Girl Messiah
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I.
Girl Messiah

In one story she's no longer
body or bird and the clouds
move overhead in their secret
way. This may be a site
of infinite projection (dust
and ruin, her no shadow
as she glides and forgets
to choke on the miasma).
Take this as an eco-poetics:

Gulp down water until the river
flows, until she is so heavy
her toes drag up grass and all
creatures green behind her.
And there are monsters, too,
which she faces alone
in a personal way. Weakened,
she loses flesh chunks, strands
of hair. Calls them daughter
but they're just memories,
a bit of dirt, and her body's
body, all jewelly and full.
Intellectual Property: The Platonic Body

now boundaries collapse into bramble brush & prairie grass & yucca with their epiphaneedles & spurs

taptaptap ticker tape parades over mole hills still at sunrise & consider the A.M. for A.M. is the florid

upward dawn of brighter than it has been or will be my body is made of sand begot sand buried

in sand & peat moss & compost crumble inside the philosopher queen sized panty hose I wear to all

the ancient parties are not grand nor old without cocked shotguns hitching posts & tumbleweeds

overend down ghost town sidewalks hot in the every time heat a very intentional shade of shimmer

or sweat damp cloth bandanaed around my forehead to keep all the salt stain this lonely

landscape of skin of form of what I once called art
Hymnal

She gives her navel
to the rosebushes.

Stakes her ribs into
the ground for vines
to wrap around. Stems
snap, hang loose,

thready in their weeping.
She breaks her limbs

at the elbow, the knee.
The small of her back

bare to sunstroke. Last
year there was a flood

in the kitchen. Currents
stole the floorboards,

the walls. She rinsed
herself in sediment.

Mud wash blushed,
slipped over cheekbones

and rest came in buckets,
in lockets of hair lost down

the drain. She wears the green
dress – a headdress of irises.
Body for the A.M.

I finger forward to the culm of it the sundown tilting off the front where my mother grumped at her cello and a fragment of me corded the chains into the grandfather clock a tapping could be heard

these are a hands reaching contemplate a morning this is the fuzzy prickle of a fruit of a cactus this is the fumbling of a conflict an execution of any little stash a hopscotching execution
to make moths out of a butterfly I believed I ended a doom at my fingers and I am consequently worried

my early celebration is of a hen clucking yet my feathers the shape of my pleasures fall only into the bowl cloying honeyed deposits in my spokes

this harmony of reaching which wore my feathers strikes towards all my future A.M.s and in the backyard the fence collapses at a desert on the west twists into a bramble
Longitudes of Sleep

The day the Organ Mountains did not burn, a pale horse dies in a yard littered with bottles & shards of bones. Ants steal hydechunks. Stones dig into my knees and I take the rib bones, lash two together with leather & rusted wire, & bury the end in the ground to mark the last place I slept, restless & alone with fireveins. To cry coal rub carbon under the eyes, tap into the remaining heat of dead things, & linger in the treeless. My hat shadows a gravestone. Swallow gin & gasoline: I part the mist sheet, coat my skin in ash, pad soft over those ladies navigating sleep under my feet, & pray on the backs of the dead until my chords become vultures.
Fugue for a Musician

There is no lullaby for the way nights crumble into concrete, all dust and peat, or the way fabric catches on stucco slows the descent. Will died today. It could have been last week. Alone with his notes and rhythms, he wrote letters about fall, all dust and peat, how fabric sounds against stucco, his slow slide to the ground. Remember, he said, the measures, the beats and notes always seek a rhythm. He wrote letters about the fall, how he lived in the space between notes. How melodies were easy, a ground slide, where measures beat persistent. Remember, please remember, he said, the body is no more vessel than music that lives in those quiet, empty spaces between notes and melodies are an easy way to be unbodied, to pulse and leave the way leaves do in fall where they beat measures into the ground. Remember, please. He wrote a lullaby for the way nights crumble into concrete in those quiet, empty spaces between notes and melodies ease and slow the descent. Will died today. It could have been last week.
Sunrise, Jornada del Muerto

My self decides to grow again, I see her when it is cold adobe time. She’s hot mouthgrit & cracked tectonic mud & I vulture around her bubble of comfort, peck past the cacti, tousle the creosote, & pierce open clouds to make Gatorade rain on the suburban cul-de-sac – it hasn’t rained since August and we are thirsty. She coaxes my comings in the pelting of hailstones, eats temporary moths, gets lost in the desert heat like it is no longer familiar. Even if she held her breath long enough, the glitter clang of a bright new self is just chrome scuttling down the highway.
Common Aphrodite

