

The Marsh Hawk Press Review (Spring 2014)

Edited by Mary Mackey

Contents

Al Young.....	3
DID SHE WHO MADE THE LAMB.....	3
MAKE THE MGM LION, TOO?	3
Susan Terris	4
Dogged: No Speculation Is Idle	4
Fire: All Poets Are Liars	5
Present: All Men Are Islands.....	5
Eileen R. Tabios.....	7
(THE SECRET OF HER HAPPINESS	7
Paul Pines.....	9
CONCEPCION ISLAND.....	9
FISH MAGIC.....	10
EMPTY BEAUTY OF THE TROPICS	11
Marge Piercy.....	13
Loving clandestinely.....	13
Of course I'm always truthful.....	14
We used to be close, I said.....	15
Jane Ormerod	16
Five Against the House.....	16
Dennis Nurkse.....	18
The Lures.....	18
Daniel Morris	20
Found: Chet Notes On <i>The Aenied</i>	20
Briefcase.....	20
The Shapes of Chet to Come.....	21
Stephen Paul Miller.....	22

PHOTO POST	22
Danny Kaye	22
HERE COMES SUNNINESS	22
Joshua McKinney.....	24
Before the Bringing Forth	24
Sandy McIntosh	25
Military School Thug	25
Richard Loranger	27
UPON READING SOMETHING	27
Burt Kimmelman	29
Photos from Somewhere	29
Avocados, Winter.....	29
Joan Gelfand	30
Russian River Watershed	30
Edward Foster	32
Three segments from Requiem	32
Norman Finkelstein.....	34
Previously Classified Document.....	34
Thomas Fink	36
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF CONTRIBUTION	36
Thomas Fink and Maya Diablo Mason.....	37
JUST ADD WATERS	37
Claudia Carlson.....	38
Dear Librarian,.....	38
Vacuum Tubes.....	39
Commute on the 1 Train.....	40

Al Young

**DID SHE WHO MADE THE LAMB
MAKE THE MGM LION, TOO?**

Did she who made the lamb make the MGM lion, too?
No Hollywood hurrah, no roar, no Big Sur purr
can coolly calm or claim you, whether for weeks
or days or nights you blow cold or warm or you blow
wet or hot or not at all. Tell us now, will you tango?
Will you waltz? Will you boogie? Will you guaguancó?
Will you even dance? Or just throw down and march?

Marshlands of the Golden State, all you ancient,
mushy wetlands — baylands, swamps, marshes,
bogs; lungs of our coastlines, raw river- and lake-
and creek-sweetening filters — unite! You've still got
plenty to lose. From Long Beach to Fremont
to Arcata, Sacramento and Sheep Ranch on up
to the Great Washoe Basin, you'd better watch yourselves.
In the run-off and run-up to spring anything goes.

© Al Young

Susan Terris

Dogged: No Speculation Is Idle

Idle is as idle does. If I ate a live frog each morning,
and I had a million bucks—or if I looked like

Salma Hayek. . . . Speculations (this one's inert),
not something tossed lightly, often arrow

right into the quick. Quick is a problem with all
speculation: stock market, greyhound races,

jai alai. Cesta is the word to remember there,
crescent-moon basket to help score points.

Or a 4 leaf clover or falling star might turn idle
to active. Unreliable, though. I might be

(active speculation coming) a better creature,
if I were a Golden Retriever: feed me, walk me,

throw me a ball. Let me curl up and sleep beside
you in your warm bed. Or (final speculation)

if I were a Stepford Wife, I might be able
to fit my round body, into the square of this life.

Fire: All Poets Are Liars

And all poems are opaque. Some maxims are so true/
false it's hardly worth putting pen to paper.

Yet, if it quacks like a duck, it might be a one-year-old
girl or an educated mynah bird.

If it floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee,
it might not be Cassius Clay or Mohammed Ali.

If wishes were horses, poets would not only ride,
but they'd crack whips, shout *yippee-ti-yi-yo*,

and fire their weapons into the sky. If poets told
the truth, ma'am, nothing but the truth,

no one would ever read them. For any poet,
opaque or not, the truth is always the same old lie.

Present: All Men Are Islands

Mistrust generalizations. I know a man who
knows how to cry and mean it, who can say he's

sorry and be sincere. He's quick to smile and can
be Butch Cassidy or the hero of any buddy movie.

