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My Fantastic Bags| [Poems]

Christopher D. Theim

The University of Montana

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My Fantastic Bags

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Master of Fine Arts

The University of Montana

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Bowline

When a small child was stung,
the belly of the same fish cured him.
At first, he pulled away,
tiny hesitations, like tugs on a line.
The Party

Someone has taken the lampshade off the lamp and now it is lost.
Where once there was an orchestra of light playing through the room,
now only a single note remains.
We’ve stayed too long at the party.

Someone asks me if my sister is still tending to her azaleas.

When my father was young he worked at a construction site doing odd jobs.
Walking upstairs in a building, perhaps to let a friend know it was time to eat,
he fell through a spot in the floor.
Sometimes I wonder what he was thinking.

It has been a while since we sang all the old songs.
Soon it will be too late to make any more speeches.

In the morning the strong grass will make its calculated decisions toward the sun.
Names of Birds

We went down to the lake to clear our heads
And were mesmerized by a group of babies
Gumming some grapes.
Clouds, center-shot and full,
Painted shadows on the grass.
Women we barely knew rifled through our bags
As we tried to guess at different shapes.
When shadows passed over one baby,
She gummed at another grape and disappeared.
Parents taught their children about gossip early,
So the remaining babies were content.
It really seemed like they were happy.
Birds looped signatures into the high, white apron
And for a while, our desires were not
Limited to the scope of five senses.
When two lovers tipped their canoe out on the water
The babies became suddenly excited.
It occurred to me that the boat was turned on purpose,
Babies taken into the atmosphere so quickly.
All of a sudden, I was sitting in the boat, and a woman,
Familiar with my valuables,
Was peeking over the agitated side.
The still horizon stretched out like a sentence.
I have to trust the woman I barely know
Even though it is my bag resting at her feet
Mysteriously full of seeds.
Attendance

At the continental breakfast of heaven
my family is just now waking up.
At the great door, at the croissant table,
my relatives are wiping their eyes.
At first I think they are still crying
from all the funerals, their own funerals.
At the continental breakfast of heaven
my eyes also seem to be going away.
The buffet table looks too manageable.
Near the corner of a table, some children
are playing inside a white tablecloth.
At the moment, they act pleased, waiting
to be surprised by their new friends.
At the continental breakfast of heaven
some dogs cower quietly in the corner.
The dogs lick themselves continually.
At first, no one knows how to feed them.
At first, no one can figure out how to speak.
Good Morning

The meaning of all this is hard
to manufacture. Often a bolt or washer
will not come in the little plastic bag
with directions in every language
but our own. It takes us all a while.
Occasionally someone else's child
will syncopate down the steps
first thing to figure out what was left
undone. He'll know right where to look
to see our unfinished daily business.
Should have shaved before the coffee.
Should have cleaned out the ears
more thoroughly. Even though we
made them ourselves the paintings
on our walls judge us day and night.
We can hear them breathe through
tiny nail holes in the wallpaper.
Mother tells me not to worry,
most of the meaning will make itself,
and many of the portraits are of
ourselves. Not to worry I exclaim but she
is busy fussing with the tea.
The Fruit and Rope Experiment of 1909

At night, the convicts said their prayers deep in the heart of the prison. It was widely reported that hope did exist, having been smuggled in at great cost.

The five men who were caught that year thought they were lucky, at first. Warden Singleton’s face was soft as he questioned the men, one by one. Even the metal table and chair took on the quality of a country home. “Sit down,” someone said. “Tell us what’s on your mind.” But the convicts spoke in a strange way.

When everyone became lonely enough, each convict was offered a piece of fruit, which they slowly enjoyed. Afterwards each man was given a picture of a long rope, and sent back to his cell.

On the way home, the Warden was troubled by recurring images of the five prisoners. It was a dark night, he noticed.

He walked inside, set his keys down on the kitchen counter, and called out to his wife. When she answered, the Warden could hear from her voice that she was in the bathtub. He wrote a note that began: “If only I could remember my own name . . .”
The Dimmer

Sometimes I go whole days without seeing
the boy down the street in his window.
I wonder if he’s still sitting there waiting.

I wonder what he’s waiting for while staring
out onto the street as it begins to narrow.
Sometimes I go whole days without seeing
the streets as they darken and start closing
their eyes. Then the mind begins to go.
I wonder if he’s still sitting there waiting.