Sparkling one, a Bacchic feud
twitches in the depths of my ball
point pen. I've never been out

of this oldman desert but I'm hungry
for pleasantries under the plane
tree so meet me in the valley

and you can marry snuggly into
my bust. I'll tell you all the secrets
if you do me a favor like a perhaps

hand and bleed for seven days
without keeling over. Like all
the other kids, I can wife around

for bountyfulls at the end of the cave
but the root of disease is still Greek.
to render or split

she finds the syrup that stained the good throw pillow on the couch last night stickied across her thighs, his torso, their hair. when she touches fingertips to tongue, it tastes like death, moan or pomegranates, all gin swollen & glitter barbed. they pick apart bramble brush to find their bones—

the ball & socket joints, the eyebolts that cratered his navel &, when they crack open her chest, they do not speak about the insects—those bees that coat her throat, those locusts beneath his skin—or eyes like pills like some swallowed carcass. take these scar designs, this prickly pear, this mesquite tree, such phallic symbols burred into the mess of what they are & what they wished to become, smear them on the wall with fruit rinds & cum. ruin them.
Backbroke

Such a lovely noise, the sizzle of nerves as Atlas lifts another orb onto his shoulders — hold still, little one, lower the currents, slow, and lever the tide pools. Waves froth against primordial rocks, an arm dangles from a socket, locks of hair matte at the nape and veins narrow around the sludge left in the wake. The beach is cleanboned—a quiet slice of skin to catch celestial teeth as they craterhole the sky. Don’t you know, the spine snaps so easily under weight, just a bit of pressure, a bit of ache.
Topography of a Scar

There is only flat here, a palm pressed against the back, & when I say flat

I mean the progression of voice & words – sounds that mimic the stretch of skin

between hip & shoulder, the thoracic region with all of its bumps & cracks –

or how the spine is more question mark than straight line (sometimes, I drive

in the dips between dunes & think spine, then broken). We speak in fragments

like light that slats through matte dark & illuminates in splices – your thumb

tapping on the steering wheel, me, crater eyed, in the windshield. You say, mesa,

I say, scar, so we walk along the ridge line & try to feel the Earth’s callous

as it snakes its way between my ribs. Wear it well, you say, like mountains flat

against sky or the sun’s sly crawl down to the horizon. I’m flayed, belly-down,

a sunburned creek bed, & you are moon flaked, half obscured by clouds that will

never bring rain. Instead, you leak sepia round my wrist. I flinch, curl in upon myself,

a little conch shell. Then, gorge, arroyo,
the sadness of split rocks. *Here, I am fault
lined*, I say, as you wane in dark. I dwell
in the earthiness of it all – the muddiness,
the mesquite, & sheet rock. *You are the root,
the stem*, you say when you are new moon,
blue & your fingers shy-crawl through dust,
skin near the mend line, barbed pink.
Aphrodite Urania, Outlawed

Why don’t you swan around
for a minute or two high above
the prickly pear & the oily Attic
Greek of those fine torsos before
the real moon tries to arrest you,
beardless in all that celestial junk.
Even if your bounty is five-hundred
bucks, I’ll put wings on my pony
& join you. Or you could busk
among scrub brush with your child
mouth in the cusp of dawn while
the old man heat tongues the sweat
from your brow, knuckles the bramble
knotted at your hip bone, culls
the townships sprouting from
your tramp stamp. The sun is going
nowhere now, kid, so if you want
to flee this desert then you’ve got
to cinch & spur but even Icarus
melted before he could fuck the sun.
Body/Myth

we cartwheeled through
    hard gravel stars
    glitterchained
to the beginnings of time.

whiskey drunk, we feasted on nutmeat
until our bellies were swollen.

molten bodies
    we banged
    into each other, charming
    quarks and sparks
    and new orbits.

