan to wear it
as a most exceptional hat.

Strange how when I enter non-roommate says hello roommate. I swept this morning yet do not live here. I'm so casual in this yes hello I knew you were to come I'd swept. This is not so much any realization that I see and they are living my selfishness living on, too, and everyone in theirs. At night we just get warm. That we may we think in all directions or compensate for the very bottom of things. We are always facing all this noise and me facing an entire anger which is also a type of grass I'd think. Not quite billowing nor casual but when I come home it is an unwelcome body. It's mine or it's all its relativity. I grew so much of mind though far less than expected. This timeline is four whole years more more time growing. Here there are several word problems which I give and willfully. Once I got restless watching dolphins all day I was real. All worried about how time or how often they breathe. It was a little like time I worry. How long before I give up everything and the etcetera

believe in or pulp a sun some immersion. Before what-ever it was I moved for was quiet yes. Not to say I didn't always close off for an evening without a whole lot of things no things—

That's it without—

I changed slowly though to be clear there are twenty five words all of which dig for some shining thing. This is my way of asserting old oppression though not mine or mine it is daily and daily therefore mine as your's. Body is always shame body but not that it's silly. Some older man my behalf and there it's silly. Not that I need it or another one like strange and stranger still watch me just expect it. In order to continue I must speak insist that within this entire anger we push are breaking and form.

I understand you are leaving, but I wish to keep my half of the silverware

How's it that the baseboards gape withholding once you look for the wrongs in them
I had to stop writing the letter because I realized that I could just make wait do probably

I will take them all out I will be appropriately present no more
it's a bad sign for certain when the whole pack of them burns sharp to point

How do I know if the problem is in the knees or how to take it most away
the less confronting thing I can tell you this

that my inclination is not to flinch at all or any
And that it is, also, such an awful bummer to have to wear these glasses all the time
like when I am emptying any sort of dishwasher

Big moon has hands two hands big moon has handsome hands but not my hands
mine are busy spending forever just waiting to wake up Neither or both of these

did we even one bit deserve maybe time was never good time
or it's that my regrets are: making your shirt too big, your look so sincere

Would I do any different harder still to convince one's self With all that as truth

I'll remember how terrified I was when I thought my body had eaten
a birthmark then again every time feels like it surely must be the last of them

It's me still only that I am exactly one whole ghost and I know that that's a bit unfair

The morning is necessarily huge but not unlike anything we haven't eaten before

I wipe the blemish away in the shower it is lavender we can still see. I wipe the blemish of the ceiling away and we drink flat seltzer instead as our punishment. To erase any need for rest would mean a whole lot of resolution. See me just showing up and nearly ready. See me becoming very skilled at very precisely breaking intentionally beautiful glass. Blown up as an endless Monday. Me not so much good, but accustomed. To massive forgivenesses of others, of myself. There are the things I've always wanted to take from you. There is the beginning now in such a shade of solitude—dusty pink and a sort of rug. I can recount with enough denial and I do feel in some power. I keep busy in the worst sense. I entirely reform my mood as it's expressed facially by the shape of the bite I take. I hold everything nearer. Of all the ten things I currently want to end there is a sun coming up for warning. Blue sun we know and know each other, but this is in no way to be misconstrued as fondness.

