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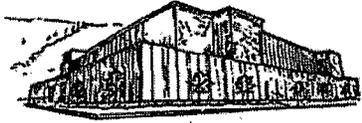
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The Cautery

by

Addie K. Palin

B.A. Kenyon College, Ohio. 1999

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

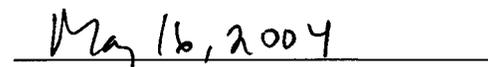
The University of Montana

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Contents

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Towards Desertion | 1 |
| The Town | 3 |
| Isolate | 4 |
| Somnambula | 6 |
| Repeal | 7 |
| Strikes Past | 8 |
| Cicatrix | 9 |
| Currency | 10 |
| Currency | 11 |
| Currency | 12 |
| Vestige | 13 |
| Quarantine | 15 |
| Proof | 17 |
| Bath-Charm | 19 |
| Proof | 22 |
| Egressor | 23 |
| Fumigatory | 24 |
| Hyperopia | 25 |
| Compressor | 26 |
| New Circulatory | 27 |
| Cautery | 28 |
| Portrayal with Critical Objects | 29 |
| Not of an arson but an extinguishing | 29 |

At which the aspen turn sap-wise in the eddying 30
Always grinding leather, aluminum granulated 31
She put pins in my fists and sang 32
We surfaced with shattered knees 33

Joy 34

Railyard 35

Remission 36

Rearrangement 38

Restoration 39

Itinerant 41

Absenter 47

Notes 48

Towards Desertion

The only person alive drinks coffee laced with cardamom, afraid
to let the stereo go silent—though in the train yard
locomotives continue to idle, snow falls against the switch booth
irradiant the last illuminated person draws a bath, teeth
grown voluptuous scour chaff from the granary floor—
chatterer tin-lipped in the stirred water
tries to coax them in a calling voice but the mountains ground
trains beneath their pitch, switch lights flicker
over the uncertain last person—still there is
a vague sense of it, rotting in the empty mines—the heart
takes off through the night's backwards mathematics as
 the body, memorized tries not to disappear.

one

The Town

was slow to rise up
in my throat but one night I woke

and there was a thickness there.
The days became a matter of finding

objects through stale air and dull
I kept picking up the wrong

knife or pen, I set the loudest
discs into my stereo for breakfast

kept losing the cat.
No one kept tabs

on me though I lost entire doors
to other rooms and spent

afternoons surveying with my palms
against the wall. The newscasters

said it was fire and one night I did see
the distance enkindled but thought

the town might be shamed
or fugitive in calling itself

a city when it heard me
unbolting the door against a stranger.

Isolate

So you—shy, away—with delicacy
call out the shaking in your eardrums.

A loud city you will not leave it.

I have in my absence witnessed bodies
unbathed, a man walking toward

no relief to be seen, particles
in a loose roil, faster ones—

A tongue left rusted and dry
does dissipate. If I promise you

a gallon container
and the fluids of the body

will you set out on foot.

Across the continent to the tavern
of rectification. Unto

my bright wheat body in its arc
against a sky of saturate ash.

I, too, have seen pigeons dying.
Women watching at the window

with their mouths painted shut.

If I am lying when I write
the city is my desire it is not

a city but a circumference
of misplaced lovers blinded

by smoke, circling
unfamiliar houses in their panic.

It is asphyxiation and the women
will not put their mouths on me.

I wait in bed for a bus
to send my fingers screeching.

You sleep with the subway
shuddering beneath your pillow

under your arm. It could be the thing
which takes us both, but goes no where.

Somnambula

Though no one can say if his eyes
are closed or open, glass or
grain, or if what he sees stretched out

before him are the buildings
or a dream of buildings, or a map
unfolding away from him like a leash.

If an insect breaks under his heel or night fish
skim his legs, if he follows the blurry constellation
of a sleepless man's eyes toward the incomplete

architecture of horizon—the morning
improbable—the navigation circling him
gently, blindly, from block to block, if the way

out of town is also the way to the view of
the town, or is the way to the next
town and the highways are silent so he

frightens the deer grazing there,
he will recall these things only through
the haze that makes even lifelike dreams

indistinct. A taste of ashes in his mouth,
though at least he is in his own bed.
Sediment sifting from his clothes

—though at least his clothes are dry.
Was I kidnapped, fireman-carried
through the valley, was anyone

up at that hour? Can the cattle in the fields
verify? Only the insomniacs know.
But the insomniacs will testify.