I think the boy can always see me moving
around. What is it that he needs to know?
Sometimes I go whole days without seeing
inside of the house that’s always growing
I’ve never said “hi.” I’ve never said “hello.”
I wonder if he’s still sitting there waiting,
if already his hands begin their dimming,
and the enormous shades start to close.
Sometimes I go whole days without seeing.
I wonder if he’s still sitting there waiting.
Terrible Ditty

I can
hear the man who lives
next door in my
apartment building singing
to himself through
the paper walls still
he drops garbage
bags into our
alley they hang out
mid-air each
a decision
they are
heavy can I
hear the man who lives
many of us were watching
were watching
me sip a little drink on
my lunch break
Tact

Do you see the yellow-jacket busy himself
into folds & not
making hardly any sound—
but he must — like little
scrapings on the plates
& single ones become
many before
our eyes—
all face front—
you must have known
don't whisper into
my ears are delicate
openings to others
come to your attention
& hold a knife?
Honeymoon Restaurant

The college boy who works
at the fish & chip joint
already has a hold on us.
Next thing, he’ll reel
us in, from one salty
bath to another.
Oh, he’ll begin slowly
enough. He will whisper
at your lip just to set
the line a little.
He might make promises
of travel. I knew when I saw
the angular eyed fish
& the coral on his shirt.
Do you recall me saying
something at the time?
Now we are sitting here,
waiting to order our own
bowl of butter. Maybe
if we are quiet, one of
us could spear the boy’s
leg with a fork.
Maybe we could flee.
I can’t remember who
got us into this mess.
Do you think it might
not be anyone’s fault?
Rumors

Her husband also keeps
his cat's tails cropped
on purpose offering
little explanation.
Sometimes the cats try to bite
each other's missing tails
as if loss makes them go
furious and blind.

They are made hungry
The kitchen is stocked:
a little salt,
a little lemon.
The cat's cry is always a question,
the intonation of a nail
run across an empty saucer.
The bowl rings
caught in a momentary tongue,
and mothers are keeping
their kids home sick from school
offering little explanation.
We all believe
they have grown tiny tails.
During the day
the children are busy:
a little tomato,
a little basil.

But there is so much time
to cry out in the pale,
eavesdropping night.
We all eat each
other’s darker voices,
comforting and ill
as a hearty soup.
The Hydroseeder

I’ve circled the word hydroseeder
In the classified section of the local paper,
As if my neighbor might drop by and notice,
As if he would stuff his hands tight
Into his pockets saying “In the market I see,”
As if I have any idea what a hydroseeder is.
But it’s right there. Someone is selling.

I hope the hydroseeder is large.
A lumbering giant of a machine with silver panels
And blinking lights, that from far off
In the deep fog of the field might look like a face.
Some feathery wheels and pedals that move
On their own like an old player piano.
The machine has a finite number of switches
Set in certain complex combinations.
A variety of uses. A “hot mama of a steal,”
Teases the person who can be contacted anytime
After 6 p.m. One hundred feet of hose.

The hydroseeder can be heard all over
Because its noise issues out in every direction at once.
I wonder about its smooth and peculiar names.
Its steam easing grill. The geometric brain
And other angular innards.

How many of us could fit inside?
How many right in this room?
Or what about just there in the doorway?
Someone in the back raises a long and tentative hand.
Air Traffic Control

She told me she would be early
only partly due to the jet-stream
she said she worshipped the avocado
of her youth but she’d come anyway
she said a lot of things but only sighed
when asked how comfortable she was
sitting in the Emergency Exit row.
The late day only gets later.
Most of us never earn our merit badges
for arson or unmanned flight.
How could they be revoked?
We get ourselves into the loop only to stand
in the corner. Redistribute the weight.
I think the seats in my Ferrari are softer
than the fur in your vintage mittens.
It’s colder here by the window.
When did Schrodinger’s cat get
smug enough to ask for another meal
on the last good set of china.
We all get ourselves into a little trouble.
She should have been here by now.
She said the plane oozes through the air
much like a bullet I joked jump in front
but who would we be trying to protect?
Should have. When the sauce runs down
my chin I fear for the bib.
A wide gate in our fence swings a little.
One of the carolers is looking right at me.
What Some People Will Do

The chimpanzees were everywhere, watching, and Jesus they were dirty. People passed. They crowded around the cages. Little kids were caked with ice cream stains, and one made a spectacle of himself slobbering into a cup of shaved ice. Soon all the children were imitating him. There were so many, after a while, one hardly noticed them at all. Something about those monkeys, though, about their eyes. The bigger monkeys get, the more you want to free them, set them loose where no one knows. The skin around the monkey’s eyes was dark, and looked like leather. Soft, leather lids. “People eat that part if they have money,” I told a child, in secret, as he was salivating.
Consulting

