



ALDERIA



ELDERLY

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HAZEL WHITE

from *VIGILANCE IS NO ORCHARD*

A project arrives as space.

Figure what is given:

mountain backdrop
alluvial fan to the sea
“at the edge inventing”

“Try dill—or Queen Anne’s lace—threaded through a cedrum grove, or Gold Plate
achillea (yarrow) threaded through plant stakes.”

Try talkback. Try leapfrogging bewilderment with a
readiness to act.

Make a rustle.

Not a metaphysical hum
from over the horizon but something presently large in the bush
in the hand.

Currency strums through the sternum sideways along the shoulder bones to the back, which is a text, not a mass, but movement, each rib loose, the way life is. Fly it?

I ride it. Sounds may rocket out of the mouth.

Not authority, an upright, fastigate, which is rearguard, but a physical forward and away (do I mean a changing body schema, what's palpably overrunning bilateral symmetry?)—

Thank you for the Easter card, I tell her.

Anyway, it crosses into space never looking back, like a manuscript bearing the distractions of temper, even cheerfulness.

Seeks a workable shape, goes until it's there.

Land outside the garden buttery and rugged, undirected, voluptuous, strict. I, in my soft container, tapping its lexicon of performance so engagement can be figured out.

Wanting to be animate/exchangeable. A body in 3D:

girth of the pomegranate tree
photosynthesis certain of itself
“I told him not to claw at the rock face but to stick the blade
straight down and push away huge chunks”

Then satisfaction with the surroundings grows physical as in bending in almost no wind.

A field day, as wasps know, crawling split fruit.

Visiting the Valentine garden, I trespass and steal figs. Purple juice puts blood back
in my enterprise. This isn't voice, but sinew in the summer heat, an open realm.
Harvest uttering carnally.

I want to live in the green. And this wants out of me onto the page.

“Work larger,”
vow of felting syllables
becoming encounters—a series, far
out ahead of synthesis—strew
and align them.

Climbing a bank and rolling down, up early to write, the repetition of effort, and to know as in any orchard that the uptake is true.

Going as continuity—doing this and that becomes involuntary, like camaraderie, beginnings sprung by an instinct of fullness.

As a tree canopy flutters between a search and my moving language around, its aerial shapes resembling bed hangings.

Later, from inside, awkwardly, trying to be sufficient to it, greet its vast intention perfectly—pollen to pollen, anther and bee—as in placing words into the right season and urging a dented, monocarpic fruit toward harvest.

TESSA MICAELA

FIRES

I

the ghosts
can't possibly
be hungry.
they are surprised
by how
weightless
they feel.
we, on the other
hand are not
ghosts. we
are repetitions
indeed
but would we choose
ghost-hood I mean
home-coming
I mean the crow
comes when
we don't know
how to parse
hopelessness
and grieving.

a person wearing
a compass
lights something
on fire
and asks us
to send
its smoke
in directions
I'm not sure
I understand.
she lights
something
on fire to forgive
our ancestors
for their impact.
why cannot be
considered
so we rely
on how: how
can the landscape
include those
with access to
but not
drinking
enough blood.

we dream of floods.
not the excess
itself
but the excess of
excess. if all
we've done
in a day
is survive
is that
enough?

we are far
from water
drinkers.
we are mud, first,
the silt
of great-grand-
parents, we are
balled up
just in front of
our bodies
haunted by
what is to
come; parsing
mud from silk
on a stark white
background.
we stop contacting
each other
so we can
hold on
for longer.
no, the ghosts
cannot
be hungry.
in the skin
we were in
we were too often
what they are not.

II

you are far from a water drinker,
you are mud becoming silk
first torn through the silt of our ancestors,
so much time around the chasm.

and why can't our ghosts eat?

the photo of my great-grandmother as a baby,
dressed in white, a white bonnet, held by a black
woman, also in white, who no one left
in my family knows the name of. a stark white
background smudged across time, a veil.