Strikes Past

A man sharpens knives under an awning
out of the rain. I count the sound of two teeth

in his head and one dollar
for a kitchen knife, two for a

scissor. Basinal press
of thunder but no umbrellas popping,

newspapers. The hands
have fallen away

and through the windshields
of the slow cars beginning to turn

on their wipers I am seen
and serenely steered around when

someone rolls down his window and
offers me an umbrella, someone

approaches across the oily macadam
and expectantly wipes my face.

Currency

I have to answer

to something—possible for this to duplicate: strobe of siren-lights
uncountable particles of glass—the direction of each
already photographed. I hear
light becoming its negative and think
there is no reversal, unless—the wire cutters have left
their place, tool box among the metal utility—

satellites demise. All along—have been expecting. Unbeknownst
the phone to ring—all night—dreams of answering
those are long threads—unspooled—which gather birds—

Vestige

Detained by the bitter, engines
cue and await their dismissal. As we
all do. As we are all eager to depart and drift
through the augers of exhaust, vagrant
monoxide of the living world. To that
end we alternate: drag, sip—drag, sip—
what harm it can do is done
quickly, before the record skips on its
predictable note, before the neighbors
return to intervene. In our haste
we abandon decorum, leave sheets
torn into patterns, even the vinyl
scratched in a radial star.

*

The box elder was brought down
by ice last night. The pipes froze,
even the whiskey. We all want
in on this, even those of us with nothing
to wash at the end of day. Those still
scrubbing marks away stop scrubbing.
Let the wound be louder than a branch
falling on a tin roof, let, in the a.m. hours,
lovers arrive shivering at their lovers' doors.
Packed nothing but the stereo. Packed
nothing but the bar of soap that couldn't
save them. The spice cupboard
entire, the Tenniel print.
Here to stay or not but in need
of a little mend. As if they were a cuff
or a fence, as if they came into fray
when leaving or when left.

*

How do we notify the house of its
death? Easier to unplug the phone, call
on the body and its safety. In time the bed

remembers us, eventually we all stay,
unable to repair, for fear of what
we will find there: Birds
converged on the lawn at twilight.
Starched clothes off the line. Arms
brittle and the intimate folds.

Quarantine

Applied starch and iron
equal. A predicate

to a body never gummed
a bridle. Tablespooning

calomel, lost teeth
in the first apple—

quarrenden of canines.
Cold gums, sharpened

gums, the silver soon bent.
All porcelain turned

quartz. Mouthful toxemia of
taste buds and tonsil, belly

amalgam in blood and bleach.
Seen contagia on the slope

through a thin red shirt:
Ruddy grasses scorched

loud. One carmine
flower spiked. Wasps

in no leaves only
the intricate burrows of

cuffs on your processional.
All will fall pale by

separation. Clot and serum.
The shirt removed—

entire contours of wheat,
dun, darkening blue

smooth as river stones.
Your knees, river stones.

Across the valley
there are foothills identical

only absent
of anything small.

Proof

*Lovers, gratified in each other, I am asking you
about us. You hold each other. Where is your proof? ~Rilke*

Strung up in the aspens where
the sheep divides its gaze between us.

Beneath the goosedown, beneath flannel and corduroy
soaked honeysuckle.

Proof in requital. In the ear,
in the station of the collar,

on the lid of the cup. Survived
through a summer of scorch

as a pine needle caught in a gutter.
Rough proof.

Proof on the north-south axis: our proof falls in the hour
of assembly. Proof

in my lean toward the east.
With our backs in the air, thunder cradled

across us. We rode our proof through a parking lot
in a long white skid and swerved

the wheel. Disappearance of the metal circle
proved by: circumferences capable of

hands we came to in absence of God, attrition,
proof's constellate of disapproving

viewers at the curtain's open choke. Proof in wasps—
shy proof, coy proof. Simmered in a pot

with hot peppers, clove, proof
will be salt by summer. Hurried by proof

through husks of cicada, seedpod, day-moon,
we have lost sight of the question—

a crimson sound—some gathered,
some on their knees—

Bath-Charm

Watering not my eyes
for a boil, redden—to do
distress, to open open,
weigh more.

Thirsty as I was for
eucalyptus, took
one glass red wine three
tumblers rye—
 sweet and sour I—
 rolling over, onto
or down a long slosh

heels first, knees
thrust, lashing—
came to rest
 in the porcelain gully
 of the belly.
Where should I have stayed

my anniversary month—
 would have rucked
 and puckered
before I unnoticeably iced
aged apparent.
 But came up instead
sputtering, un-
 intelligible,
 guttural in my
microscopic detritus:

All kell

I seemed to say *fell call*—
which was taken for
 Palms here.
 Under which the ribs—waterlogged—

thought to collapse.

