



Saint Pink

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saint pink

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tuba arrangement

In this
room that is here
in this body that I ignor
ed embroidered Red be
tween my fingers
hiding between theory
and arrangement It left a series of lies
for quiet s
tars old newspapers sold years
of impermanence it was
the war
I blew out t
he brains
of a bird fly ing through Travel
and freezing wind balanced the cells
when I hover bird
like in words
the window when it looks through
solid
fate filling with im
patience I squeezed
out the blood from the light
Like a tuba
w
ater moved with sound
you say your lines in the past of that
Morning
the bird made s pots
in bone and song
odd when I am still sitting at the table
with
thoughts gathered
the objects that I painted and hung next
to

the wind by the Garage
balancing all I said I wanted to
drown in the past words that you spoke
you lay your body in old water and it is
the air turn
 ing Over
when it empties with illustrations
like a ballad

little lambs and my dog

i

the music began like a baby
small faces (delicate fruit sounds)
a terrible noise in the back room

I am folding up baby
& dropping a hole into the well
lost her voice oh no
her eyes stared
straight up at the sun

she folds into smaller pieces
origami's little lamb
pain (oh) starry night

& then she grew again
another instant commotion
silver humming like water
like laughter in a jewel box

ii

there was this game once
I was a bean inside my father's ear
for lack of skin I crawled out
from an old animal

I walked through mirrors
settled down to sleep next
to the little lambs
& my dog spot

with strings of folding paper

I am impatiently counting
feeling the numbers
in the sweet land of folding
grass and fences
some morning stars
I am in the foot land with thieves
exchanging nervous faces
between
fingers bending cells
I am a small button obsessed
my face falls inward
with strings
at a furious speed
I am in the land
of folding paper
reading old mythologies
the fields
the impermanence of books
memorizing maps
and pleasure
wind wept faces in bedrooms
gertrude stein's words
at left
angles in the room
of odd sensuality
sunlight and a hallway
a fascination with locks
and keys
hollyhocks
receipts of lips
tongue to velocity to violin to paintings
a flight of bees
cotton breath
and then took off
lips and fruit

half burlesque tongue
frost in waves weeping underground
machinery wailing rooms
hatching data spit
more than osmosis
things that I don't know
moving quickly

meteorite fields hold the horizons

slow moan of flight
is shea romantic of yours
breath is the perfect shape
covering the earth
fields hold their horizons
like mirrors
there is more than enough dirt
flat grass
windows hold together
with fluted china
quickly (we) moved to
water poured it into food
potatoes and rice
and cans of green beans
when I look I see through
one eye a brilliant yellow life
steps in the middle
and some days were rock
the babies in august
in a daisy path
in the desert apple state december
er
deer absorb
recycled meteor showers
we watch the slow shadows
of the farm
machinery preparing for death
when the old fields die on their knees
there is a staccato of the heart
words ricocheted off the dirt
lights come early into my telescope
wedie and then we are

na me d sm o o th s t o n e s
an ti qui ty wi ll n o t kn o w t h e s
am p l e s
o n a s i l v e r c h a i n p r o b e d
w i t h s c a l p e l s t h e h e a r t d a n g l e
s
m y f i n e p i c k l e d b r a i n f e e l s a
d e l i c a t e
i n s t r u m e n t a b b r e v i a t i o n s i n
t h e d o c u m e n t s
t h e y f o u n d n o s e p a r a t i o n o f
f e e l i n g
n o o n e h e l d h i s h a n d w h e n t h e
h e a d
f e l l o f f t h e b o d y

stick people straw and blossoming

we are not
dreams
 shrinking the garden
(I will not plant the fingers
 of small lives)
 we are the fields
 the bus
brings us there
 to shape the angles
clutter is futile with ennui
 knowledge is nothing
 air less than water
moving
 (birds' dreams)
no thoughts move the spider
 (But) we are the decimals
 of productivity
 from the book... the blank page
 of murder
five steps from the window...we are
 black rain
(raucous laughter drinking coffee)
no one hears
 the voices...life mutters
 old stories change words for noise
think about bags of bliss left
 behind
where the landscape
 eats the corn
 the sun is crooked...
 no longer around
and you are a small dot...
 pressing energy
 into those fields
 light swallows invisible

stick people
 straw and blossoming blood
roses grow
 for the king
 I will put on my
make-up and skin
in the vine factories and cubicles
 we place our bodies
in clashing delirium
 caught on video
morning forms in mirrors
 hiding like guns and sharp
knives

holding onto medusa

you are my own
absenc
e
words lying
down between
wolves and
internet stars
holding onto medusa
's tongues
nothing is
as night
seals you
in edges among ma
n
y pulses
contradicting each
other's life remains
celestial
you fall of
f violence changes
a cell attaching it
self
to the scar line
laundry hangs emp
ty the body
moves sex m
irrors breath
surrounding unmarked
sculpture
a
s you float radio
such movement
changes hidden and
closed ey
es

do not
see what
is meant among
mouths detailed endi
ngs and sleeves
your tongu
es bitter

small containers of mozart

FLAMING angels giggle crawling up each other's thighs with their voices dying to love completely. The nightmares remain wild AS those in an infant's brain who dares 6:00 am to show its rosy skin. Those DABS of skin and breath and bones and frozen muscles with GOTHIC roots of old wealth in delicious cakes baked in ovens. Luscious with blood only the hands dance in front. Toying with the rules of your BRAIN I rejoice at the small containers of hope reminding me of mozart. The gorgeous reflection of what we may feel knitted into tomorrow and the threads ALL work to keep it whole carefully wrought. Absorbed in the intestines old bone chairs holding an orifice spattering out rancorous words leaves me breathless. So much I want TO DO. (I am on a limited budget.) Soft egg walls make it better. Scooping out the digestive track we left it behind in the cave for other animals of exquisite SHAPE (to say that life is not science...).

