

## Heart and Foot

### Tell Tale

I never want to write anything down again  
wait it is that I do not want to speak  
I have seen my totem  
silent  
The Totem

I have seen that that totem's  
silent tail,  
broad nose and humble wait  
are a seelearn language  
where to eat and pay visits

A weight for centuries to be called  
must-see art by the sea  
that's how it goes  
you listen they want to kill your ears  
speak and it's a knife at the soft patch at the cleft of your collar bone

When you rest  
you are history  
A Tall-As-Totem Tale

## Heart and Foot

### Wrong Song

I wonder how I get  
off those 99 cent meals  
out of yelling hallways  
Past day-broken flesh  
night-washed pillows resting angrily on the floor

I never laid stone for a separate road  
thought there was salted pork and a phone book wrapped-up  
and hanging on a pin oak  
for future service somewhere  
Suddenly,

Energetically, I am an old lady  
who worked like a dog  
I describe another time  
I describe a pendulum from a high-backed chair  
to a dusty grave, a past life

Before rocking progress  
Maybe before the water of heritage got drank  
pissed  
and ran down to wherever  
for Office

Active in the invisible space  
called Bone. Maybe  
they called me Heavy

Do the work of erasing my skin with your own hands  
some service, hand to hand or hat in hand  
just don't ever call it  
love  
don't ever call this drum

Beating politics  
honest  
work  
I know work (you no work)  
I have forgotten everything but work

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**this burst of energy the energy in the room now has an uptick, write something**

A Break in Grieving:  
the feeling that is you  
untightening itself from my belly  
growing tall to play at my jaw  
for a moment, I love you and the things that have come to us,  
came

I even love the makeunlucky people that took  
those things away

I walk to community college  
in hard whites of this fucking winter  
I see myself envisioning myself menaced by a muddled mirror murder of myself  
In my mind, cleaved  
into pieces by all matter of saws and axes. This vision,  
spectacular occasional wobbled loop of sacrifice  
of just dying just for being too small,  
rolls me back and away

I am in years of Brooklyn and school I am  
where I directed the vision

Produced it to walking down Dean Street to high school  
walking to actually wanting to kill myself  
not even having cotton gloves  
It was loud along the three-mile-per-hour traffic  
Here in Pittsburgh  
I pass the dead summer site of the farm stands alone  
I hear buzzing and sharpening blades

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### Afternoon

The afternoon I ran into the little blonde boy I used to babysit:

He is big

Time has made a difference  
his hand small still  
Larger and un-massaged by baby oil  
dry  
atop my hand

Can still pick him up

The weight of him swings and hangs different  
and his hair has pushed out a red  
One day he will have a beard that color  
I hear a rasp in him  
his body hasn't changed much

Thickened and drier...

He's wrapped in new skin!  
I'm newly bound by concern  
Any sleeping I have done  
may have aged this child some  
or I have become his contemporary

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### Ain't No Sense In Wishin'

I wish to speak only

Deaf at the edge, you liar in a bed

I wish to be to new and through

I wish to be through with me with you

I wish to be through to without you

I wish to be too me to be

I wish to see you too but it's me through and through

I wish to hear through to the fact of you

I wish to face you but it's the back of me

I want to back you

I wish you back with no love

I am too small-backed

I wish to be be be

To please be

I wish to be apart from under you

I wish to be under

So let's take a couple days

Cuz,

I mean,

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Ain't no sense in sitting in wishin'