We’ve all tried to take a little something for this or that, for what seems to be going around, for the problems with our eyes, to correct the posture of the walk. Sometimes a little nip and tuck is needed. Sometimes our loved ones can’t get around the furniture, can’t navigate the stairs. Bicycles on the lawn sleep now. Their spokes are planted into the ground, but the pedals still turn in a slight wind. They all point to the way out, where women hold the hands of their children as they run together down the street.
I’m Not So Sure about It Anymore

Something that isn’t round is rolling
trough the downtown shops among
people’s thoughts and afternoons.
Sometimes it becomes small and hard
as the stone that grows inside a stone.
Sometimes it has an expansive wing-
set. It is always hard to see.

You can be sure she knows it’s there.
You could take a count and set your watch.
It used to be something we talked about.

Something that isn’t round is rolling
around the corner by the bakery.
Sometimes the sun goes down accordingly.
Sometimes she wakes in the night to take
a little sip of water or think about her day.
It is always hard to go back.

Something that isn’t round is rolling
down the stairs by the schoolyard
where the grass has been worn in circles.
Sometimes the bells sound like alarms
and it takes us a second to stand.
Swing Set

Not the red cheeks on the child in the market.
Having my eyes. Again to the face. Not the face.
The simple task of eating. Becoming difficult.
The single-minded incantation of a swing seat.
Predictability of action. Inaction.
The mind’s red seat begins a slow arc back
into itself even before leaving. Not the mind.
Is the dark wheel of this shopping cart broken?
How many eyes have been down this aisle?
The movement of light between aisles is unsteady
Not unsteady or the silver cart.
How many eggs did mother put in our cake?
Not eggs or mothers. A territory over which
control is exercised. The red seat arcs
into the hand of a mother again across his face.
The Stunt

te the man bends a hair
around a nail
they are more
scarce now
his wife sitting
down silent
where will you go
another nail
extracted
delicate work
her hair and each
nail in a box
we will fall
through the roof
into our own
house bites her
calculating lip
children see
with their eyes
A Motion

all day the man
sits still palms
face down on
the counter
thinking of his wife
sitting silently
under the kitchen sink
she is cold until
she is warm she
sees his back he
is thinking around
his small need
and her too soft
insistence his hands
braid together
around his
now hungry
her body extends
like a drawer
My Place

Well hello again. Are you comfortable?
Have you seen my collection of small cannons?

You look jittery. There is no need to be nervous, tonight, with the melodic moon attracting us so.

I have to say, at dinner, I fantasized the napkin in your lap was an emblem of disaster.

But now that we are home, facing my little cannon collection, a symbol in itself of utter victory, I feel a prayer has been answered, a white flag of victory raised. Are you nervous?

Look at my sheets, pulled taut against the huge bed. Would you like to sit for a moment?

At dinner, I confess I cared.
Fine Problem

1

Then I got up and once again
went over the evidence.
We had all gone over it for a while
when someone said "thus - "
Mostly about the facts. Some ice and debris
and a motor. The shed that stood and stood.
A street that will never reopen.
To think. They were right there
in front of us this whole time.
The bottom of her heel on the linoleum floor.
Rest of the soles touch down.
How one hand grips the kitchen
counter. One hand into the soapy sink.
Motion beneath the silver surface
lifts out into the day air and down
into the metal rack. Some adjustments.

2

Premise: a dense sphere falls
down the staircase touching each stair.

Premise: a dense sphere falls
down the staircase only striking some stairs.

Premise: a dense sphere falls out of focus.

3

I have to say I turned the motor on myself

4

Let's be honest. We want the cure. Could we even leave? With pressure from all sides? I wonder if we might all just take some deep breaths. Call who you need to call. We have our reservations. The big circular conference table wells up. I think it might have a memory. Someone suggests we take off our shoes. A woman thinks about her son. There is a machine in the next room and a dollop of oil in a dark blue dish. Is it oil?

5

We like to talk while it works.

Someone asks how it works.
Used Clothes

Our store has been losing business for some time
but the mannequins have held to their loyal tongues
and most people don't know about the window.

It has only been reported to those who need to know,
by a few window-washers, employees, some children.
Our store has been losing business for some time.

