

## Five Poem on Breathing + the Earth

We, equilibrium

We are suspended  
above your death  
bed. Skin hangs, sullen,  
yellowed, off your bones.

A harness pulls  
your bony shoulders  
toward the ceiling.  
Face, arms, fingers,  
spindly legs—stretching  
to the floor beneath us.

I do not feel  
my extremities. I am  
aware of each mote of dust  
that comes to rest  
on my skin. My heart  
beats. Lungs fill.  
Hair follicles tighten.  
You are silent.

I whisper your name  
again and again and again.  
Remember me. Call out.  
Your angular chest cavity  
rises one half of an inch.  
My pulse surges,  
and I rasp out to you.

I want to grasp  
your knot-curved head—  
plunge my fingers deep  
into your temples and bathe  
myself in the pools of  
memory, thought and desire.

But before I can reach you,  
my own harness releases.  
I lose control of my limbs.  
You are dragged through  
the white ceiling tiles.

My body drops to  
the unyielding floor.

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### Loam

Fragrance of the ground beneath our soles. Morning  
after rainfall. Scooping dirt with small hands.  
Arms reaching to join damp tree limbs.  
Two pinches of pine, one dew-red holly berry,  
one scoop of soft earth from the grass-fringe.  
Sinking fingernails like the mother fox. We gather  
the twigs left by thunderclouds—knobbed and silken.  
Using rotten ends to mash like the mother bird.  
Pulping into new life—joyful regurgitation.  
Droplet hours. Small fingers using bark  
like brush—administering the potion  
onto patches of the trunks.

(ould) sod

follicles        stretched        hesternal cairns  
 body    malleable—earth  
 circumstances        primaeval: cortical kings?  
   algor mortis / livor mortis / rigor mortis  
 putrescine cadaverine        adipocere—preservation  
 vows woven        unwoven  
 fill the earth    gorge        exhume—coffin birth  
 graves upon graves: pure gift        putrefaction  
   genealogy theory        fog marsh  
 golden        dense        vapor  
 deoxyribonucleic acid        encoding  
 markers        *Cuiridh mi clach air do chàrn*  
   Céide Fields calcium        peatland carbon dioxide  
       “Great”—Ghrelin  
*sea-stores*        *consider no longer*  
 sepulchral cairns        mute

Can you repeat your question, please?

*I'm sorry, I don't understand:*

Siri help me? I'm a frayed she will walk out  
on meat. I can't help being deep pressed  
and an as whole. But she won't listen  
for ship. She just reminds me how  
much of a full cup I am, and how I always  
dessert her. And it's not like I don't dry,  
yesterday I bought her flour—  
roses. But she said I didn't care,  
because I should know  
her favorite flowers are dazed.  
I donut know what two do.  
I done oh—how much I have left.  
I donut know. Sit. What to do, Siri?  
What due? Siri?

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Please see.