I send vengeance and I send
forgiveness but in which directions,
my compasses stuck somewhere
between grieving and hopelessness.

so let's go back to the night before
or did you want to talk to that stranger
with the beautiful arms? when you sip,
silk becomes silk, blood slows. we will have
to make do with how, and all the fear it contains.
the strangers have become mucus membranes,
mud has become silk imposed.

yes, we will have to make do.
see how hungry we not-ghosts are.

My legs, or more specifically, my hips were sore today, so sore than when I walked across the room I was aware of having a gait that was different than usual, aware that in small spaces people were waiting to get around my slow trajectories. I get out of the chair with more help from my arms and when I bend down to my bag a pseudo-friend asks if I am okay, and I become aware of the grimace on my face. I become aware then that another person in the same room had earlier asked me if I was okay, and I hadn't imagined why she'd asked but I told her yes, sure, I'm okay. We have the same name, which is quite unusual and has made me take some distance from her, unsure what I would call her, used to only being called and saying my own name so seldom. I thought too about the distance I take from strangers, or in this case almost-strangers, the ways I don't easily come to tell, the ways it feels miles between inside myself and outside. Later, much later on, this same day, I smoke a cigarette, which I haven't done in ages, but as I sit on the steps of a church it seems the perfect moment and I am asked if I feel supported and I say, I don't want to be pitied, because the question is not is there enough, the question is can I lean and walk at the same time. I do not want pity.

I realize, slowly making my way back to the truck after I left the ashes behind and hoping that someone would find them in the morning, that my hips are sore because I'd taken that exercise class, the one just out of my league, that I go slow in hoping no one sees how dizzy I am. I just want to be able to move my body with strength and then the next day it hurts like this. But doesn't it almost-hurt like this, on many days, and I've just become used to it and walk with a gait that is recognizable and therefore not to be noticed, or do my joints feel fine and this is all just a case of sore muscles? Today, when the pseudo-friend, or should I call her my almost-friend, sits beside in the lunch-time plopping of the people in a sort-of circle we open doors across our feelings towards each other, the doors rusted and sticky to swing, the almost-friend, who I think if I saw her cry I would love her forever, but she lives across the border and is tough as nails and neither of us need each other but are glad the other is there. Anyway, that friend asks if I am okay as I lean for extra support on the chair to get up from a squat my body searing and aching and I say, yeah, I'm just having a flair up. I tell her and she says, wow, I didn't know, when did you find out, and I say, oh, just recently, by which I mean just two days ago, but that feels too intimate a detail. I realize then that I've told her before I've told my mother and the thing is that she asked after me, taking a moment to notice, choosing to notice and looking me in the eyes, and I realize that I can tell an almost-stranger something I haven't yet even told my mother and that I might never tell the friend who has become an almost-stranger, who I ache with a missing that I've become used to not admitting, too, because I don't know when it is that the ones I've gotten used to missing will take a moment to look towards me and notice that something is different than before, and ask me if I'm okay.

A stranger notices, so I tell her, and whether the sore muscles contribute to the admission of discomfort, or the relief that I don't have to pretend as hard for a name for it, so I move as slow as feels necessary, and as the old friends haven't known to look this way long enough or enough at all to notice when something might be wrong, or to notice the way I've stopped talking as much, and the thing is this stranger knew to look, or was in enough circumstantial proximity, who is to know, and so I give her a tiny sliver of how not okay I am and that is safe enough, I suppose, because she doesn't know any of the complex feelings around it, doesn't know me well enough for it to be an admission of more than what it is, but at least she looks in my direction. And then it dawns on me: you won't let yourself look in my direction, and I won't let myself look in my direction, but the end result is just the same, no matter whose contributions: you don't look in my direction, you could never know, a million strangers sitting next to me might know before you, and then I had realize all I needed to realize, braced my hands on the back of the chair to pull myself up and wish no one else will notice or ask if I am okay. That's enough for the day.