He'll shop for groceries, do laundry, hold a red
umbrella to shield you from the rain. But he picks

up his email at 9:30, 4:30, and 9:30, and there is something obsessive about his neatness.

He'd rather listen to or talk about you than say anything personal. It seems he's not always present

when he's present—ask his ex-wives. He does desert island himself. I wish he were more of an isthmus.

Eileen R. Tabios

(THE SECRET OF HER HAPPINESS)

When she first discovered
bliss
it was inappropriate

surfacing right after
felling her mother
to her knees. She was
oblivious for she was 16
as she stood on a stool
overflowing with pink polyester

Her mother bowed her head
to pin the dress care-
fully to shorten its hem
Looking down at her
mother she noticed a
hairless area on the scalp
of one she had considered—
resented for being—invincible

Never had her mother
looked so naked

as if her mother did not possess
two university degrees, a house
with no mortgage, the sagacity
to differentiate between cruelty
and “magnificent indifference”

Yet the daughter stayed her
hand that would have reached
forward to raise *Mama*
from her knees, to empty

her Mama's mouth of pins

Bliss deferred only temporarily
the start of a series
of dreams, always ending
with waking to discover herself
sitting in the middle of
the bed, sheets flung off
her body, fingers still
twitching from the root
of this dream: a physical
memory of caressing her
mother's pink scalp, such
fragile flesh except for
a single strand of hair
lying across the exposed
landscape: a thin strand
of hair mimicking a welt

that simply refused to abate

Paul Pines

CONCEPCION ISLAND

23 miles S/E of Cat Island

2.75 miles long

2 miles across at its
widest point

surrounded on its N/E and S sides
by reef

watering place
and sanctuary for birds

but otherwise
uninhabited

reminds me once again
that

*all worlds are
small worlds*

clustered
or standing alone

each with
its own evolutionary
history

atolls
of longing

the hardened shale
of volcanic anger

*all worlds are
small worlds*

variations

hedged by reefs
or mangroves
held

in the embrace
of imaginary
coordinates

FISH MAGIC

consciousness

swims

weightless

through the world

the world

through

it

what

will not register

in the balance

against a

feather

conscious

of itself

submerged

in us

EMPTY BEAUTY OF THE TROPICS

Concepcion
is an uninhabited island
that lies flat on the horizon
a crescent harbor on its western side

where we swim past coral heads
to a white sand beach

banana birds perch
on sea grape beyond
dunes full of sea-oats
& white August lilies
shaped like stars

framed at each end
by volcanic rock

we descend into scrub
palmettos ripe w/ rufus hummingbirds
imagining 15th Century Spaniards
who'd never seen anything
beyond the *Canarias*
push on to find
a fresh water pond
and shade trees

dark heart
at the center
of a jungle

a sudden loneliness
that stopped them from settling here
sent them in search of other lands
to conquer and enslave

a form of intimacy
to comfort men
so far from
home

Marge Piercy

Loving clandestinely

I carried my love for you hidden
like cash stuffed into a bra.
Cooking, cleaning, sitting with
friends, I was secretly absent,
my inner attention cocooned
around your face.

I called myself idiot. Fan-
tasy was a drug; I was its
addict, rushing to consume
it every moment. I dreamed
the impossible escape
to your bed.

It was like a song I couldn't
keep from taking over
my brain where it repeated
repeated repeated. Stupified
with desire, nothing I did
was quite real.

Only those moments we stole
before planes, in the woods,
while he went off with girl
friends or buddies, that
was my true and only life
until it was.

Copyright 2014 Marge Piercy
Box 1473, Wellfleet MA 02667
hagolem@c4.net

Of course I'm always truthful

Lying's easy but can suffocate:
not the quick minnow lies, so sorry;
I'm late because of an accident.
I never got the letter; the bill.

The dog ate my alibi. No, the giant
lies you live in like a bad apartment.
He's going to leave his wife. Of
course I still love you. I never

did, said anything like that, never
fucked him. Never promised. Never
told. I was very close with my father.
Never touched the stuff, ever.

The lies you think will unlock a door,
ease your way, avoid a scene. But they
surround you, embracing, choking
till you know you will never be free.

Copyright 2014 Marge Piercy
Box 1473, Wellfleet MA 02667
hagolem@c4.net

We used to be close, I said

I gripped you like a speckled serpent
sinewy, twisting in my tiring arms
finally breaking free to bite me.

