

### III POEMS

#### THE INSTRUMENT

Thank you for reading!

## I.     SNAKES FEET

The woman plunged her  
Plastic cup into a field of ice.  
Walking under the gun perpetually  
Recalling past summers, relieved tortures,  
until finally settling her nerves on a familiar  
scent, savoring the sensation, the slimy carpet forming  
Beneath her feet – walking her like a Segway  
To a place, a flutter - a locker room -  
that picks up the number “6”.

If she steps through  
The swinging doors,  
If She steps through a memory  
A partially blocked body  
Stacked on top of her

Disappointed solitude,  
And survivors’ guilt,  
Is placed beyond the fence.

Through the haze  
In Manicured gold  
And caddy shacks,  
thirteen Parts of the skin  
begin to glisten  
Like polished fruit.  
In hesitation she turns  
a steel clock peels her  
mouth open,  
as a flashing purple,

The body took in.  
The Opening proceedings  
Look for careful  
eternal incarceration,  
a life worn and stripped  
at an expanding birth  
from the backs of deaths’  
days; the fore friends know  
a dream ending soon –  
as It sought to erase  
a lot of what that they all had  
been through in the era  
hosted towards  
survivals end.

## Gleaming Obsidian

The skylight presents itself in some  
secret way, ringing white neon

as its' chambers are linked by passages  
of spindled detail panels in the empty alcoves  
made of a particular entrance;  
a forgotten purpose of ten-meter intervals -

twenty years ago, uneven globes  
barely moved. Like an exit-less melody,

Here is a home that is no more home  
to hers than a frayed off, fragmented  
pottery that acts like a twisting muscle;

than a Haitian map.

a watchdog as I am  
glancing the edges off  
a symbol upon a cockroaches' wings:

it urges a human shell to  
gently reads out and punctuate

the soft cling  
Of the candelabrum.

## The Makeup Of Rosie Whitley.

For two hundred years  
I was willing to be  
apart of Africa for  
scattered fish.

Like a boarded tram  
once your down  
the intercepted  
flock variegate  
and transport  
the wheels that trample along

a nest, warm between the ribs,  
with an overtly twisted root

a pliable sullen gleam  
deep yellow beams  
like scattered holes  
illuminate all the apparitions

that mock a villager's sight.

Midway, cliffs of violent speed stretch headlong  
and fail! but unhurt from it – It pursues length  
embedded in a bright lawn

of broken rocks in between, that part and dip  
its pathway,

She is a sombrous diamond  
Knelt and unaltered; quilt back  
And look into its glass.

'It see's only what it wants to see'  
And the vitals of static  
submerged in it

the strangers! My eyes are fixed.  
From the black, between the barren walls  
the shelter of sawdust  
I am new! And I tug away softly,  
At it's mute distress.

## Informed Against Me:

Nothing was represented in its flourishing  
condition except for the tools and weapons,  
knives and axe's bright and sharp,  
and heavy, steel-based hammers,  
too great to carry – the gunstock,  
murderous.

The kennel ran down the middle  
of the street.  
Sounds were only made during  
heavy rains – such eccentric fits,  
such smallness and devotion  
to a remote region, a dark  
earth; that when they went in  
the houses,  
the tenants, some inbred, others,  
a new phylogeny –  
each, so small, took their fluttering military  
lanterns, as if they were souls, as if they saw  
the arc of the unmoved, so suffered and done,  
and simply surrendered.

Into the gallery, the elderly sit and acknowledge  
by bending heads, and glancing at the  
interchange of Christian names passing down  
a narrow passage - the gulf, swaying  
on each side.

One woman is found  
bending low over the process  
of shoemaking, perhaps,  
it was the faintness of solitude,  
as if she was, opposite  
to the buried man,  
whom dug out,  
as if in disuse, wondered  
if one could be  
swooned by the sight  
of blood.

And then a man says,  
once deeds are turned into kitchens and sculleries,  
and all the fat, stripped from the parcels found in  
a cesspool of a misspent life, one sees,  
politics.

one sees how their plate was stowed away  
while off, busy, blinking into a dismal twilight.

And into a dingy window,  
a shower bath of mud,  
like a man, woman -  
there is heaving shake,  
away from form,  
there is a calm  
that is to yield to all storms that follow,  
as ones (Is offered) holds (up) a conglomerate of bodies  
to cure  
the silence, that strokes one towards  
a human destiny.