[For the Woman I Am Becoming In My Sleep]

My virtue is an orchestra of rosary beads, caught in my sheets.  
a little girl dressed all in white  
crawling in and out of being.  
In my closet, the gospel  
of her silence  
sleeps.

She’s wallpapered my room in epilogues,  
watching me with charcoal  
blue glass.  
When she dreams, she finds  
a temple floating  
in the middle of a lake.  
A god with no hands  
in a room filled with dry-brushed relics.

I have loved her thrush-filled mouth, She tries  
the way she follows me barefoot  
around the house  
turning the lights on and off.  
The sound of tides folding themselves  
in the dark.

She can’t even dress herself.  
I leave her alone for days,  
a tiny heaving creature  
In my sleep,  
the only word I know is yes.  
And I am always running.
Trees talk to each other at night.

All fish are named either Lorna or Jack.

Before your eyeballs fall out from watching too much TV, they get very loose.

Tiny bears live in drain pipes.

If you are very quiet, you can hear the clouds rub against the sky.

Everyone knows at least one secret language.

We are all held together by invisible threads.

Books get lonely too.

I will always be there.

The lock will keep him out.

Daddy loves you.
[Who Would Want You Now]

She wants to put a small crime
in your no body
to replace
the swallows that the light left.
daddy, daddy.

Sinew chords
sleeping with the irony of Bethlehem crawl
beneath daddy.
bow
and break your vertebrae one
by
one until the
heat separates limbs
from audience.
Particles of burning hydrangeas slip past
the applause that leaves that familiar bitter
snap on your tongue
while the blond and black go at it.

As she grew
like discontent and ratty clothes
she tore
through every shoe befit to feet
and through her own skin
demolishing, shredding the house
where her childhood burned.

There there
the tiny writhing creature
is tar.
Come si chiama, di lasciare a lasciare
How do you call, to leave to leave Come
carne carne?
to flesh and flesh.

I didn’t sleep just to hear the storms hit. All the wild abandon pounding blinds contro le finistre and nothing to show come morning but a few overturned flowerpots. Tempests in tea kettles and jam for the dormouse naso. Stay quiet, girl, and whatever you do don’t remind him that you’re here. There’s only pieces of the Tar towns that thunder drowns out and più piccola che la pioggia can wash down.

Why don’t you go to church anymore
        and the doorcreaks open girls’ bedrooms
and the why do you love le cose rotte
             and the belt buckle whispering shh honey hush
and the why did you come’s
        and the why did you touch
and the devil babies Devon baby
are Devils, baby, Devon baby
please
just
clean me.
I promise, they all sound like punch lines in the end.
You were all heat, no warmth. It was good until it wasn’t.

we built this place on a conditional of white things white things i see tar wings baby tar water baby what if the baby was on fire? no, no, the baby has to live. it’s the living that does the killing in the end.

I’ve grown attached to the process of reserving cemetery plots.

Inside my chest cavity, for the people I can’t let go of.

This is the space where you die.
On Monday I grow pepper plants
inside the pockets of my shirt
while the phone rings somewhere in the house.

Their stems reach up and
lace into the buttonholes, sleeping politely
   For themselves.

I cradle my planters,
crushing pepper
plant leaves and whispering
   warm stories

While my husband rages inside the house
about the tiny shoes
piled in our closet.
[Relinquo]

Well the birds start their screaming In fall as you let go of the day. I fell

We sit on our park bench and watch On blond and the old man black knees

the old man who lost his wife For the hands who lost his wife Under a growing pile of leaves That held your convulse. mother’s breath

i. ii.
You turn and say, but you don’t say, “Shame, isn’t it?” “I never meant to stay.”
[Cara Soggiorno,

Did you name the ache that slept with you?]  

I’m still sorry about it all.

Spero che i muri non parlano di me. I hope the stairwells stopped creaking my name. Words can only apologize for my lightning rod spine, and it hurts to stand clear, but I swear

I never did get your letters. Months ago, the ones where you explain your silence when I asked about i tuoi incubi. The ones you said were always about falling. It’s been so long, e ancora non so che cosa Everest’s are catching your breath, but I’ll take this feeling and drop it like an avalanche. This is to say I still want you, but now I just do it quietly. Tranquillamente, mio caro.

Did you know that there’s a place in Istanbul where the light pours in through the mosques and everyone there becomes holy at the same time? I meet you in the beams every time my eyes close. When I check my messages, I listen for the absinth of your voice first.

Mi mancherai per sempre,

Come back home when it gets too dark.
[this marionette, curling upward]

Imperial quickness between cotton strings,
maiden turning into the consistency of
squashed peas.
Pageant girls
turn poison babies
in the quicksand beneath the doorjamb.
Without hue you’re lost
to the dialogue of godparents that discuss
why June is best to drop
the cross of self-denial and
touch.
[It's July in New York City]

and I am sitting in my bathtub,
mermadic, mercurial, water coming
cold,
fully clothed. The paper
in my hand crumbles in the drain,
the cut on my lip is fresh,
dropping carnations in the water.

I am

I is

I crept through solid white

I bare my teeth at the
reflections and filling stark pews
in the bathwater.
I want to crawl inside the faucet.

I was

I will

Take back my ashen sheets

I am never there when mothers break
down bathroom doors

Touching all my limbs.

Open fire hydrants spraying across
my face in July, in New York City
and children, real children, dancing in its light.
The dark floral wallpaper of the church laughs while your childhood priest reads Lamentations 3:22 instead of the
fingerprints you left on me.

But now

Yes now

I wash you stolid gone.