I thought us more alike that we
ever were. In part we invented
each other in a clouded mirror.

We talked, oh long into the night
but did we ever listen? What
did we hear but our wishes?

I gave and you graciously
accepted and then I resented.
When is my turn that never came?

The turning came: the scorpion end
with the poison sting in its tail.
The polychrome egg of our friend-

ship broke open and the rot within
dyed the air mustard yellow. How
long ago that embryo must've died.

Copyright 2014 Marge Piercy
Box 1473, Wellfleet MA 02667
hagolem@c4.net

Jane Ormerod

Five Against the House

Arriving at the incurious worldwide city
I remove the door

11:00 pm within this new silence
Thereafter a fraction

Please keep back—
Within this silence, discover frenzy

11:03 the night before
Far from the murmur of frenzy
Let the bird abide in the ashes.
The sobbing bird
The preaching bird.
I float to sleep

Every I, every silence
I count the doors, recount the low pale cats

Never was planned for the despaired
Splashing daybreaks came, then drained away
I am looking for another form of daylight time

They put it down, I pick it up.
I add to yesterday's pebble arrangements
I grip a torch for the flaming pious (and ain't it
a blinding shame to blame the first fist of nightfall
on the ache)

Look! Plenty of standing room only
Visit the third floor for the next game
There are no doors, everyone is welcome
Every body nursed

I see cuteness, plastic and woven souvenirs
Pamphlets proclaiming *There Is No Way!*
There's no way to dig up or out
Such is faith, fate, and the stalling of love

Everyone has loose teeth
Everyone rocks on their personalized rocker
Fro and to, fro and to
Away, and a way to be weighed

Fear the gentlemen
Fear the gentlemen
Bolt the door, drop the latch
This is the field
This is the attic above the field
The field with a trapdoor, a vestibule
A doubt

Fear the gentlemen
This is the dressing room

These are abstracted mountains
A week of cream cheese

Fear the gentlemen

This is a rig, a handcart
A pressed down and crowded crime

Fear the gentlemen, fear the gentlemen

Please stand back
There is bleeding architecture

I see something necessary in this bleating glass

Dennis Nurkse

The Lures

I died. A worm ate me, then a fish.
I was wandering under the lily pads
in Culver Lake when the child caught me
with a Royal Coachman wet fly
and pulled me back to daylight.

I recognized nothing in this world
(I had been gone so long)
except the sun: and the child
who was fishing illegally cut me free
from my armature of fins and scales,
glancing warily at the pines.

He mixed me with green mud
and kneaded me into a lump
with fixed eyes which he fashioned
out of mica and gooseberries.

He worked fast and by nightfall
I was all Self and the midges
drove me wild with their pointless drone—
grievance, so it's always grievance!

A father's voice came ranting
from Chalk Point, and the child
wiped his leader with a bay leaf
and stowed it in his tackle box.

He arranged the sinkers
in little numbered compartments
and taught me the lures
before he left: Parmachene Belle,
Wabash, and Ginger Quill.

If I see them again
I'll glide off into deeper water.

Daniel Morris

Found: Chet Notes On *The Aenied*

Gods are always intervening, causing mischief, tired of
Traveling, spurring women on, hinting, putting forth
Parallel questions, especially after the funeral games. “Madness
Beyond Belief!” says Ascanius to Iris. Such cravings
In Women of Lavenium, such stirring of hearts, there are so many fires
To put out. I sometimes think we should just remain other people.

Briefcase

Of migraine train
I'm afraid minor
remains funny junk.

Diane knows she and that
Valentine Flirt.
Whored her migraine until
phrased out. Unlike
morphine, Diane run out. More like
brain entrapment, however.
Or vanilla company. Former
dignitary of the Pyrenees –

mirror side of border town,
reflecting shit on his boots.

Reciprocal latitude

The Shapes of Chet to Come

In memory of

Nuclear

Recovery Week please send

Ornette heirloom

horn exposing

tootlessness sincere toy of

deliverance in pawned

maroon

sweater momentarily arresting

shame damage fortunately

will dry

breath if you varnish

while you wreck

Stephen Paul Miller

PHOTO POST

The white of your shorts pocket lining
matches the little Frosted Flakes bag.
You are nothing but birth suspicious
the grounds of your birth have been
lifted, you stay at the corner
of the picture and
away from me,
connected to a thread.

