

*The Disruption II*

They are dredging the pond

the new brown landscape only  
half a shock, not frightening  
dug-up leaves crumpled around each other  
in dirt, body sized

this is something I've seen or only  
half seen  
tried to talk to as if what happened didn't matter  
to us: the leaves and me

we've entered November heavily  
with the strength I needed to be  
here

listen: I need to tell you something about sitting at that table  
with stringy hair after a shower, shoving pills  
down a cat's throat  
rotting alive, because we cannot talk to each other  
as if I've never been unrecognizable

they are dredging the pond

the trees are silent, they know  
sometimes ponds need to be dredged  
the edges of the water have iced and the same geese as last year leave again  
to come back in April

*For my mother and/or the friend whose love only reaches so far*

Ostensibly, for all intents  
and purposes, summer ends  
when the wildfire smoke hits.  
For all intents and purposes, my life ends  
once a year ever since.

No part of me is child-bearing,  
I am bones without flesh.

I wouldn't want to anyway, no part of me  
deserves womanhood. I am a child-creature  
my mother forgot to feed.

August fog paints sunlight and moonlight the same  
dirty orange;  
I'd swap out my skin for a cleaner one if you wanted.

No part of me is art-bearing,  
I am soul without vision, a mess  
like you said:

no part of me could ever be loved  
by you, unfortunately

I wouldn't want anything else.

Our last exchange through glass,  
I think it's safer here  
without miracles. I leave you  
a lilac, you leave me.

As they douse the redwoods I am starting to believe  
that healing isn't forcing yourself devoid of all grief  
but finally, finally  
letting yourself drown in it.

*Tether / Dream*

1.  
Moving into July like  
an ambulance, already  
it's been half a year

all the changes undefined, you even took  
seasons from me

I tried, I pulled every thread  
from every seam  
I tried  
and you wouldn't leave the arteries

but I know exactly how you make sure  
to never be anywhere  
I've ever been or anywhere  
I will ever go

2.  
In dreams I explain everything  
but I don't remember if you were there  
in dreams I sing to you

and then, in late November, in late  
afternoon, you could have been playing my father's guitar

my heart doesn't beat quite right anymore  
since you went quietly  
from me, they strap me into EKGs and half  
my heart is gone

in dreams I find you  
and we all play a game at the table but it's me  
you've wanted to see

it's July in your arms, I said  
I haven't seen you half in a year

said the wild horse of the coyote: *it's never happy*

3.  
And here we are  
pretending to be strangers

maybe someday I won't have to look for you  
in every doorway

if you are me  
and we like to exist in threshold-like-places  
I have already passed through  
every liminal with you and will again  
and again

but here it rains all June  
and all July  
and will again  
because you can only talk to me in stoned dreams

and if I am  
you, there is something I'm not listening to  
that you must have said  
in a doorway somewhere

before we woke up  
already forgetting, in the grass

*...It Wasn't That*

I thought going under for twenty minutes  
a dose of Propofol  
would make the years without myself irrelevant  
a diagnosis

so I wouldn't have to have been in that parking garage elevator  
with two strange men  
or my sickness would have been damage  
only intestinal  
I wouldn't have to have been glassy-eyed  
in a car with someone I'd never love

could this be the answer to end all the answers I wanted?  
it's fine  
it started at birth  
you got this from your mother  
genetic depression  
from too much bread

I would drive away from the hospital  
peace  
after a physician came up with *Celiac*

what then of revelation? what then  
of screaming and purging the weight of it all?

years of losing my brain to laminate floors  
and gritty carpet and the corners of my lips  
to a bathroom mirror wondering  
who

this  
was  
could be *Celiac*

with one appointment I could turn the reason I needed to die into *Celiac*—my god

on the water  
speaks to me and says I will not be made irrelevant  
I am more than villi  
more than atrophy  
I will not be seen that way  
with a camera  
down your throat

*Every June Was Spent*

Every June was spent  
(high) it will always be the last month  
I ever spoke to you  
    (do you still hear your name?)

you post a video of a child warrior  
the day after my inner child told me  
(only me) that she is more of a warrior  
than I am

I remember now  
I think you knew

every October just  
a feeling of a feeling  
separated by degrees ever widening  
    (asking for a friend: can a memory of a feeling  
    count as the feeling itself?)

how is the memory of a feeling of me  
sitting with you?

just a memory of the feeling of allowing  
of dancing by the fire  
when no one else would

let the emptiness come (me without you)  
everything that falls away  
let it  
leave it bared  
open red muscle to the dust  
let it fill with wandering and the call  
to that vicious light