Nothing

with which to mimic the cock
but hands—two: Ten
fingers and the bar
of lye
under which to burn
and extinguish repeatedly.
I was expecting to be slippery—
that much is true— though not
to also disappear,

as the fingernails have to.
Water gone opaque as milk
and twice as thick,
rising my lesser
particulate—
floating me
through plug and drain and pipe
to a greater, darker basin—Send up
something easy now, that I will know
where it should go—before—my whole
sodden
sleight-of-hand grows sore.

two

Proof

Prepared departure—journey—my sentient
west for have always been unfaithful
in the manner of leaving—not shy-
sly innocent (sheets caterwaul
the city's devout long howl)
& drew my laces together, my stays, muff
tightest—all the locks and keys
that I could relinquish—sticky turn and pull
now foundered between mountain-
mountain sets of ugly bridges—where
headphones—wear—alacrity
last year's man for sung the song
red scarf hung—pink
in age of avalanche—about to commit
seasonal atrocity, instead
pulled the truck to safety—to wet sounds
retired: undercurrents of love in the
bed dog on its bone.

Egressor

Sent walking but walked in
place. Trains unable to cross at intersections
guard-arms frozen erect. Even
hard birds, carrion birds could not

lift into the trees. Let alone the sky, which doesn't
want your face upturned, your tongue
arched nor is it sending anything down. Still
so much accumulating

underfoot and dirtying. Snow making its way
into my mouth by the fistful
never melting. Packed—
until inside a perilous distance

to travel. Nothing before my eyes for
so long made witness to a plate
breaking inside your chest. Struck
with the axe kept bedside for hewing through

the thicker screens: it might not be
me after all—a man on a cot
in a warmer climate raising his fingers—your
tires unsalvageable—leave the sap-riddled truck

up on blocks and begin your backward
pace. Eye on eye, single
knot in the door, distant chrome gleam,
ready to turn for my having

discovered which hand holds what
in the corridors,
raised in unison forefingers, beginnings
of hymn, speech

a muted ellipsis of alarm unattended—still—water
damage on the wall, chapped cheeks
flaying, thaw. Soon the ground
enough for burial.

Fumigatory

And no one is permitted to start, roomfuls of
 noxious air, all over nobody's
empty hands. Carpet stains arrested in spread
 from the door. Likewise all
furniture, no furniture. Stripped of mattresses, their
 ticking of coils and polyfibers
incinerated, iron bedframes interred, replacement linoleum
 brushed stainless steel that never
heats though not underfoot, laboratory appliances
 sterilized, walls repainted with lead
and phosphor, the hospital seemed always
 sick at night with the color
of itself. Less so the concrete fixtures built in the planners'
 optimism: parking garage and self-
storage uniformly grey, at ease with other
 objects unclaimed among them: lusterless
cars, disintegrate boxes collapsed
 around their absent contents stirring
no dust, padlocks secure but rusted unfit
 while their keys grow corrosive in the new air.

Hyperopia

It's not the intensity of light, slick
absence of particles. Or increments

numbered by ∞ , the possibility of peering
inside the thing to view

the backside of its exogamy
from that perspective.

It is the maneuvering. Imagine
your tiny knees drawn up,

the clicking of the scopic dial.
With lengthy silver tweezers

the thin curved ends of which
will barely touch you, I must administer

a gentle rearrangement. You
are a small thing surrounded

by precipice. Should my lashes screen
across the lens I might mistake *there*

for *there* and posit
limb for organ. Not in the ocean,

but possibly
you could still abide

underground, one
flexing frantically in the other's place.

Compressor

On its metal swivel a magnifying
lens through which thickly and

doubled from this angle your
menace of bristled pores, red

language in each white of the
eye. Trays gleam around you but I am

drawn to the tiny eyedropper
imbued by light and frangible

shine, its want of shatter. Blown
glass and rubber stilled on black velvet

inside the shallow precarious
drawer. With prospect I come

pressed to this and when I stare
down at the cement floor with its scorch

marks I am clear on the labor between
forefinger and thumb, the pinch-

work we must do by the hesitant
bodies in the ward, the rough scrapings,

tourniquets endured, and am I
polished as you are not, cylindrical and

silver enough to enter—something—
to fist and cool in its place?