People don't really fear metric

This a glass of unlooking
like reading the tea leaves
only they investigate our organs.
You and I sit at the bar and talk fathers
which are dying, which dead, which irrelevant.
The last time I laid everything out
on the floor, it was lesser.
It is less once, and I want some excuse
 perhaps in the form of peddling.
I'm wondering to what extent the solution
was always lying down less and
being torn up around only smaller people.
I'm wondering whether or not the new upstairs
neighbors are mostly—in its most measured
sense—enormous, or just choosing
to wear cindermade shoes. And I'd like more
time to be I can hardly listen.
I hate having to tell you while everyone
is showering in this house. *House* being
generous for this is one hardly parted space
where we sit where I rarely clean.
In Berlin all the kitchens are extra—in its most measured
sense—tiny, too. And here where everyone
has at minimum one of everything
 which appears a housing problem
all its own. All I want is a fridge:
for a nightstand. Thin, flexible, stored. How
this is once. Boxed and intended for drawing.
I tell you at the bar that I am afraid of
having to look at the small between-spaces
from the ground: too close, or at eye level.
It drove me mad when that one boy
in Colorado, not too unlike the other, demanded
music in the morning before even quiet.
 This parchment is at least three years old.
I've been sharing it—a packaging for all sorts
of gifts. A smooth rock regifted. A genetically engineered
sunflower from three years ago I'd smooshed to saving.

You and I talk about *despites*:
really wanting to die but I have
to make it home for Christmas
which, you say, is essentially—in its most measured
sense—well on its way to being
a country hit.

And this is not part of it—
just something of a dream I had—
where what if I am just this girl, hats
not very exciting—wondering

When I go ice fishing I wear everything I own and your hat

For Mary Oliver

There's a jar missing curtained in some wind or maybe it's actually a whole house missing
this vacancy always plagues you

The kitchen is overrun by a population of closely knit bees it is all very time sensitive
the ends which move against you and this mango you're cradling you are an unexpected
team

Sometimes it's enough to just barely do both or either at all see it's fine if you jam everything into
one word or one surprising kitchen

For if you were a house you would have to demand it all stopped like how breathing is tied to think-
ing

though there would be benefit probably in learning which came first the airport or your many
houses which keep bleeding straight lines for a chance at whatever is better than sun

It's okay that no one believes you that you insist such mechanical days are replacing all the doors
how you're asked to

Meanwhile you are expected to wake again in all the ways which are relentless

In being displaced.

In the morning I stew
in my sweat and in my grief
Unencumbered by having to move
and the panging constantly behind my left eye
Like the man passed out drunk off a bottle
of mouthwash and I ran away and I was
something like ten years old
Like my father I am undoing
Compiled of slate and only straight lines
I'll scratch away the grout or my nails first
Pull out the dry hairs at root which is most of them
That this were all at the hand of some weakness, mine.
On Saturday everyone took me away from my square
though I insisted on leaving your gifts on the porch
I had little say in anything else and at such a great distance
I just couldn't sort it all out with my being forcibly away
I just couldn't think of any color other than orange
I lapped myself, walking and walking the square
and then the L shaped part of the hallway
and I had Hailey send flowers as there are only so many
phone numbers a girl can remember by heart.
So I thank you for being patient with the crossed and
broken talk—that it was really all I could orchestrate
That I think of your back and its holes
and I think of going skiing one more time how quiet
It is impossible to mark when one really moves away.

But to see a geographic trace of myself.

I leave some lights on to perform waiting for Emily mostly, who says that I am only wasteful.

The fun happens when I can say it back about plastic and water, about all the time we wade into.

We named the chicken Kevin—paper and string and all—we imagined him at about eight pounds which remains ridiculously generous.

Somebody's baby save but a sweatshirt. Circle, line, holdable and prepared thus.

The green room that time itself stops is said to hector some peace. Shame I'd just recently given up all together on hearing.

We're not stuck together though we are. I've agreed to look back on this time only in the terms of winter—which is certainly an act of gross cowardice.

Instead I've decided to balance glassware in my palms and chip at all of my nails.

Or let them grow like leafy greens might like we're lively.

I think about Emily all the time which is a hard square to start in. When I've nothing present to bolster.

This is or will be the static mood to be remembered later or even just tomorrow.

To pencil someone in. Then for once I get moving with no trouble going to follow.