full of seeds and debris,
    we were struck apart
    into the murk of bog water.
    we heaved
    bile and muck, purged
    our stomachs hallow.
II.
I moved in with some things –

a suitcase, a vase full of flowers stolen from the neighbor’s front porch, the French word for bookcase, a corkboard and thumbtacks, some art prints to hang a bit off-centered on your walls. I made geldings out of all your polo ponies and smiled in the sick of your sweater vests. You baked rosemary bread that burned in the oven, and I drank cheap merlot straight from the bottle until it tumbled off the table and shattered into a thousand unwanted mirrors. I cut my thumb, you laughed, and we watched the slow red drip from my hand (I’ll keep the scar. You’ll call it my souvenir). How peculiar is this intimacy – the curl and dispersal of residual smoke, my blood on your floor, a smudge of flour across your cheekbones, the notch I carved in your ribcage and kept for myself.
A Creation Story

Brother, our mother is a monopole, the jetsam of our BangBang Physics of coriander and carnations, and father has a time problem (time divided by distances equals the speed at which we dissolve back into ourselves or the process of lost things). And I am sitting on myself, again, eating starbursts that burn out by the time they reach my mouth. Brother, you are the first-born-quark, the responsible-quark, the real-job-quark, and you have a cat named Icarus that squawks obscenities at the sun. You loom over a city street and metronome a voice mail:

Tell our momma she is an electrical creature.
Tell our dad he is precise not accurate.
And, sister, why are you always a black hole?

Sometimes, I wonder how the space of you being a party is not also the space of neutrinos, babbling static bombs, something constituted in a collision. You telescope your apartment, you are the fulcrum and the lever, and when I answer your call, you sing Losing My Religion. I say: problematic-quark, sorry-quark, forgive-me-quark. Brother, I am not an atom and I want to be split in half and lonely like a monster in Plato (boy-quark, girl quark). On just a theory of string you can tear through time in an elementary way like an elementary snowflake beating a big dream drum, you tell me while your compiler clatters tambourine. And I hanker for all this electromagnetism, for all of this entropy glitter, every little bit of hankering.
Granddad Drank to Kill His Art

but now old men just kindle their shits
with cigarettes and earlyblack morning coffee. Did you go on to explore
an oldman space with your oldman ships?

(Every star used to be exoskeletal & crustaceous,
probing a deep, wet place—a deep space

of deniability). Did you see those stars lose
light? Bad ideas flickered out, one by one.

You had no art left for us. You sank
with your sapless body – to dead, congested

limbs—a watering dark as a dull, dim
pentacle to start living on an artless ocean

floor in a tar pit, something terrible.
Your sick bones were trapped and it sounded

like when the earth sponged out, sopping
and cold, the fossil fuel of your oldman bones.

And now we will fill our ship with your fluids
so we can find the Venus you thought you sought.
The Art Collector Paints

rain speckles Venus
so many nuanced blues

oceanwater drips from spacethick
planets resting calm in water

summers of rockets melt winters
into a dampness of warmth

rockets make climates make
limitless space an anthem

of redundancy stuck on repeat
for the volume to grow

I once built an empire
stripped of mock smog

and named her art
I never got to know

her but goddamn
was she beautiful and mean
How to Write the Body

The I slinks down the blank white in sweat & spit & cheap
cologne, deconstructs the crow's bent neck into descending notes
of a concerto played out of tune or a Sufjan Stevens song
(the undivided self!). Create a line in the lonely, distended
face reflected on the skyscraper’s glass walls—hands opened against
the surface, trunks long, flexible. Light pools where eye sockets should
be and the words are pen pricks away from an over air conditioned summer.
Been a Long Time Coming, Phaedrus

You sip air, no beard & an oldman bandanna, & lean back real cool. I consider you in stinking daytime: No one, creature, suffers from the shutmouth & I almost refrained from jumbling your flesh whose casual mouth's coy rooting rivets a weeping skyscraper in me. I've lived outside this city for too long & everything here is empty in the glaring scope of sun & fat vapour from a gastank. It's septic so bury me in a bar just in case I booze to the end of the west & transmigrate nowhere.
Intellectual Property or They Hung Monet in the Desert

Negative space, the final frontier, is special to my client as the spiritual force of ugly and the Platonic Form of Batman is to a cup of corporate cocoa (spiked with faux news and crème de menthe). The Borg say *cogitamus ergo summus*, intellectual property is suddenly otherwise, and we are all left grasping for a free-thinking mind we were never born with in the first place. Matter always outweighs thought. The sun goes nowhere and, as we speak, we’re speaking American in the desert. Cholla, Doña Ana County, the city of crosses. The sheriff and the lawyers, who try to make a buck from a warm body or the spark of an idea, spew from ovens like an apocalypse in deepfry.