Sometimes a stray will stop and lick the glass.
Sometimes a grown man drops to his hands,
but most people don't know about the window.

Many people see nothing. Others linger long enough
to report the window contains faint images.
Our store has been losing business for some time.

Some people see their own reflections growing
along the length of the glass. They become ill.
But most people don't know about the window.

The other day, a child pointed at his father's smile,
a woman knelt down to see her husband's hands.
Our store has been losing business for some time
and most people don't know about the window.
The Shell Game

Sometimes I go whole days without seeing the woman who sells letter openers. My shirts often slide on like a stranger or the buttons need some coaxing through the tough part. Either way the woman drags a heavy foot through the grass up to our front door all the front doors in fact. We can never remember her name hardly can recall the names of all the openers. “My so many buttons on those shirts yes sir, and some of them are hiding?” The buttons on my shirt feel loose and I fidget with the string like a little neck. Pigeons on our roof jockey for position.
Do Not Approach the Buffalo

Buffalo can weigh 2000 pounds and can sometimes sprint at 30 mph, three times a human’s top speed. Many visitors to the park have been gored by buffalo.

Park officials make no bones about the animal’s capabilities. The buffalo may appear tame but are wild, unpredictable, and often dangerous.

An old man traveling through the park wants to take all the animals on vacation, but especially the nervous buffalo. He wears a blue sweater that has been unraveling. A thread stretches as far as we can see. One-way, all-expense-paid trips to the beach are what we owe the animals, he figures.

In reality, buffalo are spooked by young tourists, digging in the sand with plastic buckets and trowels. Park officials have nothing to say on this subject.

The man with half a sweater cannot be convinced. In his mind, buffalo could wade into the bubbling surf staring into the immense and distant ocean mist.
A Nice, Quiet Neighborhood

My father stands there, an old man slicing
his eggs. Raw egg mingles with the hard shells.
Our kitchen counter is soaked. Shells cover
his hands and arms. Is our house an American oddity?
Do the houses of other nations have aluminum
siding? Maybe people who have amnesia
would consider our kitchen classic.
You can ask them. They seem to be everywhere.
I think that lunch does not apply here.
People only have brunch.
I think that my sister has been sleeping
with fashion magazines piled around her.
My father still stands, a man slicing his eggs.
The house gets old and tired like a dream.
Standard Poodle

If the problem is that he's set to high
what makes the poodle so standard?
The toy girl lying on the living room floor
can no longer speak now. She has a tear
the size of a nickel in her abdomen.
Most of the objects that trip us at night
(while we stumble around for a glass of water
while we consult the staircases for help)
have little bells to announce themselves.
They are toys for him but we do not really
know all the ways they are used.
We cannot know everything that happens.
Some are buried, maybe for safekeeping,
others dismantled. Some squeak their own songs
until they are forgotten upon a new arrival.
The coffee spoons in the cupboard
silently await our after-dinner instructions.
His food is kept inside a large trash can.
When the lid opens in the morning
most of us are sleeping. When the lid opens
in the evening we might walk to get the leash.
Two Ducks

strolled down Main Street.
The sun shone brightly on their bills.
When they walked too close to a yelling bicycle, their heads jerked around as if guided by wires.

If they had found my two goldfish, they might have begun to question them, though I can tell you, the fish are not wise.

Though they are not wise, fish are never out of place. If they are not at home, they are no longer fish. 
Hum is their tank.

Hum-hum is my apartment, a trembling box of wood. I sit opening a box of letters.

One, a day in the beach-blond sun, salt and sand kneading our feet. 
A second, a girl in a skin canoe, paper thin and unsure. Even you, skin thin and thinning, ambling home.
Old Rope

Watering systems of our neighborhood stop
content to return to their own shallow thoughts.
Once asleep, they dream of small fires and routine.
Our back neighbors are lounging around on the patio,
playing their bossanova music and crushing some ice.
It's hard to notice the jump rope snaking into the woods.
Before we put the contagious children to sleep
we should give them some advice. The proper way
to clip a toenail or wash a houseplant. We should
wink at the women in the kitchen, casually discussing
how deeply we have grown into our own regrets.
"Oh Joan, how did your son end up in Annapolis?"
"How's the eye," and "remember Charlie Trotter?"
Before we leave, we should tell the healthy children
about the boxes we buried when we were younger.
They might wonder what responsible people wear
to dig all those holes in the summer rain.
Loose Teeth