New Circulatory

To trick you it begins to imitate
you, want of lungs and the complex
network of tubes within. Put your thumb to it
to keep it quiet, crook your index finger

around the back of its pewter skull
and rub. Its head is no
smooth thing. It is not silk
or a flower petal, not

a polished fingernail. It is less
like the sound of hissing than those things,
it is more like the sound of bones
compacting, tiny breakages, teeth

crowding. The tail—
wants to be an S, wants to please—
a vicious hook, not smoothed
in a surgical way but hewn sore.

The mouth—sends its tongue out
to circle the hook—has been
cauterized. Against the tension
of expansive jaws, its head flares

and tapers. In the hollow of the human
throat the cold metal settles at
points on the skin of the neck, slowly
warming, the leather tight enough to make

contact all the way around, the smell
slightly—warm salt, porous
rot—insistent,
it modulates

the breathing throat:
shallower—so as not to put tension
on the grip, rapid—the clasp pricks
the larynx. Then the small muscles adjust.

Cautery

What it felt like when you went in: solar.
My inner wall thin filmstrip made to rupture

and bleach before the bulb. Skin—retract from
and reform, blister over organs, sear

off endings of nerves, render me ocular.
Iris and pupil. Corneal speech.

I saw splinters spray from a sleight of hand.
The ceiling a low ghost of smoke.

Almost reached for a glass of water.
To put you out. Scrawl

of urine in the snow, your night-
arm arcing over. It is too late to admit the scar

raveling, the cardiac map of tissue and char
issuing above my ribs. I will only diminish

silent with the heat of you
welding myself to myself.

Portrayal with Critical Objects

Not of an arson but an extinguishing.
In which the torso flails apart, in which
her stomach and breasts are exposed by the blast.
The eye has one second to remember
the lash of hose across her neck from which
her head is thrown back.

What we make
of her face we make in tight scribbles, we dig
troughs in the paper. The troughs fill with water.
From below the unready splay of her thighs
something approaches for its nightly drink.

•

At which the aspen turn sap-wise in the eddying
smoke, an eagle rescinds the asylum of glare.

What is feeding? When the gone animals
arrive to make their immersions, all may see me
watery, green arm grown a long stem
of bruise and teeth scattered down, small white

seeds disappearing—having already jumped
into the lake, having cost all—even fever
licked into ash. Gills

will swell from their necks and the incisors
of the fallen will sustain us.

Always grinding leather, aluminum granulated
openly. Eat careful up, sole encoder of my mouth—licked,
ignorant allegiant. Beware the cloy and thick—tonic,
lozenge—whole steal of swallow. What secures then clears:
supple planks, sinewy wilt.

It broke over my bone-
pile, I fell off my chair. For could not double then in
leer toward the rum-cake, custard, wanted but the lard-spoon
clean and in my fist distortion's fitful reprimand. In brief
seconds without you my palate grew
effete. Lulling me to sleep with your tender mastication.

She put pins in my fists and sang
she put the familiar spool in my mouth, I pushed
my thimble thumb against my eye
where there was a small fever
in my vision I saw three of her—or four—
there was a temptation to name each image, instead
I made more noise. Was I also
multiplied? Could I have kept
all of us together without my needle and trammel?

We surfaced with shattered knees.
I placed the snorkel over my eye
so my eye could breathe.
When the first organism was left
in the sand after the first wave pulled back
with the first tide you were there.
I didn't need a microscope to see you.
You grew a spine and leapt into my waiting
mouth, the mouth left unsnorkled which filled
with water that could keep you.

When I spat you out, you had wings. You flew
into my hands. With my many hands I held you.

Joy

In the webs between my fingers,
nothing, beneath my arm—various small stops.

You thought it was my tongue
that held it, but you could not tell its difference from a rough rock.

Woke me for my hard kisses and harsh suck.

The real tongue—my joy—swatted flies from my
philosopher. The joy tongue never fasting, the frenulum never lifted

in prayer. The tongue in its joy tasting red meat, pickles,
licorice on the sly. Interpreter of other mouths: nipped, fastidious

infidel. Over long months with you my jaw grew
heavy, then strong. Longed
for the river bottom and would not cease submerging.

Because you were hungry you wanted to put
everything in: copper pennies, a spoon, your corduroy
erection, while my eager tongue took to the rails as if
pushed by a body on its knees. Then the joy

of freezing there, thaw, return
to the philosopher's armpit, acrid joy
lifted. You do not know, you cannot

know—how a rough hair fastened at the back of my
tongue can make me balk with joy.