Danny Kaye

Each new thing is a
 scent
And why shouldn't it
 be a unit of reading.
There's no motion, only
 ease,
Words precise because
 they rise directly
After each forgetting there's
 telling you about
The moment that's the
 reductive time.
The birds rat-tat-tat
The romance set in love
 Boy, I'm external.

HERE COMES SUNNINESS

Here comes sunniness.
He draws a sunny color
and becomes what he was:
a practice:

he always swims left,
and stitches the binding
of his book in a spiral.
A precious bundle,
the sea is his home.

Joshua McKinney

Before the Bringing Forth

The last generation thought itself the last.
Yet here we are: each year in crisis,
bought from the dead who know
our living worth too late. God, it's hot today
as I cross the vast black of the shimmering,
tar-soft parking lot, where starlings hop
between the cars. This state,
insolvent though it is, becomes me.
So much of what the earth has suffered
is fraught with birth, with an errant offer to create.
Thirty years ago I dozed under oaks here.
Deer grazed in the long grass,
and the girl I lay with blushed at their approach.
Cancer took her early, but her daughter still lives
on Maidu Street. Looking back,
I am shown myself, no first youth
reflected in a doe's eye black as asphalt.
If it could, the last generation to think itself
the last would make an earth without a past.
God, it's hot today, and I am fast awake,
finding my life a borrowed garment,
which at fifty fits me less well than in a past
that was yesterday, or years ago,
when I will take it off at last.

Sandy McIntosh

Military School Thug

for Bill Maguire

My greatest fear as a boy: my parents shoving me
onto a train heading upstate—“Up the river,” they called it—
to military school.

How prescient! That’s exactly what happened,

Yes, I was a little bastard.

Every observing adult agreed.

Yes, I did set fire to the vacant lot
causing a four-alarm. Yes, I did pull a traffic cop’s gun
from his holster.

And more! (Just Google me under “little bastard.”)

So, for six years, hazing, beating, lots of military drill,
pushups up your ass, and so on. About 400 cadet inmates.
Terror, but little joy.

I coped.

I swore
that, graduated, I wouldn’t give them a cent.

I stayed true to my promise.

(But here’s the reason I bring this up:)

They were closing the school doors,
blaming the alumni for meager contributions.
Even so, they would hold a last Alumni Day
perhaps to shame us.

My wife and I drove there.

Yes, I had been a bastard.

Yes the goddamn military school
was punishment. But I’d survived it!

Survived it!

And I was there, having not given them a cent
toward longevity, though the place was now a junk yard,
and absent even a ghost of my personal suffering!

I could not help but join fellow alumni in the Chapel,
for prayer service in memory of the old place.
Cheated! That's how we felt. Cheated of our heritage!

Richard Loranger

UPON READING SOMETHING

The sweet recidivist settles in a chair
and opens the delicious book.
He is a deviant by definition, not by choice.
He is hungry,
and the words pour from their basket
a nourishing wind.

He is part of the landscape, and it is not his.
It cannot be, as “he” is not, a mere construction,
handy tool to navigate the fray.
He understands the individual is an act of violence,
a true crime, possession an act of murder,
thus he is condemned by all who reap.

Thus he eats as if he were a thirsty land,
and he is. His eating is a crime,
the appellations stark accessory,
outlaw machination lurking
feast or famine, flesh or gun
for all who wander from the mesa.

He becomes its ripe flesh lurking.

The act is one of eating,
which you’d think would be instinctual,
a simple step toward living,
an evolutionary song.

But the truth is,
some have eaten the gunslinger because they were hungry,
others because they were told to, like “vegetables”.

Equally enthused, the sycophants circle

as vultures to the spine, not so much
canvassing the carcass as carcassing the canvas
with splotches of their near-death hearts.

THEIRS. *Their* hearts, skipping beats
for all the antic patterns of the day,
naturally a good thing, normal and incisive,
turn to dust, to molten flesh as they
commit true crime, as they
become the center of their own hunt.

Eating themselves as if the self-
reflexive were a matter not an act, they break no fast
but rather haunt the playthings with the malcontented air
of a withered friendless child.

