

The open north

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the line of vision keeps getting Smaller

there are the mountains falling over
we trip on

Blue Flowers

a metal pipe with numbers stamped
on its rights side

angles of engagement water flows through changing its
your heart clearly I see through
the beginning ended and

there was nothing in between

e-coli bad music shiny faced Punk Ass
cows raised by them

Amazed flowers down in the valley
among infrastructures

polluted grass potato fields forever in need of Garlic
bulbs mumbling lists of eyes and
fingers knotted hearts arranged

in drugstores water Aspirins

blood Clotting in the open north

craving new skin/for kate

voluptuously born tomatoes
at blood time leave tracks
night shadows
apparently asleep sucking the air
the oxygen burns
demanding self-
less craving one bite
(but) sweetness is not enough
a backwards glance
gleans a new understanding
at becoming hearsay
or bombastic
or poisonous
making the story up simply
nothing happened but we
know eyes skin scream
sleep only gets better
wearing your heart (is an accomplishment)
and graciousness
not by design
in the garden between the fingers
misunderstood disguised fruit
lovely you are in your brave new skin

Still. Wanting

I

not fully realized a sequel
her eyes want to tell it
(an unreadable piece of literature)
she died dirt heaps over the grave
even the gravestone is covered
death floats away
the repetition of our little lives
takes us to our graves
takes us to the rooftops
she laughed as she fell
freedom clenches its fists at the sky
then the bones shook loose
 music's transparency
making us choose both elegant and subdued
the drugs of youth (still wanting to go wild)
understandably greed is more
than skin achieving balance
with the spine
similar to the starfish
after being thrown back in

II

mirrors doubt themselves a flattered
version of nothing rose this morning
a rose is a rose
and then it goes
petals flutter and flowing
toward the source the thorn
in its side why it should not
go away even then despair disappears
a violent scar that leads to a break
packing the bag with avocados and pears
shaping the earthly woman the cling wrap
of breasts and uterus (not mentioning a form
of realization) smeared with green fungi
a reluctance of spores divide the brain
a division of labor an ecstasy of fact

Picasso's geodesics

when you hid behind the tree
I did not know it was
a forest

we stuck with ourselves
rescuing the sky was an incomprehensive
goal cars forced themselves
on us assuming strange identities
in shapes that surprised all
of us odd natural
shapes of goodness odd geodesics
with three ears and picasso's hand

worrying over developments
that were not recorded
a statutory version of rectangles
became code developing beautiful
singing voices that hid

less than normal we remained
the same

we thought we knew
but we couldn't find it
and we didn't look
we didn't play hide
and seek
what were we thinking?
besides sightlessness
there were no excuses

Wheat. Good bread.

there are not enough rivers
to reflect themselves

I won't throw the first stone
even though it mirrors my thumb

(I won't go there)

past those buildings
water collects in rivers
to admire myself is to drown in
the sky
a lake that produces
tears

of the nightmare land
lost in the drain

(real estate cut land into layers)

the corn grows straight yet

I starve

an allergic reaction
to sleep when I can't sleep
I dream in ditches

most of them

close to the edge the land's description
has a name named after
the polish ancestors
who escaped the war growing corn

next to wheat good bread is better
after you've drunk from the river
throwing ourselves into the machinery
is how we made it
the mystery is how we break it

down to the stones
I stumble through an excess
of land there is no mercy in sight

summer maryjanes

after I had figured it out I wouldn't do what he asked after all it was a long distance relationship I returned the books he wasn't happy the answers were internal in a muddled way I sought clarity after I bought a cute pair of capris that were on sale then the sex was good and I found the fruit it made me more intelligent and taller I could understand my dogs whispering in gaelic they told me how they felt excluded when I bought a cat named whitey she took over the house she painted the walls mauve she held classes on re-incarnation understanding time she claimed to be descended from Methuselah she slept with the dogs and they showed her how to make chocolate pudding I purchased a pair of summer maryjanes now I understood every particle of dirt below my feet it was an endless summer we relieved each moment as though it were the last coinciding with my death the motion escaping through the internal discourse about a dozen eggs pre-existing in an aerial relationship my dogs' thoughts ascended in non-alphabetical order