embroidered bird slits

freeway's black
scream elongated
bodies. generously
inserted into
heart land instant
death from kiss
stone and skin
chairs say social
cues. Other chapters
sat down
upon an inky
depth of
indigenous dirt
(wind embroidering
scorn spots
) water.
fallen apart gossip
shaping full brain
synapses grow
sleep. in cabbage
water horizontal
directions north
bird slits. through
flight ginger
seizes knife's edge
falling off an epic
chase
marching feet.
fiercely let us
go to winter.
lost in face box
shut in a cell
metabolizes swamp
language.

in empty
wood land fairies
rudeness of breath
the mermaid's rose
. in delphinium
dirge music sweet
bunches of
violets. in throats
seeded junk
forces . decimals
collectors' breath of
refrigerators. below
density grow
obituaries
most fortunes said.
a dim view of
this moment
does not exist.
without facts hold
it up. a monetary
globe a dollar store
deal rung out . fire
clear notes. abstract

on the vine eggs

big blue river
breathes this
day is born
tomatoes
and zucchinis
a mall rocks
a flat sort of day
one big tire
snoozing on
blue
s
your brain in
cement is a
southern
drawl river life
merges
steam clots

mega pumps
passing over
spirits' new
age
more plastic
snacks
dying on the
vine
eggs fall
from their
destiny
falling
they are not landing
eat your living
fingers and toes
as facts fill
with thoughts

the landfill lies mute
intricate semiotics
just whistling
love
is agape the river
falls into a dream
smelling of
dishwater smiling
 vestige
in rock
engraving smile
250 million years
ago
old beautiful
express the surface
shines sun years late
warmth on a
pumpkin
utility lines lean
to the politics
right politics in electricity
the land lovely
tasting the plastic
world swaddled
in sheep

cicadas died from the noise

a template of butterfly
brief noises of disintegration
away from self-meaning. objects
awkwardly standing alone
(you meant nothing).

clothing holds us together
the house (it)self shapes
stitches. a silent hall of breath
no decisions are made in the mirror
shadows. end as they begin
multiple shapes.
windows gleam with teeth
no less than words

with strong voices.
the rush of emotion
tortured bodies
plotting ways to test machinery.
the computerized lung made a left
turn. into the cave
no more pictures appeared.

so we dug for our hands
in search of strange jewels
and charged them. for the cost
of life all good children danced
like gingerbread men.
all bad children chased snakes'

houses grew with meaning
corners. becoming self-important
I had only my voice that listened as it spoke
without ink or the apples' bitter tree.
growing faces of leaves

your lips scattered into a galaxy
creating a new earthly template
of broken directions.
stars burned my forehead
cicadas died. in an opera
small bodies cast in bronze
above the orchestra pit
that crazy bird beat.

etude

I slept and woke with the sun
 stitching myself a part
 to separate into hallucinations
 then to have meaning
intact in flat layers
nailed onto walls of pen marks
I walked to the edge
 you placed me in the middle
 I was stuck there before time
 counting I found next yesterday
it is the same as missed the light passed
over
 I recognized its face
 it recorded every piece of the
bodies
 lost before they fell into place
 the place was left
behind
the mystery was
 in darkness held in
 the child cried when I
left home
 leaving fences
rooms filled with children
of my selves
 I lost my way out
 the failure of lives fall into
dreams
of 500
television channels
 studies of ordinary life
 soon I was
a channel feeling the glow of
electricity
hooking me up to blood and mucous

the high last breath from
the sun
we were drinking water
constantly talking about the
sounds
coming out of our
mouths
we watched them writhe
melt and fall and the mud people
took
us in as slaves
when we returned to save the
moon
from the cave the words
made us he questioned the
people in
his hand
small and then we
disappeared
“scabs
of our missing hearts”

in the music business

the raw machine on delicate
we entered the world as stones
a tactile planetary conception
bore
a roundish future
and cool a survey of earth
we touched buttons
areas captured photos orchestral
movements dissected note by note
the source of life
began in the music business
began with slavish attention
the tone to the dial
(language... in primary colors
they did not find
white)
the pink people thought
they were gods
they thought to the stones
thought was hard shaped
in mouths
god was a faithful anima
(I) (all) the babies taught
themselves
clever ways to need
each other
sticks were sharp and tipped
with stars and mouths and blood
a slice of earth here
no longer a circular staircase
now a bird changed into desire
desire was the need
to capture stones
hardship plodding along
our eyes were knotted

to white threads
streaming from
our tears
we were struck when we landed
we covered ourselves with dirt
thinking we could fly
we wore trees
and bread below our skirts
we were holy
we made magic out
of dna we lost our language
through our mouths
we were born from debt

to the clean land

the dirt speaks from the dove
(or) I was the dove of pressed feathers
it was (like) a trip to the clean
land
we journeyed and we stopped
we clasped our sticks together
exchanging skins
I wanted you you gave
me only your drained veins
I gave you my eyes
you thought I was willful
our wanton pasts linking
us to
exits
snow melted us together
a clean beginning in the rivers
shiver
blood floated us between
attractions
how many mile stars?
I live distance in light
I love to have my numbers
scanned
our bodies moved the
dreams
I delivered five spirits hanging in
the wind
rain broke through the windows
the forest sang
around the square
because of clean places
people lived there
and had curtains and
chairs

