

GIRLS AND OUIJA CONFESS THE SILENCE

{1} *Historic homes decay after seizure for a reservoir*

a letting go

of people we know we listen for the dead

their small mouths bequeathing the larger kiss

spirits ballooning

like spiders from an egg

too pale for praise

prophet afterthought millions

the planchette takes

our waking in substitute breath

holding bowls of frost

we ask alphabets winged to war

what are your names

knocking at empty

know bone and lone

between coming flood and eminent domain

flocked ghost-curl

what do stone and rafters mean

{2} *The Dam*

we touch our own

twelve years

glassing under

subterranean fish

we spell and spell    messages outside our will

*I am trapped inside my room and the lamp's gone out*

let go the swimming fingers

cast iron hinges open doors

intimate with reasons

hands so near each other glide to reach

the tale sinking with gabled roofs of a clotted lake

blacken in the wish

daylights gone brown    let go

of the felt-hoofed godless

windows riding out of windows

let go the dam never built

eventual bridges birding into night

fill the space

{3} *Ouija Speaks to Girls*

my judder my halt  
dear whole of please let go  
through the hole chipped  
sanctuary of face to face  
your gaze rattles the past  
deep home of my spectral hands  
mourning and fluent in punishment  
shedding caves hatched wet  
in skins I ice if crush  
lean over me your hair  
copper live wire to my divining  
rod bent in the oculus  
story to the deluge  
disputing silence know  
I am a vowel  
erect an I spelled  
with sword thrust deciding  
earth and sky a kind of burial  
I leave you in knee socks  
fingers tell me more  
what is innocent about greed

umbels of your sweet breath

took houses down to occupy

{4} *House*

fled key

abandoned

bottle of bitters

*Angostura*

whetstone hang of linen curtain

blur in shine of a Dutch tile sailing ship let go

the deep in photographs nailing rooms with stare

newspapers kindle and headline

a woman and her scream in the wood grain floor

objects anchor ghosts

mustard seed

on some wispy day

detonate into night

interrupt stars

beneath draped sheets

*{5} Ouija Speaks to Girls as a Woman*

hail to vacuums girls cannot fall into

give back the apple you learned to hate

close as a virus doubling

where all the world cloisters

within you settle leaves

in the warped dresser drawers of sakes

kept with silks

my grave is undertow a glacier candled

leaving nothing where it was

let go your bodies in basal slip

gaze on a turquoise heart

cased in black debris

that will finally drown

the cups in the cupboards

thawed even your skate-scratched ice