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

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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.