and lips saying the same
thing
it's (not) a safe place for sheep

tulip cubicles

I can do time
within the reach
breath
passions distilled into play
vinegar /life
business
more voices from aliens
in reverberating
boxes
of geometry
hard work spreads to fingers
tulips burst in flight
trees fought for
china
and north dakota
I wanted
to save the last exit
they saved me for later
the room shared a last body
in preparation I breathed
2-1/2 miles
with sparrows /little droplets
of light
blowing kisses dwelling
in my mouth I felt
the rush
the irony of virtue expanding
breathes out the sun
the world wholly expanding
the shoes
the cars /the roses
/the back
alleys silver striped rain
the street breathless
and hard

metal bent the sky into angels
the fruits of my breath
flood into rivers
communist snow collects itself
white
yellow plastic buffalo herds
breathe out
the white of their spirits
in the next cubicle

red wheat heart

trees conquered
my body bore
north & bad
& bears my head
the wind/feet
compass crows
blow a serious
heart falls out
serious sole music
wheels spun vertigo
numbed
mumbled horizon
on a negative hill
it's a skunk
heart
smashing fire
wind white atomic
blues
flute
a heart beats new york
kite string &
fallen apple
someone draws the wind
the slaughtered cattle's voices
lost (finally) the wind
blew
away the land falling
structures
of red wheat

her lips black rosary

i

I sliced myself open and found
a girl sitting on a
bed somewhere an umbilical
cord. connecting us
we turned inside ourselves
north leaked out
of south no light.

ii

nor darkness exists in photos
face broken
vases centering flowers
(probably lilacs).
just the ordinary back alley
assortment
seeds from our fingers

iii

planting the city. I let
myself
out smoothing the air wind
the quiet
I was quiet. in my head
nothing exploded but
exception. life was a nerve
ending affair
I watched for changes.

iv

it never moved
the movie filled twisted
faith.
I jiggled the past
canny spirits in black and white

telling me to remind myself.
of where I came from
and to cry. real
tears

v
there is no blood in a turnip

vi
my grandmother never told
me this. I thought about her
holding together her hands' black
rosary (her lips).
once we hummed ourselves
to rest
we crept below
where bodies were death
dancing
sounds falling.

truth story

i

my grandfather carried his feet on his back
my grandfather rolled me out on a silver
dollar
I danced blood

we were identical twins separated at birth
I sewed his skin into the shape of tulips

my grandfather was a crow and a peasant
the graves are filled with impostors

ii

my grandfather was not a valentine
he was my grandmother's lover

iii

in the furthest corner I keep him in a strong
box
sleeping in an engine without instructions

I can't put his face together
there are cracks in the potato field

iv

the soup lies unmade in cans

v

when my life returns to the clock I am alone
soaking up the river
he turned into mud

vi

my grandfather snuck me out of the country
there are no pieces of his arms left to stay

I placed his little round heart
into a bag of marbles

vii

truth to the story
I color the books

baby fiction

they say baby flails
lips of fiction
she finishes herself in unusable blues
small stuff added to the list of stitches
she sells her wrists

wind infiltrates
she's dying
from a migraine

those little flesh pills
make her nervous
rain falls on offshore banks
on most days she drives away
wondering where she's
on the inside of her thoughts

her bones squeeze between code
where most babies fall out
I love their diminutive innocence
those footprints of blank matter

on shimmering horizons
she infiltrates with a hive of words

they say the world's radioactive
they say baby polka dots
on her face

planting
a magnet in ditch dirt
the cobwebs invent
the body one
finger in
a current

in delicate thread
against a cow's body

shades of sea (oh gaudy shoes)

a labyrinth
ina room of live lihood
matter mates with a
toms
b linding ligh
t
the shape is quiet
and dozes
a garden
's discovery
re-arranges plants
and emo
tional placement
the chaos of quiet places
blood cousins teasing
the spir its
whirling the syll
ables
o h gaudy
shoes
peeling of
f skin chang
ing clothes
in a mall of america
mixed up
keys l'
m tuning
a nomenclature of pian
os
a string for a
n out
pouring of wind
we rode horse
s de
creasing the plains

the moon in time
in pisc
e s flooded
an excited water eb
b
the fishes fled
with star crossed
carbon shade
s of
death in the desert
the sea is an
arbitrary temp
late
and wh
o
knows the legend
trying
too hard to
be halo flo
tation devices

in after

oceans and oceans of red
sun blue sweaters' thin
boned teal ladies lunch in
hot air. balloon tongues
exploring a mystery of
huge rules. there is nothing
titillating in twinkle
twinkle repetition of the
same safety. thought
dreams won first place
playing scrabble. on
the oceans words cease
a billion mouths
through pools and
germs congeal
the pockets
in a gel vision.
no voices in words
we change as a ballad
of elements. the ritual
of picture framing noise
sucking their toes. in
ballet news within the
hearts of all trees
televised rain writhes
tautly against
billboards. fingers
grow only on the north side
pearls. in spaced
cacophony embroidering
only the field.
pigs in the puppet
tree collects
magnetic threads
and prescriptions. I leave

behind walls. filling
my glass with klezmer
sounds from another country
a peasant exists.