Question poem (or At first snow comes dispensation)

On this of all the noncommittal mornings I'm at war with the ceiling tiles namely for their inherited preposterousness and also for their new and incessant wind dancing. There is the question for my father: which constitutes the proper sturdiness? There must be an order for breaking things. For mother: which edge contains best our rubble? To the man with the suit made out of websites: is this the lie I see it for?

Apology

A large rectangle room suits me and ended in fire, more fitting.
I don't even know what it means to be antimicrobial.
Except it is general brightness which hypothetically goes beyond the all around
restraint I ought to be practicing—in bed, while walking, my speech fitting.
Where does one find discipline separate loathing?
Whyless pain under the ribs that we surely owe ourselves.
I walk all around with that pain and the more I notice it the less I am sure
of its normalcy among this vague population with whom I am supposed to share.
J is afraid of some lobster pock on his left arm which seems to me bred of
entirely preventative worry and my name on everyone's body, weightless really.
This is supposed to be a time about getting happy again
which is such a shallow substitute for well. Which demands far less in theory.
My hand to scar anyone's jaw—I've carried this great insecurity about
every detail to my hands and what fault is theirs.
Loss taking any form small enough for the electrical outlets
except for the day one leaks water, gnashes its misdirected aluminum teeth.

It grows with all sorts of misdirected activity. Generous plot a kind sky. A tremendous failing over an electric burner. Becoming the white and warm of clean cloth. She cuts everything into bookmarks before throwing them away.

Two years til you meet yourself in the void of a painting

The actual test is when you see how much you can shake off
this is the power of prayer

You try folding gently once a wooden spoon and dreamy
They don't tell you its Ok not to the sky rift a fine place
which suits you

O father let me feel the release like a sleep
which is more like running

You are all over in your letters their weight is you
you are peeling away and everywhere an unclean

You drive from Pennsylvania have no idea that your's
is a newness which forgives and you cannot even speak

for restraint is and in other words you'll run out
you'll fall in love with a very small bird today and again

Brick or skin

In my dreams I am lowering a giant salt wall down a flight of steep stairs or an exotic snake has free reign of the main floor of our house; someone has mischievously replaced all the rugs with those more extravagant and now my father lives in a beautiful apartment in Italy; says he pays one hundred dollars a week and collects expensive handbags or goes to jail; a boy I don't know well drowns in a boat house; it's more like a manmade waterfall at an indoor pool. But I am always afraid and longing to stretch out in the brick and secret skin you craft for me; to cower in this. You ask and know that my favorite time of day is when the crosswalk blinks to zero and my light turns to green any time of day; that I also am sleepest in the afternoon. That I love to come home to an empty house where everything I am building or plan to build is scattered about like the dirt is scattered about in their perfect piles. That my idea of glamour is the slender fourteen ounce pilsner glass I slide into my purse from the table where we sit slumped in the corner of a restaurant booth and we aren't even drunk yet or celebrating. You ask and you know that you are the embrace of a seatbelt locked; are dehydrated lips in a waxed seal. That my brain is narrowing or bruising; needs to sit down more often in space and in mirrors.

It's a shame to think that spatially this makes any sense

Don't worry I find myself more or less a dying thing
timing drops by the yearful
nearly slipping once

in mourning your head is a whole sink
one hundreds of things
things a failing measure

I can carry all my time allotted on this single pin
which is in every way intended to impress you
mark me unrecognizable as an orange

a nearer light to consume twenty times and vivid
sky is only flat sky as land is milky flat
my whole brain repurposed as funeral

procession a ceiling which droops in and
therefore wrong

you love to pretend it's an unwatered kindness
lapping up to shore in some green bowl
to reach me we both know

if you wrap up my whole body in a giant towel
even still it will not soften her
though I swore to cheer and cheer for it

you'll throw your sink head back to laugh
spilling parts out negligible no bowl will hold
at which point we revisit our agreement

that if body is a clock then movement
abashed is some attempt for unison made potable
as wine or well-weathered challenge

of force some distant neighbor and the window constantly
real pale is our pretended speech

