

Winter 2006

## I asked the mind for a shape / and shape meant nothing

Britta Ameel

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

**Let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

---

### Recommended Citation

Ameel, Britta (2006) "I asked the mind for a shape / and shape meant nothing," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 65 , Article 67.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss65/67>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

Britta Ameel

I asked the mind for a shape  
and shape meant nothing

*after Brenda Hillman and for Greta*

Door frames make space  
for the frame of a human figure.

All touch built for hands.

Even sound—Sunday's mower buzz—  
has edges.

An aerial view, we see the idea of map.  
No borders for the remembering

and so the bird songs become  
what. Chilly. Metallic.

New name for the skin of thing.

I fear the invisible lines a sort of talking  
resistance to actual voice, actual person.

If we are inside-out animals  
would I put yours on.

Circular attention to you, a space-making device,  
an opening and close.

When the shape was invented mourning  
became a tight white box.  
Illusory transport and lack.

Morning. The woodthrush  
harmonizes with itself and my heart  
fidgets against the pillow.

What is a glass stone in a metal cup.

Human standing inside a door.

Language. Scent of skin against—

The morning I learned about you,  
between worlds if there is space  
for a body there, I needed borders

to do the remembering.  
Isn't it always about shape?

The crow in the parking lot from above,  
one black dot on the grid,

might mean  
nothing, but I read into it. How else  
to distinguish and let extinguish?

We say things get caught in our throats.

Does sound disappear, can you see  
through us like light?

I fear losing your shape.

Is that blatant enough  
and can I have you back.

We mean glass stone against metal.

The throat box chilly and metallic  
against the bird's thin skin.

We line the edges of world up  
in map and expect to understand

why some birds sing only for sound,  
why the liminal takes you over.

Fidgeting glass stone a doorway  
and the mower makes a space.

I fear what is written between the heart.  
An inside-out, animal, a naming.