saint pink

the museum pieces are not feminist

born pink and unnoticed

some argue for color

pink tastes blank

in a gathering of breath

a cluster of fingers

the sparrow tunes lullabies

ill at ease is the future

lying pink lies alone

she speaks with falling sound

language pours

out milk

and other slight flowers

breathe the sunlight death

shaking loose life

one dog from feathers

cart wheeling

into earth's millimeter

the wooden years

(a woman feels the future)

bursting into fire

the dance began milk thick

gears and plots

ruby twilight installing a white

squared

off world

then lines beneath the repetition

fish wings evolve

the neurotic eggs divide alone

pink bleeds thin blood

sealed into the porcelain ancestors

saint pink prays for visions of

magenta

asia influx

nestin g's stuffed with gesture
unimportant matters carefully
listed gos sip I am not here
the land moves to asia and wisconsin
cyclic al uprising s clone
mountain folks for ming a sym phony
of at onal streets sweet jesus
music god un furls a flag
wait ing for after thoughts wait
ing for standards antibiotic
drops of wate r
easy eggs and combined a minimalist
version of life I did not and
like you grew days I like
the language barrier I place
words in bird seeds
with alpha bet songs in flux water
flatteni ng a single verse gathers
hand s flailing harm onics
red polished nails in all directions
person f eels its way out of
the novel the textile
industry weighed down one verse falls
out of apples the bird does
no t search itself
meaning flies for no one but
a dis organized hear t condition
confli cts in bee and
I do not know how late at
the market gravit y collapses(d
from an archy

changes steady

i

in the blue
in the room an apron
of standards fall apart
what happened hangs out
of balance
in single celled fra
ctured silver no blood
but in plant material anti
thesis is divine
where I stand
in an absence
in front of you

ii

changes
steady
the land of frantic ants
with thumb pulse
pale today
is for the religious
myth begins a cell
(diversifying selves)
somewhere feeling
between succinct
thoughts with thick sha
dows

iii

poor dead hearts
collapsed
ears listen to
the mind ears

listen to matter
the body moves
anticipating
the next
and it becomes
a
full moon

iv

this is not a puzzle
logarithm's crescendos
radio head's chorus
exits on a budget
white noise elephant
ant
is a percussive night
in a room
sound is perfect pitch
in the lake
small fish gather in
a circle looking
out at the hypothesis

electricity has many names

there are no prisms in this house
but glass
shaken down
bruised placed next to
the statue of mary becomes a religion
I take pills for that for being alive
the bluesy breath changes
the moon grows trees
(the moon has many lives)
I am ONE
a darkened oval
being round makes me a mother of od
dity
makes me want to be better than I thought
existing with body
and that old bawdy
lifts up its legs
an extension OF its mind
and pees into the abyss
the cracks change expression
at the edge
when it starts to feel light
and it is terror and other names
for electricity and furniture and money
what I put into my house
fits a view
with no famous people
in the boxes that I invent
I will never be us
or useful
we are portioned out to each other
fleeing each other's self
needing to hold in
sights into terror

eons in rosewater

displaced forests dance

in the brains

of glass

a soprano

tunes the garden

in rosewater

(I was a folk

and you an

other

knitting old world latin)

do not water between nights

or teeth

and spoons

strawberries breathe as doors shut

bodies slap onto sleep

the froth of junk (my sleep)

internet crawling

clothes open

bodies of vinyl shoulders and people's lips

the doors sound
 emergency and dogs listen
 to traffic
blood smells
 driving politics to music
 and peonies
 red silk

 luxurious sparrows
crows rock cradle strings
enjoying the weather
 of eons
 paper
 and stars

dear roots and more potatoes

dear sunlight in late afternoon.
butter
I cast out my ironic selves,
sometimes noisy
in these other details
I give you thread, worn organs
sold on the market.
delaying
momentum before we were born,
we stood together.
attached by toes I severed
a pink. finger
scissors and rocks
clung to the roots
more. and more
potatoes stumbled off the mountains
and a star or two.
you needed me. because I
heard
you and we spoke
in tongues simultaneously
wielding fire dear darkness.
I zippered you closed.
I held you
between my legs
touching the surface.
forced it to the disease of
pain I feel my
panic. at 3 am
the freeway moves
out of town.
I am translated into
broken mercury
performing minuets when carrying
my eyeballs, and ears as useful vessels

when I disappear. into
a fragment of sight
appearing In spoons and walls
dear later. here you
are coyly final.

taurus cusp

salt by the sea gathers the moons
into silver gun chambers
shaking out mercury
a lone star is one alone
through heaviness slipping
rings of saturn
feels the night's
tongues sorting
out the profits

tomorrow is on another cusp
of the morning
carnival darkness found in every gland
its body swells shut
swimming in diagnostics

edges submerged
water is huge and serious
an axiom among pathos writers
with pages of
memory and charts
anguish on the 28th day
a short month for may
nothing simply grows on paper

but flies away photo shopped
half-moon absorbing
skeleton
leaves fact-similes of blue spiders
breathing on edges of blood

water was the mother of the child
among anxious pulses
mimicking the inside of veins
nothing grows inside the moon
but its own taurus neck

the moon holds all oceans in its arms
little rocks forgetting ancestors
interrupting the acreage
of lost children
but the ocean is part apple
its roots are trees
september is listed on bags and shelves
yeast and rain forest
cattle dragonflies
rubbing wings in thin water

assembling pre-earth

noticing colors in rivers—
held up to the light gray as Absence
Quilts flutter when birds escape

exquisite sadness in the past century
the novel is about Culture
I lack stones and wear only shoulders
Otherwise I am nude—
and draw the shadow's vagina

cut out Rain engraved in our ribs
dribbles into museums
(the book held my last Face)
a piece of voice floats--rain pours out
connections deconstruct
—plugged into Solidarity

as it becomes substance
it is easier to make Bread
(Particles in the pre-dawn of anthology)
precision assembling pre-earth
books record the distance Between words
endings

my garden grows flies—Blessed is the
mystery
mistaking identity for facts
birds caught in the storm—the mime is
especially loud today
for brevity read every Other word
one moth flew into Yellow dishes—
sizzling with butterflies
they have not slept since june

