

Via Post, #2

How you shone in the produce aisle; how you glowered in the copse. One thousand pigeons left the square when you came there, to hang about the eaves and lanterns. Most darling among villains. Planter of gardens in tea cups. The bright porcelain lip, the botany of the thing, the systems, the sorrowing. The mud the river carries. How you love the miniatures, the tiny curtain and its velvet tie. How you love the greeny gold. In April, no one is near at hand. Nor carpenter, nor tanner, nor watchmaker, nor wife. Only the sow and her silken ear, the stout melon of the waxing gibbous, the ship that took you, the aching hedge, the plum tree about to uncork into a fizz. The gimlet; the gauntlet. Whiskey and sandwiches, darling. Hold on just a little while longer.

Via Post, #3

One comes near to the end of the letter and remembers she'd meant to write all along about constancy, the lobed flame of it in her own lobed heart at the market, wrapped in a red bundle, packaged anonymously and ridden across the desert. She meant to write about constancy across the space/time continuum but she used the words Caspian Sea instead. The other meant to write, come home then, come home, but let the words fall across the carpet. It is the letter's end where the sentence lives which is seized from the heart's constriction. The shock of it dashed yellow across the field. The thresher laying every stalk sideways. The letter in the box with its sentence like a trip-wire. A cloud seeded with rain and the arrow heading there.

Via Post, #4

Look here, be my *you* for a moment while I try to work this out, won't you? You won't mind? If the body on the doorstep is different from the body in its bed, so the body a week away is different from the body two years away. Right? The body *near* the river is different from the body *in the river standing still* is different from the body *crossing the river* is different from the body *with its jacket pockets full of stones*. Over here, petals make me weepy with their impersonation of anyone's inner arm. I keep running farther because I would like to imagine the landscape will eventually still me with its friction. There are a limited number of bodies into whose arms one can currently run, all other bodies being elsewhere -- at least two yards into elsewhere, out of breath's reach. What is the role of the pairs of arms into which one cannot currently run? The pixelated body can be expanded, reached through. Over here, I am romantically entwined with a columbine plant. I thought we killed it last year, spraying the stones with bleach to clean them. It has come back! It is making buds. I wait with bated breath for its Gothic bloom. The hollows of those rooms, those dimly-lit passageways.

Via Post, #8

In the dream, I found the bee-keeper's veil torn in the grass and was glad. Either I was glad because my heart is insufficiently empathic; distractible, hard; or I was glad because that meant I could get closer to the bees. The backs of the bees are smudged and downy. In the dream, I had a sleeve of bees again. Oh, I used to be so much nicer. I used to fail to consider my own pleasure! Imagine. In the dream, I was so pleased with one sleeve of bees, I offered them my other arm. A leg. In the dream, I offered them everything. I would not call this a generous act: I wanted them to express my location to me: via swarm, via tiny movements, via hum.

Via Post, #9

Dear anonymous narwhal, my darling; anonymous hedgehog, my love. Dear yak, dear meerkat, dear ruffed grouse: I like the way you turn your phrase. On a spit! Around a maypole. Over and over in your hands. I like your wiring, your mothers, your apple trees. I admire your floor-hole, your distant past. The way moon-dust gets everywhere: between the teeth, up the sleeves. Dear quarantine, I have grown fond of your brackets. Your beastliness. Oh, what to put on when no one is looking! One suit from the waist up, another from the waist down! Dear beast. Your river. Dear Neanderthal. Your gown of bone. I have made of my yard-hole a dirt-colored cup. Vampire, dearest, where will you sink your teeth? I have a certain sensation: the feeling of care when settling the needle on the record's edge. I love the cracks and pops before the song. Because there is no traffic, the sky presses its blue down. Under its thumb, I wade upstream. So slowly, tugging along the comfort of my brand-new weighted smock. I am working hard to stay put. It is making me sweat.

Via Post, #10

Dear my door you are scuffed and worn, disconsolate door, door of my distress and door of my damsel, my damselfly, my deep and abiding desire to chip you into kindling, to let the weather do what weather will, dear my deadbolt, my hook and eye, my chain and groove, my dear, my barrel bolt, my padlock, my stone interface: all the world tapers and solidifies into you, door, blue and torn, until it's not inside and outside as much as it is over here and over there. Door I see beyond sometimes but never through. Door in the dirt with the weight of water to hold you closed. One bright knob. No keyhole. That you might open, that you have opened before. Desultory door, moon's back door, birdhouse door like a little black o saying oh, come on through, there's life here, still translucent.

Via Post, #12

I started this out with such toss and too much color, didn't I, blushing whilst penning, you know; in the yard with the victrola and binoculars waiting for everyone in parachutes to drift from the skies and land next to me; or just you, for sandwiches, or something. I started in breathless with verge, didn't I, the strip of ditch bursting forth, the plum. And now (such as it is now) I have, we have, not so much arrived here as we have entered into its blurred underwater lens, which we will eventually leave for the next season, at which point *now* will be *then* and it will stand out more clearly, its edging. Myopic *now*, still smelling for all you're worth like peony and the dust smacked off the moon (waning gibbous) when it hits the window-screen, bitumen, pollen, carrion, the stems of green things weeping green...I meant to say, I've grown still, here, dull as a butter knife. Butter knife spit-shined. Do you know the one about the woman who dropped her bracelet in a tree? And the tree grew around it. For many years. It lived in the tree after that, the bracelet; became part of the tree; the tree would not let go.

Via Post, #14

When will it end or will it,
or it won't end, for so long,
or ever. In the dream
we are all kneeling somewhere, or
sleeping, and then not sleeping but
folding sheets in pairs, pulling
the bleached rectangle tight
between us over the grass
to make a rectangle's shadow,
the shape of how far away,
and then look, we walk
towards each other with arms wide,
to line up the sheet's edges, the sheet
smaller and twice as thick now,
face to face we are arms
against arms and then again
the backing up, the pulling tight,
the slow approach, do you see
how the space between
is manipulated and changed,
even without the sheet?