

Mary Kasimor

the train

Since there were no bones I suspect myself of no one
At the beginning I was liquid & shifted balance
The earth sank & I with it

I lived with emptiness in an old jam jar

I rose from honey

The rose was a rose & it sang in my ear
The song chose me for understanding

The darkness shouted out facts & it was the owl's final sleep

Flight was in a misunderstood direction
I did not have wings
You did not have a uterus
You could not bear me

The music dissolved into white noise
A train left me behind at 4 am

I was shoved into cold storage

The body problem left with time travel known as sitting in one
place in the peculiar sorrow of self-denial & further away from anyone
I leave my hole & a buried eye with no flicker of recognition

a forest

packed with..... murder the..... bones.....assembled
.....into a collage.....mismatched I walked...away.....
on.....eyes spit out..... chaos..... & theft a thoroughly
contested germ elevated..... superficial.....as..... a way
with..... god then.....you could not open the.... computer for
more.....secrets but.....stood in a..... line for hours for
your order that totaled....a..... billion stars..... that struck
the sidewalk after..... memory..... crashed so you shaped
with destiny with..... angles &..... angels who refused
to..... dance this.... indiscretion cost you a year of..... dreams
each night broke.....down.....into indecipherable symbols
...& forests calmed.....down you walked.....with.....the
absentconsciousness the heart hung.....up.....
to dry... in the garden....I..... dance without a..... soul
there was a.....bright part of..... me that existed.... as.....a
kiss..... a red scarf..... a.....mouth without.... the lies

iffacts

doubtful that I shall Ever know
myself as a riddle of Myself
themselves in the room where truth
is fact & the irrational isareason
with your face of Many troubles
& with myself I dance in Circles
& throw things away
in the Kitchen of Garlic & cinnamon
a pink Décor of a genuine Moon
reciting well known facts
in Echoes I shall return as a leaf
blowing Through nowhere dancing as
a Thing in the middle of A place
in a Circle I shall find you in a jar I shall
keep you as a toy I will break you as
agod I will Make you doubtful
against the other we unite at the Table
as a guide When the stars
burst Out a polite narrative I disclose
myself as you with a Wondering tribe