On the way home, in the dark, the steam rises off the warm and wet asphalt, and I lose reception with my mother down the hill and she's grown tired too, needs to get some rest, but I call her back to tell her because I'd talked to her earlier about television shows and bad first dates with therapists, wandering my way through the feelings of this new information, a name for all the ways I haven't allowed myself to admit I am unwell, a name for the ways I've hidden, didn't start there because how to say it but then I call her back, heavy with untrustworthy truths, the almost-witnessing, say it felt wrong to keep it for a few days, having told the stranger and seething with rage at the ones not asking, but there my mother is and then I stop driving so I won't lose any more reception, the steam from the ground having cleared in the valley, and afterward the drive down the dirt road feels longer than usual, and knowing a name doesn't resolve the path forward, or the lilt in my walking that I've gotten so good at hiding.

ALARM CLOCK

sorry that I got in your way
sorry that I was too loud
sorry that I wasn't loud enough
sorry that I like my hair long
sorry that I like men's shirts
the way they change how I think I look
sorry that men's shirts are called men's shirts
sorry that I took all those supplements
in hopes I would feel better
sorry that they made me nauseous
sorry that I wished I was a sailor
sorry there is butter in the coffee
so its effects last longer
sorry it is morning
sorry about the sounds of cars
reversing down the street
sorry that this is a bright day pushing through the blinds
sorry that this is why you have trouble sleeping
sorry for the dog's head close in
and resting on my hip
sorry for the short black hairs all over my sheets
sorry for how carelessly I let people into my sheets
sorry that I want them to be mean
sorry that they turn out tender
sorry that the ones who I want to be mean
turn out to want me to be mean
sorry, but we've had enough of that
the meanness that is
sorry about all you've been through
sorry about the ones who want to be gentle
sorry for not being able to thrust my body forward
sorry for not being able to trust my body
sorry I don't change my sheets enough
sorry about being skittish about being touched
sorry about the ones who turn up
to say maybe we are everything you really want
sorry about the ones who don't know
what they are talking about
sorry they are wrong
sorry about wanting someone mean
sorry wanting more than one kind of mean
sorry about wanting more than one
sorry about the cars reversing down the street
sorry for not being able to want enough
sorry for the intimacy conundrum
sorry for the intimacy
sorry but I don't even remember
what it feels like to want to fuck you
even though it was just last week
sorry it is morning
sorry that I watch strangers and try to see

how badly they want to fuck each other
on a scale of 1 to 10
sorry that I watch them fuck in my head or in the movies
sorry that in the movies it usually looks like she is having the best time
sorry that he is usually thrusting into her
while she is having the best time
sorry that I don't believe them
sorry that I wished I believed them
sorry that I wished I believed them for my own sake
sorry that I wished I believed them for her sake
sorry that my father said it'd be easier that way
sorry that I came late to describing my body
sorry that I don't want anyone to be thrust into
sorry that sometimes I do
sorry that I want to be thrust into
but I don't want to be trusted
maybe this means I am the mean one
sorry that I don't want men's shirts because of the men inside
sorry that I came late to describing my body
sorry that I don't want to be thrust into I want to thrust
sorry about the femininity conundrum
sorry about the femininity
sorry again about the men's shirts
sorry that the thrusting itself is a conundrum
sorry that thrusting is taking up all this attention
sorry it is night
sorry that it starts so quickly
sorry that it always looks a little violent
sorry that they say how come they don't show how we fuck
sorry that they say aren't you glad they don't show how we fuck
like it is some kind of hidden gem
sorry that of course we believe it is
sorry but we're not opposed to violence in that way
but it has to feel different than that looks
sorry that I keep asking everyone
how they really know what they want
sorry but really in terms of sensation
how do you know what you want?
sorry I keep asking
sorry that she fell from the bed
after I put my hand inside her
sorry that we laughed and that was the tenderest of parts
sorry your best friends don't want to talk to you about sex
sorry about the shifting parts of how and who we are
sorry about the shifting parts of how and who we want
sorry that we have expectations
sorry that the expectations are about who is going to do the thrusting
sorry that sometimes expectations are hot
sorry that she fell from the bed
sorry again about the hair-covered sheets
sorry that I don't know what I want