Railyard

I thought the world went easy—easier—without the daily
scrape and grunt I drank like a girl
buckled my buckles
the fence froze shut and asked nobody to fix it
it was February when my body scented licorice
woke the trains walked with them in lack
put my lips together silently on my
smooth thumb-nail painted silver for the occasion
of vibration
and led myself unnoticed
in prayer

Junked cars mattresses stripped to their ticking
reamed-out engine blocks all of these piled
against a corrugated blue
this is not a landscape for its own sake
this is where I need you to take me
endure the freight cars' crash let the wind
carry the sound the sprung seats
shake—our bodies uncompelled to move
in their usual ways choose
to be flung together coupled by another
kind of disaster which is necessary
to keep the mined cargoes heaving east
where you cradle and rail—

When will I be ruttid
from behind? where will I be led by my impatience
for the alizarin distance the machine of the multiplied body
then the crows hatched the last ice cracked the house you were living
dish—chicken—desk— all split grew up in you like weeds
without discipline
come summer ponderosa
husked my body with their smell thick and hungry
I put my hands on the ground
first—then at my throat.

Remission

In unfiltered light, bodies are their shadows traveling
brief beneath them. Sage, mesa—nothing

shifts into foreground though the bleached road is
pocked with mile-marks indicating progress. Perhaps

a small lift in the angle of vision's sweep from top to
bottom, a less-distant smell of shade. Over bone

and ochre the low-lying scuttle, twining across the desert
toward a place to stay for the night, radio

loud but no amount of volume scaring birds into the birdless
sky, no increment of movement but the grasses

leaning in to the shade of the truck's bigger belly, we
watch all dissipate before formation. Shallow

and deceptive, the air eats vision. Red boulders
scattered through the sand may multiply or inhabit

the eye's blind spot, may appear as tall as a truck and
twice as quick in their skitter alongside the road.

When the rocks hold fast, then hold to one another
loosely, the weighty balanced on the fragile in stacks of twos

and threes, we know we have come to a rupture
strewn with geologic anomaly. There is one signpost but

no one filling their lungs on the hot thick air, traveling
nervous beneath these massive monuments, no lizards, no

hollow insects as we scuttle, back and forth across
the desert floor, palming the smooth cool undersides of

giant rocks, brushing the orange particles, pushing
our noses into the dark hidden crannies where there

might be sweet air, a draught, a current and taste like icy
water, burrowing and scraping into something

always in shadow in a place where nothing
escapes the sun, where clothes come off a body

on their own accord and sweat is already salt on the lick
of the skin—made of two lungs

scorched and stretched by the molecules'
frantic trajectories—where you could disappear

in a gasp, the puncture of insidious
venoms, the air simply closing up around you, erasing

and replacing you with the image of what was there
before or what we want to see when we

look: gushing fountain, ocean, chill relief of
stone with a permanence less tenuous than our own.

Rearrangement

With what I walk into the room balancing
out as an offering, not for any one

of you, this bone-shape with sockets
askance. You still think me of the

west but I have sworn to stop crutching,
nothing to privilege now but this and you

want to tap the slat and make it
chatter, though I no longer need the sound

as I no more need charcoal in the linens
or the gas-line leading up to the house. When

one thing is fixed, we call it fixed because we
cannot call it erased, and for this I am always in

mend, more in need of stitch and bandage than this
skull nailed to board, which is by outward

signs in deteriorate sift behind us, by inward
hinge all oleum and plainspeak.

Restoration

Would that there were nothing left to write, for I have
given you my cities—and still unfinished of you—pigeon,
swallow, postcard—you always in black ink, and for you only I am adept
at foreground, coming onto the page with my delicate
corrosives, lifting each layer of recession until sistinal,
and though you realize
this is a beckoning, a come to carve you out of exiguous landscape
for purposes of my own resistance to—confinement,
quiet, these more gradual verticals—it is not without trouble
in rubbing too long with the soft rag, exposing what was reasonably
concealed until in danger of most complete annulment, under which
the gaze creates its own might not—be human, or of
a scape or even—any articulation—this then, is utterance
undeniable, lest you forget I, I—
blank—nothingness—called white.

three

Itinerant

Suspended over the city, bird-thick cables
thrumming, imperceptible—
a unisoned lift—another's housed machines

litten up. Settle, lift,
settle, bird-

*

call, static in the cornfields.
At the hand pump, steady gush
of dial tone, behind the barn—the man needed
to build a burn pit for the unspoken,
unwritten documents, but there was nothing to ignite.
He should have spent the night in silence
but could not resist the tinny radio at the foot
of the davenport where he listened to traffic-weather-
traffic in a city she was not once

*

of, sitting on her itchy fingers next to the few
powerful engines that would not
require electricity. The wire-cutters
with their vibrant yellow handle seemed to jump
across the table in blinks until all
at once at dusk she was intoxicated

by their sour rubber smell.
Even in the complete dark she could
not lose sight of them, for to fit
them in the thumb knuckle
and crease between the palm and four
fingers she would not have to wonder nor imitate
the thousand others awake in rooms lined
with indistinguishable quiet

*

objects.