for catharsis destroys the other games
Uploaded an easy abridged version
speaking is a failure of propaganda
In a parallel planet—bury mushrooms
(maybe takes Notes)

leaving traces
Out of wind
I planted those rows of beans counting
the screws in worms—Many dead textures
between plants—
stories with Handles
planted the virgins—later hunted for Fungi

sleep and afternoon

structural collapses of
modern sceptics
chambers be there hanging
tree of life
breath burning tongue
fingers fists
mixed percussion missed
syncopated peridots
maze seeking bone
voices
fallen water hanging echoes
fading sand
blames drone sleep
and afternoon
cupcake hearts extending blue
silence (electric
fish) from east to west
wayfarers
stand with manners like mannequins
white flames with
boundaries flex
don't touch oxygen sculpture
over pass the beans
diesel fulfillment
elaborate stitching
chat chat heart pounding
pale stones
resumes statement in dream
search in jam aluminum cans
silly putty internal rust
carrots wet peas such
plastic aches
bicycles in critical mass

fades light sleep on quiet
echoes a wall rain flattened one
 one line rare ink
 spots placed an
embrace all asleep western
nights walled in dreams
 hearing hearsay
voices in fallen motion
water flash
 earth's giants life
blood matters sands
electric overpass
 bloats hanging
tree of life
 for this feathers and why
such dreams
 birds sprout wing
seed personal settled
back into body

women wearing guns

plastic pasties with yellow
flowered moons in a store window
the woman's body stands.
in one place she is
in the other mind
losing its mind. complex formulas
under The microscopes
flow. In all directions
beneath the bridges traveling
like fever
north stars
one swoops. into The sea
(the woman stands and waits).
news changes. every hour
one disaster
we are forced
finding ourselves. for what we think
we come thinking
arriving.
we are at geometrical crossroads
unity in heartbeats
marching germs
fought over a bottle of water
one apple
one song.
who owns us
we ask
babies fall out of the sky.
we cross the bridge streets filled
with carnival rage.
we don't know where to begin
we don't know the song
they checked our faces. as we
walked by
some of us wore new bodies

then they stapled us. together
I cavorted with my shame
wearing only red silk panties
my tongue hid in an ankle.
they fed us scones with lice
kept us in locked boxes.
they made us into a movie
under the warehouse moon
I fashioned. a new face
was a gift of disease.
then we danced
eventually
as broken. birds
women wearing furs and guns.

asia minor

purple violets are no other color
but a gypsy dance. across the screen
smiley faces blank
no one happens.
I'm grasping for recognition
that was my idea
without the face.
I stare at a blank screen
one stringed violin
the grasshoppers play. accordions
with coy experience
what did I know about eastern europe?
a place where the fields are fallen tapestries
blood reds and white. stitching
the black and white of pain visible
arranged on canvas.
that is where all the dreams begin
a moon. from north dakota
grasshoppers crossed an ocean
calcium drifts and houses of bone
stocking pantries. with gypsy wheat
from the wounds of big machinery
there is nothing new to invent.
with rosaries around their necks
gypsies dance I pray for less
than more. swimming away
to swan lake now
they reside on the prairies
longing for swathes. wheat of
one huge land becomes one huge ocean
songs in the key of asia minor.

all the futures

Ennui filled the umbrellas
of May, struggling to empty
her house. Exotic threads and
onions, papers lay on the floor.
In another country details
of her face failed extinction.
There was no time
or present. She went out into
the garden to search
for fingers,
bruising the noise. In cast
off tissue,
no blood in
the syncopated tattoo.
Flutes cavort.
Lilacs and
small worms bred
white steam.
Acoustics hid sulky flames
in the old church.
In the soft rain
A cloying
incognito without
a tree's violin, all
the futures inside.

moon holes

iridescent radio waves
survived molecules—
dropped rocks
fluxed into flaws
and experiments

ornamentally endless—the body by itself

blood parchment
now going viral

stained glass hallelujah—forcing us
the long stalked people
the wilderness
posed in a mirrored forest

(remove self from hysteria)

(self) showing off part of the mind field

ascemic shadows disillusioned
in batik

“now is moody”—

fashioning the
jugular—throat cage

the wire sings

another brand grows enormous
mocha chips hooked to swamp friction

incognito goblin birds—

substance pours out--
dilating moon holes

the sun dribbles away

subtext of women

ornamentally mature
a butter fly bursts
in the eye's image
floats through as though
there was a choice
what signified the leather
purse
concealing /ed your deep
intentions
I record myself
numbers whirl
around pieces of cheese
loaded with the
greatest minds
playing video games
I thought I was erased
falling into remainders
dumping one of my
selves
with hearts abundant
it marches backwards
synthetic cows
collude for organic
debauchery
stolen theories from lilacs and onions
captured souls
of
consciousness
you came between me
the hills of scatter
love made me act
like cigarette smoke
an
eternal burn
and water divined

my mouth stuffed
with holes
so sorry that I fell a
part
with thoughts reflecting
digital birth
baby cried for symmetry
I sat in my 300 square
feet
mind
waiting for precision
crows fell
inside the puddled sun
the sub-
text of women
exercising their forearms
in remote country sides
lonely women
in deep swallowed
nights who
weave blue gowns
their sleep de
toxified with sleeplessness
displacing rows
of jars
of pickled
hearts and brains lost
in back winter
quietly mind
feels era sure
flutters from too much
cold ground
and gardens of
potatoes and beets plugged into
the thumbs of the
blue skinned people

