

Below the Knees Standing Wide Apart

I have been below the knees standing wide apart, holed up in the midst of the
Embrace. I knew myself to be prepared or so they said and I thought
We were ready for our instruction, but it sat a heavy nail upon the ground and widened each
window two-fold or even three-fold.
Allowed entrance based on its merit or its life expectancy,
A birth allowed by the veteran hospitals again and again in the midst of
Mass. A cry from the Kyrie spills over, into and out of me. In a moment,
I am a dried out mass of raisin leftover from whoever tore through me. I can fly but only five and
a half feet off the ground and you are in between,
Part of and through me you dance out into the blazing dark, the world around kissed by villain
And villain again and I desperately want to weed you with a careful hand,
But you are moving too fast. I can feel you squish around inside and I pat my orbic extension
long past the pounding
Of your steady feet. I can smell you up and choking and out through the nostrils, you are
backwards,
Playing my heartbeats in reverse, out and over and remember what it was like
When you were just a silly thought and now I desperately hope that you are and are not,
Cause I know your name, but I can't seem to whisper it, though you can hear through the
cellophane wall. A baby membrane rattles down and over and all my hairs rise and shake about
on my
Brain like a clot, or a drown or there is too many thoughts or people
And then there is silence in the silver breathing tight between my knees
And we are three...two...one.

An Exercise on Counting Up

She has been teaching for so long that she owns the stage, she knows its length and is able to measure it in strides:

V-Step 2-3-4, 5-6-7-8, 1-2-3-4, 5-6-, Alright now, down-2-and up-4-And down-2-And up.

You can't smell while moving but the gym is a blur of sweat-lines, streaks and rolled up mats. They are never told to stand in lines, but it must be human nature to -

Adjust the wireless again. It has been slipping more often and tends to crackle at least once a session burning through every sensitive ear:

Okay and back to the center. We are going to raise those knees-6-7-8, 1-2-3-4.

She dyes it, but every once in a while, she knows the grey roots show around her bald-spot, right where the mirrors have a hard time to show -

He has grown tired, he is right at the front and one of only two men who consistently show. Fiercely competitive, she desperately knows the feeling and tries to hide her concern behind the hard-effort tough-but-fair face that she dresses on before jogging up the steps. He is breathing hard, and one of these days he will strain something:

And to the side-2-3-Clap, Back-2-3-Clap.

She can't quit. There are too many people that need to know how much God loves them. There are too many who need to learn how to work hard -

In class, she could whistle between her teeth and the teacher wouldn't know who it was, but she was too stupid or something they said, cause reading hurt her eyes and *maybe she needs glasses:*

And again, go down-2-and up-4-and down.

She feels it shudder through her body before her foot thumps the floor. All in a moment, she is lost in the curvature of her veins as every ant she has ever known crawl up her left leg.

Stopping is too easy and she is never one to quit, not when she knows the floor and her standing and she is speaking but she can't hear words that are playing out loud but not in her head

-5-6-7-8, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

Each stomp is bombshell drop 4 on the pain-index. She can smell her sweat and she never smells it until she is in the shower.

Rhythm is pushing faster and faster, at the same time sitting 116 BPM. The words are in her head now and are screaming, but she cannot stop:

1-2-3-4.

She feels them on their own feet, struggling to keep time:

5-6-7-8.

They are desperate, and she needs to be there:

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, And lift-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

And-1.

4:51 on Rue Sainte-Catherine

I watch the theater streets. Wild and wet and monstrous at every early hour chime,
Filled to the brim with shadows spawned of luminescent spheres that bittersweet each closing
sign
Across the rippling streets. I watch the troupe
Stand in their place. Arms intertwined and filled to the brim with one final smoke
Emulating hopeless, with faces contorted as they practice the daily script
Reaching further and further into history, dragging Shakespeare from his grave to shout
Mutinuous poetry along their heady row. I watch the stage-lights rise
And the music of experimental Montreal burst like God-filled columns of smoke
Along the Trans-Canadian, gurgling from the pits below the city-streets. I hear the worms squeal,
And the toothless miaoulet to the chorus of the world. I watch the set-lamps wander off,
Quick and sporadic, and below them sleep hooded men hacking God-speed wifi in their dreams
Lying their age to the army for a pair of extra arms. And clumped center-stage is a blanket
Rising and falling with every hacking cough, family crowded below. I watch them steal smokes
Where there aren't any and dart back and forth like demons from the Cycle.
Hideous faces screech from tunnels and crosswalks and everyone rolls a beer down the mountain
Scoring points based on potholes, which cost a Brossard-fortune to implement mid-Scene.
The special effects are all corny or loud or obscured by mist, but I can't help it,
Cause the scene is so real, and I keep avoiding their eyes.