Eat well, my friends, my lucky leaves,
for you are not the boon of a dead dry gulch
but the spread of soil itself, the lifting of air,
not the sacrificial “you” but everything else,
the continence of planet and of wind,
of spears of light, of vast unempty space.
Relax into it. It’ll only hurt for a minute.

Burt Kimmelman

Photos from Somewhere

A friend I have not
seen in forty years
sends me some photos
of himself, others
I knew, I know — their

faces suddenly
come to life before
I can tell who they
are — someone who
might be me, grown old.

Avocados, Winter

Avocados
green and brown
in lamplight

cast across
the kitchen
table this

winter night —
we await
spring's shy warmth.

Joan Gelfand

Russian River Watershed

Russian River floods then trickles
Mercurial, rushing and ebbing
Burst from Mayacamas
Through valley haze flows
West always west
Until the day word spreads:

Volcanic soil makes very good grapes
Sells higher than Pink Ladies,
Braeburns, Gravensteins, Taylor's gold.

Vineyards.

Apple trees topple like mown weeds
Their imperfect limbs ripe with rosy fruit
Meaty walnuts, apricots, plums
Pears and figs enough for all plowed under
The river flow diverted
California turns as the world
Clamors for Cabernet, Pinot Noir.
Farmers hoe, gird for another
Gold Rush.

Vineyards.

Trees pulled as fast as oil
Spilled from southern deserts,
As violently as veins were mined.
Merlot, Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc
Replace apple's knobby arms, the shady glen.

Who's to sip this pricey lode?

Blue black oak-studded hills
A thing of the past
Replaced by purple grapes hanging ripe.
Scatter them. They matter to birds,
Hungry mouths.

Edward Foster

Three segments from Requiem

(1)

Where can I watch and not be seen?
Where can I count the things for which I care,
not emerge in someone else's sense of who I am?
I used to think I'd meet a man who'd understand.
I thought we'd travel through the night,
along the shore, and know that Rome
would find us in the morning
looking at the monuments
and know our destiny was now.
Romance!
I was so very foolish.
I am so very dumb.

(2)

And so, constituted alone, am singing --
all other sound is noise from which to select, but how,
not from choice but from what is. You drove me
out of your life, as you must, to be heard.
Only this forest can give the sound renewed, and so echoes
back the sound to hear -- flashing, too, in
sunlit fictions, impartial to all but what
it can hear, now, and that is all it is,
and so am I.

(3)

And so what came to matter was the make of the wood
as song enclosed the branch (are we not this?), and formula made
to be uncovered as if always there, impartial and itself no sound,
though it be substance or of that.
Why argue with the philosophe, who cannot hear his reason?
Thus Aristotle served the church, not God. Aquinas knew
these answers were as crushed foil, shattered light, a wholeness
we can't reconstruct except, for one, as sound.

The branch is firm, and sound both finds
its way around its form and thus is formed itself,
echoes of what you or I, whoever sings, must be.

Norman Finkelstein

Previously Classified Document

It has come to the attention of the Directors that these materials, both mechanical and organic, are called on to bear too much weight. Consider this little automaton. It tends to topple over on itself. The gears and pistons whirr and clank. At last it rights itself and goes on its way. Some say it has been sabotaged. Some say it has been brought to life. In any case, next week the new policies go into effect. Such constructs may no longer be employed to nearly the same extent. While it is commonly acknowledged that no set of rules can put the matter of sentience to rest, the sort of artifice that must be brought into play here will always be easily detected.

Now let us consider the problem of translation, which actually leads us to the problem of language as such. Please direct your attention to the first exhibit. As you can see, vocalization, in some instances, tends to limit total communicability. But suppose “communication” is not the primary goal. Suppose there is another mode of contact, another dimension entirely, wherein the prevailing state of risk mitigates not only an awareness of the other, but of the self as well. Up until recently, experts have tended to dismiss arguments for the existence of pure utterance, since they depend, on the one hand, on celestial choirs, and on the other hand, on the rustling of fallen leaves.