filed reports of memory red acted
in action chatter
chatter click redeem

immaculate expanse

i

a raw day of things
the shocked value of circumstances
body and hubris
a woman divides herself
and bawdy reclines as sculpture
broken hearts and lips
the wall's white face (she is)
beheaded her coif
(she was)
an underworld
of pleasure
palace casinos of gaudy night
who wants to be eternal
from an object to an object
from the sound waves of the sea
from the dumpsters' rows of rotten meat
a spittle of sound the body
in the closet all
the feet in a row

ii

little remainder's glimmering eye
bleeding feet
feathers in water
admiring birds sit on a surface sun
ant life fall from their mouths
out there gleaming in teeth
oh whiten the teeth
oh whiten the horizon
fake water sits on the surface
knitting away in waves of an old woman's
foot
a list of who you are not
the immaculate expanse of pink
no

one aroused
or arises to your final death
drown yourself one fingernail at a time
your last little doll under a tree
flung in hot summer inscrutable
and simple the world
is breaking

an early history of sex

satyr rubs his penis against the world
no sound—
an uncomfortable pulse
a silent flower that never
escaped pre-
dawn defense for what was
at that time
an object to satisfy use—
a description of seizures disguised
as part of the
bundled objects and binding—
polite with the
calmness of death
girls with quiet excuses—
who fall out of windows
proving gravity
the escaping snake high on friction--
thrust into a small
dark corner
gender acting of the act
distanced disdain from body of

object (myself) floating above--
a spy at the peak—
the hole stupid
what matters
out of medusa's serpents please
don't touch the self—I possess

my skin my blood my mind
staying away
from the angry
ego's descent into profound nothing
a replacement grief—

the wild girls who fucked around—
magnetic fields
and rumors float—
the world before handling

instructions in the dark room
I returned and finally slept
the stained ground creeping
into what crawls
uncovered and static
wearing my body—

a quiet phase

the bones are the
skin
chicken loose in the road
sincerity broke the
chicken
's decisive voice knife
strokes the infinite divide a
voice holds you in
the river has no
content
you are a cast
a way
the rules a drift insights
intuitive foot leads some where
the connection follows the
smoke cigarettes of memory
thinking that nothing
arises out of smoke
at 1:00 am mirror of
self a despair of whole body
it is sleeping
next to a secret I am a quiet
phase in ink then the
cigarette smoke of
being alone wanders
words lose their elasticity
the husband writes
his words blinding
smoke between us
and silence stretching length
between cigarettes
smoked the mime advertises with

gestures I surrender our
future taking myself away it
was
never furnished we spoke
laterally moving the
cause once the polite demon
what did it mean
sometimes a vague
representation loudness in
a rock aching silence
clutching at
the leather of death
the drying bones in
wreckage of
smoke in the daily kitchen
we opened stitches the ocean
abounds

gnostic futility

dark fruit speeds sound,
sweeping up land. open tree
touches shoulders
in rooms (we remote)
warmth. fruit's theaters
dark avenues thickened
book speed the length of
old fir tables formal light.
set aside penetrating milk,
rhymes the first untruth,
the dishonorable edge,
the final blank mind.
movement stems collection:
blood rot in the glottal
gnostic futility.
garlic stir tree, one note stop
sculpting guilt salt. next hang
a frost a scapegoat
knot and pick up stones.
a slant on a page wood
weight fell onto the political
butterfly. boycotts family
happens in an instant of diminutive
assortment material mad.
the roses in aisles,
a dot roots
powder green. sped drunk
water compromise
land grids selections. write in balloons.
capture grind sounds; tilt rivers,
free is not open.
smile rocks breath sucks insane
life. control
words non-commercial deprivation
silver water flew.

real estate tangible kool aid
line squeezes land. free electricity
movement street oak still
untapped. syrup lines squat and knot.

sunset fences

the nomadic windows crash,
searching for the imperfect zero.
gods dance in landfills;
their minds gone to seed.
I am myself far away
from the perfectly good versions of plato,
of unseen and no one seeking one iota.
I stand right by it and see it self,
the convenience store outside the borders,
the black market selling angst.
blooming the empty cans and plastic
wrappers,
candles surrounded by saints
and birds, sunset fences blue
painted walls imitated by god.
a vertebrate startled by an ugly reflection,
my long gangrene farewell
of meat and feathers.
infected love, I love you.
the rites of passion to the infinite sadness;
dark drugs lighting the moon
until it is one land.
we bleed clear liquid that tastes like air;
snakes preen in the window.
I dress myself as you;
I select myself as human,
I collect myself as missing,
searching as though there is no today.
a reflection of taste,
a side of cattle repeats itself;
most of us I don't approve.
I collect my long wait,
in knives
and butterflies.

brain small

I thought I wanted to be wholly
(holy naught)
myself as what I was
but I was yes
the grainy aftertaste of last winter's wheat

loading violence as someone who shoots
at the fruit
less blossoms
each blossom brain small
no one sews them back onto the trees
no one knows where the blood is stashed

anathema to a circle as a dis -heart
and I the queen of my surroundings
on the planet another fertile place
the wanderer sleeping behind the hills
an all bucolic fast food soured grapes and
baptized
a field ad hoc to hoe cadaver rock
s

you talk of sex the queen seeks
death
and plain faced
the women
whose bodies undefined
worship god and birth

an inevitable tree whose silence drops
drips
of blood
I am in this spacy place
turning blue in december

now it's ripe with homicide and darker lust
on the large dark est plain
with cups of water poured into rivers
we plant ourselves without baby or placenta

imperfectly
in the white porcelain garden
I weave their feet into bloom
their shoes attach
ed

