POEM ONE

They transferred her from one empire to another

Nothing of initiation could remain between her

Was she a natural person or was there a beyond

Her body lived in pre-reflective space without perspective

She was her body incarnate, where she found the gods

What is the subject? what is the shape of the moon at eventide?

Somewhere a California New Brutalist is writing her a letter while clutching his cat

She is still not sure what her empire thinks of oceans and mirrors if she can mean there

She is clutching her cat and dreaming of ignoring her ego without finding god

Someone had cradled the drinks and taken them to the edge of the Middle East to hand out

The king is always unnamed and has no way to take a photograph from the edge of the empire

She could perform her recognition but this would be the worst of lies

If she doesn't leave the Alpine meadow she and so many others will perish there

So many perish at the hand of the natural

The cultural world pursues beauty like a drug

She can bear the lack and hold herself close

The question of a lover is closer than the question of a god

With a lover there would be no discord with unnamed empires

With a lover there would be no rift with the natural world

She does not give the world meaning, which would be a travesty

The Christian videos all tell her to acquiesce to the man who would rule her

If the neighbor has the loss at heart, the neighbor can become a person too

The image of the father is raw and crushes the young woman

She misses her real father who is not a the

There is a way of managing things and many ways of not managing things

All of these are both correct and useless

We are all transient as she is transient as the natural world is eroding daily

A man in Egypt is a political prisoner who is afraid to eat but has been listening to music

The food is bad and Pink Floyd is supposed to be a mirror of the emotions in this place

They transfer all of the prisoners from one signifier to another in the field of dreams

My father was there to tell me to stop it all before I became a puddle of gasoline

My mother was there to cry me to sleep when I told her my latest sagas

Subsist and stay with me if you can, says the mother to the daughter but not to the father

The mother is confused about what beauty is or is not on many holiday evenings

The mother's body is broken by illness

As Woolf and Joyce destroy the ego, she seeks to invite hers

The family did not prepare her for the world

The mother and the father did not really love her

But love is a middling path to the absolute, so

The family encourages the destruction through drives

The ancient family is a mother-father conundrum

The girl is a Puritan

The encounter with the military-industrial man is wiry and she is fearsome

The largest man is the one to fear for he knows no law

Maybe he could be an emperor or a prime minister or a president

The patriarch always lacks a sex life or even an inhibition

The men talk to the women as if they really want to listen for hours

The place of a great coldness recedes as the women flee for America

The natural habits are the hardest to break in the old country

The sleep of reason produces monsters, also produced by overgeneralization

The sleep of the cold can be promised to the beautiful obedient

The gray zone is where the women learn to live without the surprises of love

The surprises of love rarely caught the women up in stigma or policing

The ideal consumer never asks questions

She is a collaborator in the market

The market will profit from the outpouring of genetic material

The internment of the empire was worse for the small and the frozen and for Hercules too

The predicament is where god falls in

But there is always a way out a poetry

We call it a regenesis because it has happened before

Beckett's anti-word is almost cruel to the Jesus brain of the simple

As much as he can untie a knot the world is flat again

This single stranger wakes to sleep and takes his waking slow as sugar

I wake to represent for there is something there or here

There is a small trace of post-Anglo being in the inner parts of me

My birth was engendered completely and made me into a girl of gold leaf

All that I could say of the length of us was unreal to most

The prime number that describes the mother is left to dry on the blackboard in the classroom

The father is almost gone but cannot see where he left a house full of people carrying his name

There's always an echo in the mirror as far as I can tell from my political vantage point

I had a T-shirt that said, "Matriarchy Now," but I fell out of love with it.

As far as my dreams had gone to market, I had lost them in an interim as striated as the sky

As the disaster proceeds to extinguish itself, I quietly slip into the margins of someone else's narrative

Eternal spaces require us to step apart from each other and seek our understanding god

I recall a Frank Ocean song and look up a prayer for the gift of tears

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