

Gianina Opris

MiA

[the poem which is not one]

JOSE-PHINE

She is awakened by the sound of the laughing sea-gulls. She rests in bed hugging a pillow - looking around and finding the image of Madame Butterfly and her almond shaped eyes {blue hands}. Golden butterflies.

“My dog’s name is ...” This thought interrupts her. “When my family moved to Denver. We had to leave my dog. Then we found out ... he is dead. When we went back to Mexico. They had killed him. He was dead. I cried. My little sister cried too. I cry.”

“How do you feel about this story?” She remembers asking the children she was working with that morning. Poor Beautiful Girl. She doesn’t forget these meaningful stories. They are a part of her everyday. Delete. No she can’t delete memories.

She is not exactly like the woman trapped in a wheel chair. She has long dark black hair. Frog eyes with long eye lashes and uneven eyebrows. Always in the company of her skinny cat. Her hair is never combed and her ear is painted in white enamel like a “C” but backwards.

“Do angles comb their hair?”

Pour Josephine

WING AND HAND-OUT

There she is at the park near the lake by the green benches. By the runners jogging by. It's the statue of an angel with a broken wing. The tall trees above the statue's body provide a magical shade. A lavender landscape. Her right arm is standing up tall and strong. Her hand makes a fist. "Why those sad eyes looking down to the ground?" Dear Dog gets excited. She moves to the left corner of the bench. Sits alert. Waits as if ready to pray. The angel's upper left top wing is broken. A flat cut out. Or unfinished. Her left hand is taken.

She struggles to see this type of woman. This angle of stone. One side of her being emerges strengthened and the other doesn't. It's cut out. Surviving. Quiet now.....She shines.

Song:

"To be sung

Urgently, sweetly, with bliss, and sometimes with desperation."

For Carole Maso

When she shuts her eyes she reaches for a purple flower with the silver button in the center. She finds it in a box. She looks at the photograph frame with the skinny

winter trees and the cold. Snow – white. The boulevard around the one story house with the roof covered with March snow. The road with two people and a dog. A boy. A mother. A Labrador.

She writes a note.
A letter.
A union SPARKLES.
Preparation
Days
/P/
To
{pretty women}
Learn: stones could give birth
Generation
Permission
Paz: Peace
Cosmos ... where' r u ...?
Working ants.
Waxy taste!
O

.....
.....
..... Shonagon [Dear Shonagon]
Thank You.

WEARING WATER

“Now where are you?” turning around. “Death... where is your hat? Your fire? Your tail?” “Why did you come here today?” “Do you need a lesson about Victory or do you want me to comb your hair?” “Are you in need of a new hat?” “Are

you going to respond...or not?" "ARE YOU HERE TO TAKE THIS SHADOW?" She closes her eyes.

Death intrigues her. Death is a seed now. This body of water is loving lavender. The death's skull contains great substance now. The Icaco plants don't die even though the darlings are dying on the street on IC -20/20 near Estes. She starts a chant ~~~

"Why do some people have sight but can't see the beauty in patience"

"Men. Men -beheaded"

"The purple babies who live in the land need to be revived later next spring"

"She doesn't want to wear her silver necklace with the coca leaf pendant from Perú to a bloody wedding"

"Can you read letters?"

"Clean the book shelves like no other"

"Read E. Bishop & dry peach roses in May"

"*I need a bicycle*" the death sings ~~~ "*My feet are not running fast enough*"

she seems to hear in panic. "Death doesn't know me. No one does" she has trouble hearing now. Later alone she sits on the floor by a chair and sings ~~~ "I am cleaning ... cleaning a body with an encounter -this body becomes what it truly is." *A fluid of love* ~~~ always taking her away from her practices and filling her up with poetry.

Grace Connolly

#1
3 moments/mid

Do you still find it that way?

devious

parties

"he's the most beautiful boy

I've ever seen"

night

stairs

stars that were really just army

contraband army

monsters

you only ever terrified me for a moment

lets pretend it's over.

#2

america/ a disjointed fairy tale

without a gadget like a busted hacket busted up face

is the news i have to

wait.

it isn't like that anymore.

wait.

a cap a pie a cap a cap

a pie

like a blackbird

slowly sinking in

jack jack

alone in the corner

guarding that country in europe his

border and thumbing all practical

logical approach

its too messy to freeze

too far away to float.

so don't.

wait. a classic breather.

toad

cat

a fairy tale

I'm old.

wait. noon. a book and then some notes. a highlighter

and pencil that will not quite

provoke.

wait.

comfort. a classic load of sorry.

wait. notes. can lift regain

re

compose

wait.

so dont.

its not like that container

it didn't

forgot that day there

in the back of the car in the tupperware in the

this will be good later and ill save it for tomorrow and ill eat it
then

well guess it was more of an eat it never

mold.

Poe. will be never be my here.

wait. Poe

will never be my hero

wait

you grate will never come unopened it fields like hair

it melts like air and tell me I'm float. tell me I'm float.

I honestly don't care.

#3

apathy. I can't be constantly.

I am

frummed it

found it

flown it and around it

I am flabbergasted by your frivolous fancies

and I don't fancy you now

I don't fancy you at all

I am gasping and lacking I can't lead

don't tell me I'm not supposed to anyway

I am burning and my throat is closing and something desperately needs

to be said and I don't know what

I am caught

I am coughing. Caught in. A Coffin. A web

I am reaching. I am breathing. somewhere here. within

I am surrounded by constant walking and

its alarming that the tension

my neck is

going to fall off

going to fall off

sweet jesus

my legs are crossed and I cant

I'm locked

I am locked

I am caught in

gelled in and shaking and

my legs are in a state of disrepair

I am constantly controlling and maybe I don't
want to be rolling like this on no drugs
on no floor
what was I led here for? apathy?
I can't be led here for apathy. I can't be constantly.

Laugh at me. That's right laugh at me. Go ahead laugh at me
Laugh at me right now
I cant be jotted. I am knotted, knotting down.