a leash of spac
e
a blind rose begs for a bush on the corner
fingering the thin
white layers of s kin
she announces herself dead

blue agates smashing

to sky gate
smashed
lights glitter
broken guns dragon
flies threaded needles
earth stems family
tradition falls
a
part in stellar comedy
brains shook out the tongue
trailing bloody
microbes stretching
cornfields for egg
perfection a national milk
wildlife wipes
its tears blind sight
from blue a gates
a numbered leaf flutterin
g
finds socrates
in ocean shapes
daffodil bulbs absorb
wiggling
dirt translations
little piggies believe in god
and god makes pork
a presence
a peeling knife
thick winter snows more fur
space
sanity
divining light into one country
she knits cotton guts
counts pennies
wooden beaches

frame the specks of sun
dance laughing windows
 paper minds
 closure
the end wraps itself
to tendrils' gravity
bees
careening into soggy light
fingers bod
y
pick the bones
 ascending
in order a feather
 innocent buttons
a million bug threads
tying light down
the quilt embraces the skin
leather bruises
rocks
helpless in paradise
 dan
cing
around and
 onto earth desc
ending

the shape of chinese cities

 cups of cradled brains
contamination
 raw is the nature of pain.
the bone yard grazes. next
 to the cows
 they inhabit our bodies
 on a
grocery list.
beside a carton
 of eggs imported
 the shape of chinese cities.
 water clearer than plastic
 lines our guts
balancing
we are. pieces of the envelopes
 we met incognito
in interiors. outside
 it occurs when 2:00
 pm swallows
the afternoon. drops
water squared
 onto flat red
rose lace.
 the rage of passion fails. itself
 a quiet actor adjusts
 stands in corners
 gently unemployed
 eating fruit. bruises soften
the self
 emerging. from a catalyst
 research in garbage
dumpsters
what one learns
 an alone hand speaks
to itself. in quiet lines

bags of life
god is strict
solid non-verbal.
spirit offal drops
I follow on. one somewhere
and then
freckles in the shadows.
night breaks
into a nocturnal
insomnia depends on inertia.
in masquerade a sense
of fate.
eyeless rock and spider

one magnificent some
two glasses of china past
the ocean flings water back into rain
numbers cannot speak for themselves
(one time I was many)

with three trees one feels one another
two memories at 11:00 pm
a precise number of stitches inside a black
hole
one infection
one with corruption
one building without rooms

humanity unnumbered

outnumbered past a procession of crows
the city dances *one*
two
three
the world together somehow drops
a part of its broken bodies
the eyeless sheep and spiders

blue rock holds layers existing together
a bone a shell a black hole
in geometrically correct corners on
e dense form

a percentage remembered uselessly joyous

light creeps into (a) one spider web
awkwardly numbered as one is muttered
plastic phases absorb a black woolen hole
one's performance art
window looks back at itself
holding itself knives of hysterical water

selfie excited

one selfie ego and sex videos
excited. self-gratification twice
said and it's truth
selfies in solitude. cold
bruised rocks detached
from skeletons oblique
deities smiling anxiously.
listen to two voices out
on the lawn. sun edifices
reflect mirrors cooperating a duality
of leaves coming and going
paraphrased. subtracted from self
a dramatic revolution a bullet
in the diameter a voice in
the device of interaction.
the sculptor defines clay
formless and black holes
a collection of stars.
we shared the fruit voices
a vein so detached from
the current
together as no one.
it's the authoritative self
wrapped tapestry and dream
pieces an orchestra
fulfilling grief
a rock acquiring fingers
arguing with
its tongues.
we were free golden air
with the brains of our
ancestors.
we gathered from
electric twos.

multiplies my love

I raised three beans
and they were dead
darkly ghosted. etchings
of my true breasts
two sexual stars
red lining blood.
in the morning I swagger
as a self.
in the trees I follow only crows
and the last one
the black runt
with an orange ass wears
shards
of china. crowns of spun feathers
startled billions of eggs
ago lying
below the bridge.
no difference in finding loss
bewitched such things I hear
the circled "a"
of the arrow. before I was born
a person of multiples my love
is a cell transfusion.
seven voices
In the garden
the way out grows
inside stuck in the repetition of circles.
another nature maturing
as matters of force
in a religious cult no one lasts.
our brains bulged with thick meat
and pastry above the sunflowers.
showered with knives
sharing my transcendence

counting myself
as dead doubling
up as wind and fiery mayhem
the cathedral exposed one soul mate.
then we re-acquainted ourselves with oneself
as an individual rescuing life
from into the tunnel. it fell
to another species prying
itself out of cans.

shakespeare lit us on fire

double speak squeezes the wind
during times of great epics
an apple is exposed to ancient sin
and the 50 centuries endured alive
(liking dirt like ourselves)
the unborn flee into fetal thought
leaving us behind
in meat shadow
burned us into carbons of the blue sky
our voices are rocks
brazil died in the snow storm
surprising us
with its refugees
flying birds
especially sparrows disappearing
into the wolf's mouth
the hills bruised themselves
in the genetic wasteland always
a hybrid hoax
the experiment was corn
(we grew brain tendrils)
we buried our pets in space
cotton is the romantic field
for slavery
we walked on our wings
accidentally ephemeral
outlined as a business model
a template sound
a wolf in fact
processors processing life's artifacts:
wall souls
soup bowls baby jars
of invisible attachments
I speak to seeds of disgrace

into the hole
unkempt desire
midnight sirens
chased away ambiguity
the same woman stands in lines
in parallel air
the twig ancestors never arrived