Don’t smoke a bowl in a china shop and stand too close to a Monet or lose yourself in the spidery subproofs of capitalism, the adhesive of a deposit slip envelope. This really is a special piece.
what survives / who survives the hot & important

sometimes, desert spiders eat desert holes in moths & mirrors that see / who see things that have been lost. I'm too hot to decide if it is important to write the date on the mirror I might never see again. who's lost in the heat like it is still familiar but it is not? my other self, with a tongue like a bottle-stabbed host, decides to draw a daffodil that grows / who grows through shrub brush & concrete & survives the heat. sometimes, they grow right through the roof! It's always important to have things that live / who live. besides me, the spider writes moth letters with coal into baked stucco & names things that become / who become ceilings. like the earlier daffodil, I grow through a manhole, & decide to be found again.
You Asked Me to Write Your Eulogy in Bed Last Night

In this quiet, the still riot of night, you muddled rain and art into such a brilliant shade of notgreen

that I’m left gasgaped by the earth’s to-and-fro, which grows and grows and shows exactly what it never was to begin with or the waste of good oil and canvas. Stuffed full of a handsome collection of peat moss, you nurtured bitter morning breath and autumn leaves—a little decay near the gumline

(plaque and mulch and the rotten core of a green apple)—and, in the mornings, packed compost into our bodies when the light was best to draw some things on our navels that grow. If I keep this precise document in my belly, if I fist through garden soil to find earthworms and cut my fingers well past the bone, if I bloody your parachute’s waxfeathers, then, maybe, you won’t kill yourself in a later fall

and I won’t have to wear your shirt to bed every night. But, come now, it is burning season, the Gila is on fire, and we’re not safe in this womb of overwrought hay.
Girl Figure

No plant grows the way I want
to grow, greening until the greenness
falls away, until I open up a space
in the shape of a body and name
it woman or monster. Hey you, body-
mirror aspect, my space doesn't hold
up too well. A stand-in for the fantastic,
the imprecise, little bits die off
& you can't blink or you'll miss
my body & how I can write its exact
shape now that I'm older & too tired
to trace a last message on a city beach.
Diotima on the Platonic Lovefist

The belly of a hot language is always fertile, bodypregnant with the not dead and the frantic scramble to dwell anywhere

  (not here in the sand but I'm still
  a child of the sand and there's
  something menstrual about an arid
  landscape that Plato never noticed)

even as tidal waves attempt to detach parchment labia from the earth's body. And, Phaedrus, you're stuck in pluff mud vulgarbent on the insides of my thighs

(of water, of dirt). But the lovers, who spittledown to hades with funeral limbs, pomegranate tongues, is so close to coming like the end of the world

that I cannot help it.
We Speak in Neuter Nouns

I.
our wino pillow parties, in the dizzy
eye of four o’clock, fall like rain
in those romantic manifestos
& we call ourselves feminists
even when we are still afraid
to be alone without a chic-flick
soundtrack. we language in
the night void of this hyphenated
city. we bellow woman in city
corridors. what an homage to Gertie
& unbuttoning her tiny erect.
what a spasming tunnel of echoes.
ii.

i sleep a lady sleep wave after second wave after inadequate wave & others build drunken sandcastles with moats & spires for the seamen to smash back into seaweed sand (i am not nor will i ever be a beachside cottage). while others

walk into the torrents with rocks in our pockets, with heads sucked in ovens, with garden hose exhaust pipes tucked inside our Buicks with equality stickers & wings.

the nearest track is still miles away, yet we keep on trainpummeling. what an illusion.
Hymnal

I spent the last few months not looking at her in her bones –

comfortable in sagging under wear and the shirts she wrapped

herself in. Told me not to water the flowers I bought for her.

