

She Considers His Question in Fragments of Verse

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*fr: [She invokes the muse.]*

You do not offer much  
Ridiculous sad waste of time before and  
The virility of a satyr, fierceness of a bull  
The wise inconstancy  
Ah bacchanal!  
    dust like a cloth in the air  
    still standing yes I believe  
Why suffer? Verse less pleasing and pathetic  
    austere

I long and seek after

--

*fr: [She invokes the wind.]*

recognize

conjuring wind

all doors are open

FOOLISH GIRL

trust trust

forgetfulness all things do

the wind

--

*fr: [She sings of a happy time.]*

honey hand cupping hand held  
breath  
alyssum  
sweet

--

*fr: [She proposes a toast.]*

a book to you. Frontispiece, no inscription, a hole punched O  
space for wind to pass through

--

*fr: [She resorts to chance.]*

toss a coin

befriend

thy impediments

extravagant

volatile

--

*fr: [She writes a manifesto.]*

I am very conscious of visuals. I confess nothing. I proclaim

--

*fr: [She is seized by melancholy.]*

What's in balance  
     kinship  
                     less lonely  
                     knowing  
                     loneliness  
                     mine  
 admit as well  
     melancholic illness  
     seeped  
         darkness  
         in sharp places a light  
                     little  
 beauties  
     held in gold      miniature paper  
         opera      afar  
                     oh it is these brightnesses  
             mice in the paper theater  
 bedraggled velvet  
     a fly was just born  
         fat gooey  
                     bomber

--

*fr: [She sings of regret.]*

spacious yellow rain-shaken

high autumn

drift

to be kissed

--

*fr: [She confesses wistful dreams.]*

supper table

candle

beloved dreams

little boxes

gilt boxes of decrepit

red box inside a warped wood stage

thumb tacks

paper glue

stone castle

twirling vanes

to be kissed

--

*fr: [She sings of beauty.]*

bow bridge  
bearded-face  
oh beautifully-shapen  
blurred wild-roving eye

heels

careful

--

*fr: [She threatens violence.]*

The brain, all said and done, bores me.

do not trifle  
the flowers are unarranged the intended composition  
chrysanthemum

chokeberry

life is so

forfeit

--

*fr: [She wraps herself in a blanket.]*

soft mist

loneliness

--  
*fr:*

o

--

*fr: [She sings of life.]*

bleakness

--

*fr: [She prepares a sleeping draught.]*

kinship

seaside

toppled columns

cracked architrave

tin bells, goat

fire kindled for cooking

birds flap

Black-bridled night

far home

come close

--

*fr: [She feels certain lacks.]*

Editor. Lover. Charcoal monsters

depth

cultivate

--

*fr: [She sings again to life.]*

give up hope

suffer

go to your cold empty room then

with nothing

scavenge scrappage

unenlightened

no winds out of the south

cold shades

feet folding around grey stones

there are those gods

they would tear you apart

let them

what do grey filings, paper  
against aortal time

a few words

you'll be lucky

left

bleak

to be loved

is not long

--

*fr: [Epitasis?]*

black messenger

squeezed

Naively the face shines eyes plain and sorrowful as a cow's

space between two people can expand or compress or  
exactly what is measurable only so complexly *present*

do not wait

Enough for any

stripped of vestments

wind wailed

wanting depth

--

*fr: [She sees a piece of glass or a shadow.]*

here, too, love

wine-dark seepage  
bedded

in what light?