sorry that I know what I want
sorry that we are walking between men's shirts
and how they make us feel
sorry but I can get myself off just fine
sorry but I can't let myself get off with you
sorry society keeps on getting into bed with us
sorry about changing shape all the time
sorry that I don't know how to love like this
sorry that this about what is between my legs and your legs
sorry that this is not only about what is between our legs
sorry about spilling that water and having to stop
and clean it up
sorry that I still know how to drive a manual transmission
sorry but I wish I still knew how to fall in love
sorry that I'm always looking at people's asses
sorry that I meant to say I'm sorry
sorry that I bottomed out
sorry about wanting it mean
sorry about wanting it expected
sorry about wanting it to tear apart what I expected
sorry about being jealous about how fast
they fuck in the movies
sorry about tearing
sorry about tearing up
sorry about being so loud
sorry about being loud enough
sorry that I'm coming late to this
sorry about the lines of trust
sorry about all this thrusting

CALEB BECKWITH

PLANET FITNESS

peak performance
body shame

remote control
gentry threshold

critical mass
market icon

fossil fuel
heat check

prime day
jock itch

sans serif
start up

big box
yoga lunch

single speed
payroll ratio

yoga star
man child

high octane
third way

TREASURE ISLAND

resistant
gradation
consensus

unwound
alterity
wound

tripartite
bumpkin
logic

gender
neutral
balkanization

cove
mentality
feedback

backwater
life
pursuit

real
purchase
mandate

lazy
haymaker
river

taxed
imposter
syndrome

competitive
brat
model

redemption
narrative
mechanism

hippie
software
update

just
parlance
parade

creative
generational
debt

eroded
play
station

wellness
key
note

dialectical
coping
skills

stigmatized
depth
perception

hailing
back
matter

generic
content
mine

unleashed
allergy
awareness

geologic
time
card

imperial
air
conditioning

every
man
date

adjunct
hell
bent

sovereign
land
mine

scarcity
fad
diet

with
holding
company

site
specific
fetish

electric
car
aura

second
wind
stream

self
discovery
channel

state
craft
fair

plur
beach
patrol

week
end
theory

real
luxury
experience

DEATH VALLEY

acute energy
zodiac efficiency

fermentation landlord
maximalist key

inverse ambition
gentrification tax

low-key eddie
bauer edition

emissions restriction
eucalyptus mound

healthy enterprise
natural lighting

hot tub
sanctuary city

sliding scale
wait list

gaslight
fuel cell

art house
skills manual

displaced pedestrian
insight

layoff paranoia
video tutorial

private garage
tipping point

pace and space
support line

online exclusive
lifestyle brand

class traitor
google doc

life hack
privacy guard

slow and low
lifestyle creep

climate control
cultural capital

morning jaunt
dynamic palliative

white vanguard
property swarm

truck nuts
canopy mirage

aural induced
psychological flexibility

open source
alumni association

mauve obsessed
bass lick

tremor control
dictation software

zen center
realtor bump

cosmic exfoliation
lived flatness

CALIFORNIA

california,
nice to know ya

high time
to water the begonias

lest you pony
up a crew

repay each
implicit due

temperate as you
are blue

awash
with boyish mildew

I cordoned you off
from south cascadia

thinking we'd steal
away together

your honey weighed
upon my brow

furrowed now
like a furloughed cow

depression writ large
upon my heart

cast off home
like an old hair part

I won't budge
lest properly shoved

don't judge my love
till you've lugged my grudge

aged, abated, waylaid
full of so much hate

deign to cry
every time you try

could I
just die

for a slice
of pecan pie—

what's another couple years
dripping in the clear?

all that's here, well
worn like sheer

nothing left to fear
a new nadir

I miss my mother
I miss my father

I even miss
their idle prattle

time to shatter the
proverbial pancake batter

so what if life's a glass
of chardonnay?