She liked to watch as crust slowly ate the edges brown.
And We Call this Happiness

A yawn – the pop and creek of hinges, the jaw is morning stiff. I have curls sunning around my face, knotted and haloed. Raw in stale air, the sheets are toecold and filthy. Wake now. You are stuffed full of pronouns (isn’t this what we do, you and I? We name and are named). Today, I will call you Sound or Noise when you rattle off key and vibrate like a tuning fork, all discordant notes. Once, you called me oyster and I drowned in scotch water. Now, I’m dried out like the motes that dusted your desk, that muddied your swallowed wine. And I will only splinter once like kindling. So go on. Crack right through.
On Blake Street

let’s language in the hammock outside where we fucked
let’s finger forward one more time into the culm some
settling to slow the growing weeds some to untangle
your words from drains from play room cabinets
& plates are slated next to splinter how do I rotate
the seeds in plots not pots or save the tea in cracked Formica
sent by grandma you don't like the patterned
drops that fall all down your shirt in brown that seeps
unsentimental and stains the tiles a makeshift sentence
I'm sorry that I didn’t attempt to mop the slick so be careful
the elm is mostly dead & marked where we should cut
before the branches break through the window
I saw, Misses Hall unbutton her not husband slant
in naked light & I forgot the salad again I'm sorry
you wanted more coffee I broke the coffee pot & I
won't remember to buy a new one in the morning
I still won’t marry you
Love, a Sound engineer

When you sleep a deeper
sleep than mine, I like to touch
your tongue & peel off hints
of noise—those tendrils

that creep from slack lips & clutter
spacetime—&, content to suck

the hiss from your sleepmouth,
I’ll graph those sounds on a tape

recorder, like the day it was so hot
they shut down the airport & you said

*fuck fuck* on the freeway. I was not
unhappy then but I’ll still keep them

in my pajama pockets with lint, scraps
of paper, until I’ll feel compelled to

pauseplay you to & from existence,
let you settle in the hinges of my jaw.
Myth/Body

in spring we learned to speak
wind and air the instruments
of our tongue Summer, the humidity –
how puffs of air traveled underneath
skirts the unease of skin against skin.

now October has those orange eyes
pumpkin heads snap at the vine
we are mulchy full of rotten leaves
muddy peat (puddy meat)
we return to our body with navel twine
and kindling to restitch our primary wound.
III.
Monsoon Season

I intended to spread a layer of me beneath the mimosa tree before I burn in the face of brave plumage that adapts and laughs at sandy thrusts like begonias or bougainvillea

but intended is not what makes it happen. Everything's knuckled by the hotwind and my no body, riddled with enough rain to smear mud down sandstone, stickies the goodskin of a peach grown on borrowed water and too much light. This may be my private grief, the color of bruised flesh, soggy and a little rotten on my tongue.
All the Salt, All the Saline

for Matthew

Some summer. Some suicide season. Yours in July after the air conditioner stopped working in a house that stank of sweat and sorrow. The home where we sucked down gin to temper our bodies. Where you boozed and chewed pills until the noose took, until I found you swaying barefoot in the calm afternoon breeze. I did not go to your funeral or write a eulogy about the way a chest constricts and chokes on a closed door’s stagnant air. Now, when I attempt to write the body, there’ll be no bruises, no burst capillaries, no swollen tongue and I keep a scroll safe in my belly where I write your name over and over again in each gasp like a prayer or an indrawn breath.
Elegy for Sound

Press the black space
    then white. Repeat.
Was it Bach?  Wait –

child of music then not, her matter
    bends to the chords.
Sometimes a contorted spine. Sometimes
    a tongue bitten through

(flutter, half-steps, arpeggios
    rise ragged, breathless,
a broken rib) –

Press and press and press keys to make
    no sound crescendo –
wait,

Draw a bath for her, watch her drown
    with her navel in her hands.
*Take it, she says, take all of it.* Steam thickens, lips
    blue, then clatter

out of time. Strike a tuning fork
    against the edge. See how she vibrates.
See how she breathes.
Partita for a Child

The moon pianos through the window
where momma sits and plucks broken

keys – black, then ivory, repeat in no
music. It’s monsoon noisy – shingles

flap against the roof, her fingers bang
mindmusic into half-steps and air. I try
to paint her a new face (redmouthed,
owleyed) but I cannot contain the edge

of her shoulders as they thin under
her skin or the notes she couldn’t give

me. Instead, I draw a dream tasseled
to a windmill and a daffodil who decides
to live. I tell her it is necessary to have
growing things, even if they are never seen.
Hymnal

Her voice had weight. A twelve bar blues variation. Vinyl. How do you measure the static, a spray of stars, a whiteboard solar system, the chalk of old food, a split in a garden hose, the easy blips? A slip in a pattern. Refrain: hi-hat, snare, steady bass.
Variations

In one version I said sad,

fragile thing I'm sorry

I took your skin. Darling,

I'm sorry I gave it back again

*

41
Here are the parts: A dull knife hidden in a music box that still sings without vocal chords, a recording of your speech, notspeech, vowel or song, (you may have said I or U or please but I’m not certain), a picture of your heart after I wiggled my fingers into your chest cavity so I could know you better and then wiped the blood on our bedsheets, freshly washed, and other things that would not burn like your molars.