But now we know better. The cases before us, despite their apparently disparate natures, all point to the same set of conclusions. The exchange of qualitative and quantitative data, drawn from an array of documents—grocery receipts, bank statements, security camera videotapes, interviews with human resource officers, photographs on social networks, conversations in the waiting rooms of dentists and veterinarians, lab reports, music downloads—indicates just how well the aggregator has done

its work. The heterogeneity of our intelligence should not dissuade us from accepting the truth, though life as lived remains the final arbiter. All this has been duly reported, collated, and filed. The accounts have been set in order, but who, finally, can say what accounts for our desires? Rumor has it that the Directors plan to go on leave. While this is not utterly disastrous news, and indeed, has been anticipated for some time, it is certain to affect every unit. Every field office will temporarily suspend operations. Every device below sentience level three will be maintained on standby; those above will either be removed or destroyed. The second exhibit presents all the probable scenarios, but it may be too late now for a complete review. Security was notified some time ago.

Thomas Fink

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF CONTRIBUTION

The civic colon is leaking.
Thoroughly through with meow virtue
(charitable, irritable) at needlework singalongs,
of course you're rendered nauseous
by thinly elected raisins groping
their miracle gro in libertine
limousines and oinking at rain

forest riots. By lush jivers'
flat gluts. Today you've made
yourself crucial: donating (vintage) lightning
to our rathskeller sedition ensemble.
We're jollied about the prospect
of retiring a parsimonious candle;

thinkers with unparalleled backbone will
now soar beyond their sore
gulag's affective dinge. Far enough
to pry open—for starters—
Imelda's shoe shrine ploy and

taser banksmiths who sponge
it off and sponge off
it. Unhinging a blackguard chem
syndicate will be next. While

others peg you
as another Spanish-
slinging gringo at the hibachi

table, we will doff our
berets to your militant tourism:

just keep us luminously solvent.

Thomas Fink and Maya Diablo Mason

JUST ADD WATERS

You look dead this
morning. How

come?
The pink

lights have burned out.

This isn't
my table.

Sleep is unprofitable. But
why do I need to impress Baltimore

with my survival? Hunger for
a new love of beauty.

Hits the shelves on the 17th.

Claudia Carlson

Dear Librarian,

Here's your first American edition—
The Illustrated Guide to Vapor-Trail Omens,
it left your stacks in mint condition
until I spilled the Phuket beer and ramen
over your Cloud City Public stamp on the flyleaf,
marking me your thief—

Tried auguries in the corporate lands...
exhaust criss-crossed the sky
damp JavaScript commands
every day a duller *why?*
I left and left again, the book shipping
as I was skipping

jobs and lovers. I fell off the map in Thailand
smoking a bamboo bong
near Buddha's footprint in the mountains as a band
of mist formed into the lyrics of a song...
effing Bob Dylan in cloud breaths of sorrowing
scufflin' and shuffling' Are all visions just borrowing?

Kisses, books...what was it I took from your town?
Wanting to be a woman I'd want to know.
Hard to slow down enough to slow down...
listen...they still serve the best Sloe
Gin Fizz here. Love the Cloudy Bar Blues
good to be back, finger-picking to kill or amuse.

Yours,
A Repentant Borrower

Vacuum Tubes

I heard the difference
crap computer speakers—
 kazooing Chopin from their squeakers—
 I knew the glass guts brass knob retro
 boxes of calibrated blasts and echoes.

I felt the difference
raised on tubes amped to the threshold of tears,
 Ormandy and Bernstein pulsed naked ears—
 in a saucer Mother's hearing aid jittered to timpani
 we sat on kitchen chairs for the symphony
 the 9th belted through particleboard walls—
 then silence. *God that's music*, she'd drawl.

I knew the difference
school days—pinched and kicked—
 childhood, I was sick of it.
 Mother's fury & despairs—affairs on and off campus—
music balanced our hearts on its abacus.

I learned the difference
neighbors weren't fans of the best amp
 a professor's salary could vamp
 we were moved, then removed, by the music,
 moved and removed by music.

Commute on the 1 Train

The compact man stamps his left leg,
sharp shrill breath, backpack wobbling in his lap—

passengers reach for commuter's courage, businessman
stands statue not reading his iPhone, pregnant teen drifts

to the door and eases into the next subway car. I sit.
Is that bag brushing my arm ticking? His too thick shoes?

He hoots, spits. We slow. We slow.
I pet my orange suede bag like a cat as stops count down

inside is a notebook full of notes that feel poemish
and poems with notes on how to be poems—I chose to sit.

If he were to detonate his ideas, mine too would unzip
stanzas split—confetti of syllables, is this the end of it?

I fill a box in my mind with letters and hope he contains himself
until my exit grants a climb back to daylight, no looking back.