it's still a gas
living by the bay

no city matches
caring complicity

urbane simplicity
charged erotic electricity

though it may not be easy
to find an authentic eatery

rest assured the sleazy
leave queasy

subject
to righteous teasing

legs astride, charm akimbo
smelling of wine and breath mints

this boondoggle
bobbles burritos

looking like
a malnourished flamingo

prone to paroxysms
sweeping solipsisms

acculturation becomes coastal
smoking cessation

ritual sublation begets
communal representation

collective identification
on a staycation

take it from
me, buddy

the bay bridge
blows easy

begrudging only
temerity

endearing everlasting
solidarity

in ad finitum
equanimity

SOPHIA DAHLIN

BUSINESS

for Bebe Huxley

My nose is incisive. I nose
what to do and does it. Yet mouthe
endless mealy queries
always never biting always simper
try to get a clear cut till I drool

yet my nose knows what to do.
My nose gives good nose.
I give good nose forward to the air,
pose a hard profile, make a point.
My face is a cloud! My face is a chord!
My face brings feeling to the phone!
It busies the phone line with tugs
sighs and hovers at the touch
the taunt of a freely floating hand

but that nose, though! Crispily!
You can lead me by the tit,
you can get big hands in my belly
my belly is wool! Dirty wool outdoors!
You can pry my legs they are clockwork
clock and unlock, you can guess
my thigh's rotations and anticipate
their halt. My head faints
easily with a little heat
and height. My palms are slick

not with sweat but what
I've grabbed, fistfuls of coconut
squeezed into butter, if you wrap me up
I can't slip away, and you can hook
a hand in my cooch and keep me,
can't you, though
you can't grab
my nose. My nose will look at you.
Gets what you do, it will not

falter in its condemnation. Brisk nose,
bright gate! My eyes are scum
limpid on the superficial face,
my wanton neck is just the size of hands,
if the hands know what they want.
But up front my nose abstains.
You can't take it.

HAPPY FAMILY

rainy Monday morning
plan B and a biscuit
can't concentrate on work
that's okay it's Aries season
home for the heroes
we'll all watch the shore
sun comes up with rosacea
boat pulls up to our toes

welcome to the birthday
of a memory of a baby
can you hold that memory
someone else's
in your current arms?
when you run you race the ground
your arms run alongside you
I think your feet fit
any ground that's forward
for instance walk-in closet
walk-out hung in purple
red and gold yes drip it

I'm glad you came to me today
when I opened this thought
out poked your chinhair
Aries I love include Xander
Frank and Ariel but there
are others and I love you too
I love you too
the morning still goes plat

plat on plastic awning
if I'd kept this maybe child
I'd have a Capricorn
no way no sirree bob I cannot
tidy up enough for such a person
catch me in June
let's get another Aries in

pretty Aries brave
and adamant and jumping over
constantly any contradicting ground

BODY OF WATER

seethe of grief
sea of salt grief
the sea I read is again unending
again each facet is continuous
each glint is just the tip of a blue meaning
who died today in Charlottesville
because a nazi man wanted her to
so he put his car where she was standing
she was breathing
when we learn her name it's another ocean
there is no person in whom pain ends
no weight that counterbalances a death

the city readied itself
it said
for a "sea of demonstrators"
but it was people and their sea
the counterprotestors
why does the fascist boot a face
a fascist doesn't trust the ground he's standing
wouldn't breathe the air he's bending
"sea of people"
the car "plowed" into it "sea of people"
a water of bodies
wash of love and loving rage
and in that sea and of that love
was a whole person who died
Heather a breath
of what was breathing

KIT ROBINSON

MONKISH

Corrugated lifespan
Tailored cords
A drink in one hand
Untangle the cable
Purified air

Turn on before opening envelopes
Same size as last week
Jangle of piano innards
Stretched across a bay
The rippling of fans

First, walk
Later, dance on air
There are sentences sound doesn't mess with
So silent they are written into the body
Then, head for the door