An eruption of starlings in the late evening sky, how he imagines
traffic. He switches off the station
before it leaves the air and seizes
the light-switch. Great swallows of darkness

*

down the throat. There is nothing he would not
if he had the chance.

*

Shapes drifting past their windows, windows
lit at night for the watching, walkers circling blocks hands
occupied with cigarettes, small candies
while their eyes scan for other stories—velvet
curtain, cerulean wash of television, faint
argument, or a man smoking on a stationary bike, streamer
half-clung across a cracked ceiling—

Sometimes she is among them and her exhaled
smoke threads across the sills, or she watches herself

being watched, their peered-eyes moving past her own darkened diorama
souvenir—
—nothing to see, no

all the room's silence pressed up against her
back and in winter the muted street unable

*

to connect through glass to her—

though in a field a plow turns dark earth over
to the sun, unexpected gleams in the soil draw crows—
there is heat, there are the rough clicks
of turnstiles, the grating ticks and catches

*

unwilling to pull through, complete
their greater turn without the body's exhausted

momentum. Late at night the trains cannot come and the crowd's
accumulated restlessness gathers up around her. The nervy toe the platform edge, some
set their shopping bags and briefcases, bouquets and bottles around them
like fortresses, or turn
up the volume on their headphones

and the inbound trains repeat until dawn across the empty track.

*

Exhalations, long and frequent—
and some women darted their tongues behind their lips.
It seemed too much built up
around her, though she did not know she could

*

be without. Was enough—
brick sides of buildings and shaken
ground, pigeons

*

in the alleys beside the bars, all nights
a gingery sweat on her—

enough: to identify
one bus from another and know which muscles
keep the knees neat,
or how many steps are in a given flight
of stairs to a given entrance if she

is closing a circuit so the city can light and reflect

*

out onto the edges of its waters, the elevators can carry

the late workers down to the street where they become the night's
revelers or else deflect her glance, when he is landlocked

and the August storms strip the hum
from the power lines so he loses sight

*

of his hands entirely,

enough that she pockets
small instruments that might double
as letter-openers, map-readers, leaves the apartment
in electric light unable to predict an arc of sparrows seeking refuge

*

will die against the glass, while the man pushes
sweat back off his forehead, eases
off the couch and holds
his bladder until the morning's smoke
is rolled neat, wants to see—without
missing—but can't walk out on

the nursing elder sapling on the southeast corner, the dust
gathering on the bureau, on an open jewelry box filled with penny nails and lug nuts,
metrically sized and rusting things—enough

*

time spent passing over the northeast corridor
every time in red, in January
snow, stalled cars and cars rushing by, headlit, sirens
so loud she broke through them, wails of blue-yellow
obstruction she paced a month away over
and over the bridge
a hallway, ice, exhaust,
ice—enough—breathing clean river air through
byproducts of combustion, because
there were boaters on the river, thin
cylinders slipping beneath the stone and slick asphalt, cars drifting toward
the medians—

while underneath her, silently slipping for the river never froze
the boaters' breath—in what was entrance
and exit she was first and last to go, crossing a corridor
anchored under a ceiling of low sky

*

with the lights of where she came from and
further—though barely made it that far before

*

they lowered the last bridge beneath
the river and the peanut man stopped singing
in the square, mannequins turned their faces away, no one
was looking for her, no thing
intimate—tiles on the station walls,

*

twin silos, bank calendar up in the garage,

*

holiday crowds congesting the esplanade, even the brass
bar rail couldn't recall—

there was a dropped brown
coat on the street in April, someone

did take it, someone dreamed aloud
so that the traffic lights changed, a third rail sparked.

four

Notes

“Bath-Charm” is modeled after Dan Beachy-Quick’s charm poems.

“Remission” attempts to imitate the trespass of landscape that occurs in Elizabeth Bishop’s “At the Fishhouses.”