The person who holds the patent on loose teeth
Is far from here. I will tell you that much.
I suppose it’s not really a patent
Since you can’t hold a patent
On a state of affairs. Can you.
Something as ever changing as that.
I suppose if you could we’d be in business.
A little studio time for a commercial
About the divot of pink skin
Underneath a young string tooth.
Put that baby on a loop and send it sailing
Out across this great land until we land
A record contract for our new jingle. For jiggling.
Maybe a new ointment for pain: “inevitability.”
No, it’s not really a patent but more
Like a promise. More like a deal,
And you can’t even say the word “deal”
Without sounding shady. The very vowels
Spell back room smoke and camera.
I won’t lie by telling half-truths, though.
We might be considered unstable
Like a gaseous shape emitting a kind of light
Popping up all over the screen. Easily excitable.
Ready to jump the turnstile between states.
Q: How do we know what happens?
A: Someone has to look.
So if you’re asked why you’re waiting
It’s best to look dead on and repeat “waiting.”
Mostly for general mood, not so much
For clarity’s sake. But for the truth of the thing.
Our Ship Has Sailed

Having no clue as to the exact location
of the rest of his companions,
he dropped into the state that isn’t quite waking
and isn’t quite sleeping, in a yellow wicker chair.
That pretty much brings us up to speed.
There’s a hanging plant next to him
near a glass bowl filled with warm water.
The plant remembers the water.
The water remembers the river.
When air passes through the window
plant matter brushes across his cool head.
Eyes dart around quickly inside their casings.
He could be dreaming of the old coastline,
not quite a straight shot, like the waves in his brain.
Or it isn’t a dream at all but the kind of vision
you can only have when you’re awake.
I may have realized a little too late what he meant
when he said “thank you” that night.
My idea of a good time is sleeping in the corner
next to a sack of oranges. Then he said it again,
right after, as if he hadn’t really said anything
in the first place. “Thank you.” And he touched my arm
so I almost didn’t hear.
I thought he might say it again.
I thought he might say it so I was preparing myself.
I might have to give a slight nod
while closing my eyes slowly for affect.
I might have to look away, and back.
What would be enough?
Would I have to do the whole gesture again
catching each of us in a stand-off
forced to respond in groups of three.
I heard far off insect claptrap and what could have been
ice falling onto a cement patio and still further out
the residue of someone’s name remembering
its own sound in an ear.
Total Points

My mother who thinks I’m handsome and my mother who thinks I’m smart are playing badminton in the yard again. This usually lasts the better part of a Sunday afternoon. The sun has just started to hang low, a day growing into itself like a big shirt on a child. Neighbors amass on the patio, and soon there are enough people to warrant the serving of sweet iced tea. Passing by, my father mentions “you’ve got to look out for yourself in these matters,” and retires inside. When a mother scores a point, a sound like a sick-bell chimes out, but no one is interested in the tally. If someone finally wins, the mothers will tell each other all of their most secret hopes. It seems like they have been playing for a lifetime. I might not find out who I am.
My Fantastic Bags

The mall is so new and fresh today
so utterly fantastic with fantastic people
and their fantastic bags and bracelets
that I almost forget. Whoever polishes the chrome
has polished the chrome. A child on the first floor
extends quite literally from her mother’s loving hand
on a leash. Choices are made. Choices are almost
made. The man standing with dark gold sunglasses
cannot see the mothers who race
up and down the aisles as if their strollers
had German engineering, as if all they want
is one more in the win column.
A girl looks at my shirt as if it were put accidentally on.
She looks like someone out of a magazine.
No, she looks like the woman on page 45
of last month’s Elle Magazine,
which was probably delivered, thoroughly examined
and cut for collage on Tuesday, January 25th.
The faces of everyone I meet and will never know
are so sweet and forgiving it pleases me
to realize that, except for a few resident experts
who know every stitch, I almost go unnoticed today.
Not one of the girls standing at the Orange Julius shop
has come over to make a scene, take action, wave her bags
in the air as if to locate someone in charge.
Not one has tapped me on the arm to pull me aside
and quietly let me in on her secrets.
And she could. Standing by the payphones
we would assume the presence of any two people.
The man with the gold glasses touches his hand
lightly against the slick wall
remembering all the stories you have told him.
You who have only just peered into my fantastic bag,
and seen the eyes of something rare and delicate inside.
Who have taught me so much by saying and doing
so little, who have heard the music in the elevators
and, for a moment, felt both alive and calm.