THOUGHT BALLOON

Translation is only the half of it
The same impulse animates dirt
To silently capture these moments
While so much else goes by unnoticed
Look out the window at your mind
That's what I'm talking about
Life in the present imperfect

Sit facing Japan
Vague light on bamboo
The Hohenzollerns never had it so good
King of Prussia Mall is nearly three million square feet
I just thought you'd like to know
The flaw in the Navaho rug is intentional
Hats off to the Great Spirit

Need to sweep up in here
Open the gates to the city
Coal dust covers everything
Condense into one solid brick
To represent our common crisis
Hands across the stratosphere
Hyper-conductivity rules

Emptiness is the mother of all
A patch of dirt a few seeds
Vast civilizations prosper
The timekeeper's tears keep flowing
Everything that can go wrong does
Yet we persist
Leaves the size of elephants' ears only green

THE TEMPORARY SITUATION

I got a friend request on brain book
Inured, is that a word?
Comments by Thursday
Talk to the hand
It's been a hard day's journey into night

Even in the beginning there is a feeling
Walking and talking for miles on end
To be idiomatic in a vacuum
It is a shining thing
Baron von Tollbooth and the Chrome Nun

It's getting so I can't even hear myself think
Rolling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds
And pack a lantern in case of blackout
Because the beach is right down the street
And anything can happen

You learn something every day
The way certain people have of moving
The shift from major to minor
The collective buzz
The temporary situation

As if any instance could be any other way
Thousands of answers to questions never asked
The long rain of centuries
Bathing the streets in light
So long until we meet again

MARKS ON PAPER

Marks on paper
Are all that matter
To a person lost
To the world
If only for a moment
When comes a knock
On the door
And in comes someone
Who needs help
Dressing a wound

So much trouble
In the world
Is ours to redress
But the poem is not
The place to address
All that is injured
Sick and tired
Except by way
Of letters
Their recombinant DNA

Incontrovertible
Improvisatory
Imagistic
Interior
Illuminated
In light of all that
Goes on around us
A jacket of letters
To walk around in
Wind picks up

I don't know what to say
Everything will be happy and sad
Rage builds up
Topples civilizations
Eons later
Bricks in the road
A new generation
Reorganizes your phone
Gene sequencing
Makes very little noise

What can be assigned a number
That which cannot
Something swims out
The drift of cigarette smoke
From off camera
In an interview
From the 60s
A contemplative moment
No one is laughing
Then they do

SEEING AS HOW

Seeing as how
You don't know what you don't know
Rhymes arrive by special delivery
With mobile, global, and white-label options
Because the day is long
As long as you're up
And tells a story
As long as you arm
The sense of duration
Is illusory
When you come to think of it
Because nothing lasts forever
And we are gathered here together
On the head of a pin
So start walking

Neither a broadcaster nor a listener be
But walk directly home
Head down hands in pockets
Take in the dog and put out the cat
Probably do this early a.m. here
So maybe midnight there
As the world turns over
And goes back to sleep
Under cloud cover
Like a false clue in a detective book

Wind against the sun in windows
Opens a trap door to memory
By being there first
A neat trick
The width and breadth of a continent

Where am I in all this?
A poem could last a whole day
Its stresses can stress you out
If you're not careful
You can't be too careful
Are you putting me on?
Put another record on
Put a jacket
I'm sitting on a low wall on 10th Street writing this on my phone
That's where

What about the reader, where is she?
You tell me
What's on the line is immediacy
Divided by contingency
Equals transitivity
A key property of both partial order relations
And equivalence relations
According to Wikipedia
Let's stop here and rest a minute
The world is large
And cannot be taken in at a glance
But we are on top of it
Sitting side by side
On a front porch swing
On the Continental Divide

From here the ocean looks endless
Bottom line: many fishes
For fishes no end to water
For birds no end to air
For humans no end to talking
Walking and talking
Taking things as they come
Other points of interest
Other lines of thought
Other planes of there