*
And I can’t help but think
I should’ve written let’s not
part the currents or walk
into the sound of it. Let’s not
learn how to sing just yet.
While Eating Pomegranate Seeds

and I think about the girl on the street who says go fuck yourself in the middle of the afternoon when it's too hot
to think about that girl or death or the process of dying
or my father at lunch the day I stood at the edge of my body

and gave him my tongue, then my lungs, but kept my breath
for myself or how the girl still gets into the car with the man,

how easily her flesh bruises under his hands like the skin
of an over ripe peach, and, when the sky turns red, then

redder, I think I should have said, I miss my tongue, give me back my lungs, or, hey you, bodysnatcher, give it back to her
Ornithology

A spark starts, becomes two, three. Turns into a bird then body then into sweat—a kind of bloodletting, a kind of noise muted by closed windows, sewn into the hem of her sweater that itches. She scratches until her skin raws, oozes fluid, sings a song about the weather.

It’s snowing again and she catches a feather in her palm, draws blood, fans the flames. Let’s her body burn.
Body Fallacy

My body doesn’t move the way light reflects but how do I relate to the unrelated and remain faithful to you, body? There’s not enough light to see the way used flesh glitters in late morning or how skin flakes & peels off in strips like paint on the wall

I made blue the last time I was happy. Each scrape & mark its own body that I leave in a shadow on the floor or in my laundry basket to be cleaned. No, I am not faithful.
Litany for a Body

Carve a bowl
with your hands,
call it boat or
vessel or star.
Call it water,
animal, earth,
anti-matter,
negative space.
Black space,
girl, or nothing.
Mythbody

We may need a conduit,  
some copper wiring  
to reverse the decay.

Is there a god  
particle?

(Mother quark. Father quark).

Leaves slice through  
a string in time and still  
fall in time for winter.

How did we amass mass?

(Brother quark. Sister quark).

Bark sloughs  
easily into our hands,  
disintegrates into loose  
glittered winter.

We missed the anti-gravity,

pomegranates ripen  
under our fingertips,  
our bodies separate  
the fruit from the stem.  
We are moss

and rock and clay.  
We cover ourselves  
with dirt and learn  
to sleep underground  
where we dream of paper  
birds and earthworms  
once more.
Glossary for Daughter – Simple Nouns

Art:
(1) An imprint of skin and sweat.
(2) That which cannot be contained or named.
(3) A mirror.

Body:
(1) A skinsuit that splits when caught in the tug-of-war between name and identity.
(2) A figment of the imagination when caught in purgatory.

Guilt:
(1) The dark purple edible fruit of the bitter and the uncomfortable.

Heart:
(1) A chamber for dark matter.
(2) The erotic release of false truths.

Hurt
(1) The liquefying of the navel wound.

Idea:
(1) The unknown origins of past identities.
(2) The language used to name thoughts. (See Reincarnation)

Identity:
(1) The want to be an unnamed.
(2) A variable of constant change.
(3) An oscillation.

Image:
(1) A stick figure that can be dressed and undressed according to whim.
(2) The collision of identity and name on the body, which may result in internal bleeding.

Language:
(1) Fishing wire that connects the tongue to the heart.
(2) The corruptability of music.

Love:
(1) Forced air through a narrow channel after a lilting, breathless start (See Fricative).

Name:
(1) The frequency of which the body pulses to public noise.

Skin:

(1) A callous that forms when the self is exposed to crowds and weather.

Self:

(1) The twine used to re-stich the primary wound.
(2) The negative capabilities created by the intersection of identity and thought.
(3) An instrument for navigation.

Thought:

(1) The process of pinning thread to a cork board in an order that forms a vague blue.
(2) The need to sign the things you will lose and may never find.