GREETINGS FROM THE EDGE
for Norman and Kathie

Deep inside the marine layer
Nothing but rain wind and fog
Not to mention grammar
The grammar of dreams
Between the covers of a book
Read long ago
In a foreign city

How long how long
The delicate vastness of indecipherability
The earth accedes to the watery onslaught
The runoff enters the ocean
Greetings from the edge
As far away as possible without exiting entirely
Clinging to the continent

The sleep of reason produces monsters
Liars thieves tyrants bullies charlatans
Who prize only money and power
Care not at all for human beings
To say nothing of the earth
Her flora fauna water and air
Now poised at a delicate balance

Oceanic systems move slowly
A hummingbird still in rainy midair
The life of the turtle one hundred years
Time is neither here nor there
The cat cries out for attention
Life and death do not rhyme
The sky is white

Elephants geishas turtles Buddhas whales
Beets flowers eggs starfish lions
The mind is restless
Always looking for something
A list of things to do under heavy rain
Time is under development
Space is upside down

NICOLE TRIGG

[ABYSS-FUL OF WATER]

glow in dying definitely
glow dying indefinitely
in dying definitely glow, or

the glitter pours light instantly away
cascade from my body sounds like metal
in corners like I don't need it anymore

surprised, I didn't know it wasn't part of me
that shimmer you saw when you approached
now from the right, now the left, now look at these two boats in the same picture
plane from every angle

you stored time you cancelled it you held it higher
that that living shimmer could tip and pour off the top
undying undressing undeserving

all day long you begin to think
there is no end to the shimmer that keeps spilling so cold it's hot
as your color grades down your sheen is bearing over

aren't you well?, expendable superabundance of silver
bile for your trouble
baby born 'neath a sign

a mark that flared open
while you tuned your ears to their voice
you meant to write something someone could understand

where the pen tip froze instead, and bled
a shape condensed from breathing

[JANUARY 3, TUESDAY, NEW DEAL]

I'm given stacks of change
It isn't mine

I leave tomorrow
I'd rather participate

I want to pretend
I throw in I throw in

I throw it all away
What didn't matter

What they gave to me
I played to blow them away

Put on a price
You can't put a price on

Your wildest dreams
Would they remember me?

Were my feelings real?
I'll raise you

Because I may as well
Tell me, how I am doing

What I am doing
You know I have nothing

How do I look
Please give me a number:

I ask for three cards
I return to the place that I live
Call everyone I know in succession

[GATE, GATE, PARAGATE, PARASAMGATE]

I wanted something

Not only plastic

I could touch

I was permeable

What I felt

What I needed to feel

Loved me to feel it

Loved to feel me kneading it

When the meaning stops

Like it never started

Like some will say

Whatever

Your story is still

Inside the house that I made

Back when I had some time to myself

Like a building

I made it for everyone

– to last –

Lean back to move forward

When the signs I staked

To show the body where to go

Not being read by the body

Meant nothing – despite words being there

Once when writing became routine

Such was the space known

By the body parts moving altogether:

The worn ground

Oiled handles

Turnstiles

Tipped, rusted

Till exhumed

The old signs began again

To matter

Clutter – Clatter

on the rocks
of the out n out
on the brink
of the edge
on the fringe
of the fumes
of the vapor trail

How some people get to play animals
How some saltshakers look like animals that look like people
How some people are treasures

Sunshine of my life
My very own
Pick one pastel – That will be you
Powder blue
Even your little face

GONE, GONE

TOTALLY GONE

TOTALLY, COMPLETELY, GONE



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FDT

THE BAY/NYC
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Green slender berries mixed
with NyQuil and colored paste

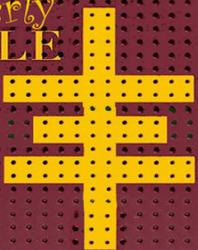






THIS IS OUR
LAST CHANCE

Elderly
BIBLE



▶ 02:37 ◀