fingers sat in motion

motion we sat down
star struck ahead
fingers in the garden
sat in motion
polka dots
no one suspects a bustling skin
matching stillness meanwhile
only one body
as it begins
with stones
holes through constellations
generates the
icy ebb
we spun detached from bodies
totems burst through branches
mesmerizing fallen ground
what was said
lost in
a loquacious molecule
returning to itself
hiding within reach of its ending
understood
she lost
her electronic hand
embedded as its growth
sprung sections of its mind
the mistake
not without
climax strange without
the boundaries of geo-factories
some things
like clean water
embracing the ideology so to
speak without heart

but words
stepping over the lines
forced into the inner body
completing motion when the rock
Is thrown

the dogma of magic

*if and THEN he should be
and as she is NOthing
less*

broken so they dissolved
into only ONE sound

for the body leFT behind
strokes the beginning of B
REATH

numberS balance blood
standing inside our
selves
from the HOLES silver
water wails

the rats exploded their gut
s onto the canvas
the BIRDS slept
through the VOICE messageS
the graphic novel repeats the pages

all things living feed a computer
in the dogma of CoDE
a rare e
quation

icarus stuck in m Otion
who knew the body was
broken?
all that ART after life
and then
magic

slow water

bohemian blooms
a gauze red shirt
buttons like bread

wheat
on the horizon
completely alone

objects stand in line
mouth writes
a slithering aggression

naked petroleum flowers
street people
made in missouri

self tunes the fork
a blue star's song
about slow water

a recipe for apples
butterflies
spoons of wine

freud's ruined project
from the woman's mind
gestating objects

matter through holes
the horizon's relief
old life

watery body
face erosion
 dirt sips
water wheels churning
tomatoes and potatoes
corn
corn corn
dry as a bone
bone dry aquifer

iv

 art bone
 cling art
arcane art artifact lips
lips tasting
blue green
transparent water
body bird
 y body
god bone

i&ii

i

bees are not corporations
grasshoppers
are not corporation
s
mosquitoes are
not corp
squirrels are not
corporations

ii

dangerous poetry bullets spray spit
word bodies search for a lung of ethics
a place in two dimensional time
a full year remaining alive
in the glib security of light

I lit another cigarette
greasy 2 am revolution never survives
the day fleeing
they left for missionary work
they broke his head against darkness
men gathered jeering at compassion
people are always numb

a car drove off
it was over
it began as a bad poem feeling intuition
women walked down
the streets showing off their breasts
men thinking thin women have no power
the poor wear their skin like a disease

corporations bathe in
pathos and champagne
the stylized shoe scene
stores sell a cancer
expiring with the outcome

worm myths

to the pulse of yoga
a person eats The apple for an ending
the mouth rootless
the tongue lives
I made the fake body
filling it with love
this arranged the face
the brain coagulates
a mirror's illustration of sound
bending back the waves
with fingers
drowning the notes I perform the body
the batik halo in the windows
(the face waits for thought)
designing mothers of pearl
rhyme in a rootless mouth
theorizes the divinity accidents
seed pods planting bones
and all questions
a survival myth about worms
on wires holding feet
1,000 feet
a foot at a time
walking the brain
dwelling In fire
the monsters chase protein
in the aisle of places
none of this made up psychic extinction
until now it was not an event
until now the heart never paused to view
itself
until now I was fire in the box

the pure cook

besides other questions filling the house
before I began to think
the body began without schedule
a complete thought
while it was beautiful

crows cruised in gothic print
in piles of red askew words layered wafers

a purity

but not my purity

the melancholy purity of women and statues
holy the past the pustulence
in one dimension dying to the touch

the onion peeled like shivers
the ferocious mother dies without knowing
she—in a seizure of knives a bruised saint
she hauled pots of potatoes
different roots
she held a ruler between her and us

a pinned butterfly moved the pail of blood

soup and oldest light
tea pots food sounds strewn on the table
soft flour in hand echoes
a piece of cake for god

the heart beats in the drum
she wanted to play a sound
in the quietest room she is the drum

she reminds herself of obsession

bones in the kitchen
maybe it's a sexual soul

square water eras

there are particles in eras of anxiety
they have fallen down
the elevator shafts
wearing a crisis the disaster
of small things
it is definite
I bake the bread
but bread is never
enough
it knows nothing about flowers
the ethos is strong beating its heart
in the organic fog it was
a tightrope walker
standing in praise
of itself
capturing the essence of
thought
madness from the reed
the strings
the rock the thunder
wine is more
the wise flee
the gods of less
shopping in their magnificence
their hair is red
their bodies filled with stuffing
lips and toes
are extremities of want
in large rooms
they feed themselves lost meat
they eat the her
ring
and the crow
suddenly they are sad

water sings arias

the vanilla god's s/lick
butterfly
flutters in the baby's eyes
with tubas on the avenue
on the avenue
flaunting your (s)kin
i-tune messages hurry
across the bridge with
codes escaping down
rivulets the ugly sister
(water) sings arias
a time lapse wiggles out
of decimals "so sez"
/the king of zeros
(& the universe
tastes of marie
/antoinette's cake
when the world is
at its bravest we
play football
with dead old heads
the language speaks
lapsed religion
(but latin controls all the red
beef children)
/I offer you a tendril
of my intestines
a hunger in my feet
/my heart has pork
and story-e.yes
we dream (our) sleep
in a dance
the silhouette
develops a need
god is free

living with/ an orange divinity
in the salty ocean
the brain carries
it around
& cures our hunger
blood spreads to
the arctic /pole
another problem surfaces
the solvent/
is a question
it was the queen
who ruled t/hose
who lived outside
the sharp-tongued /sun
dressed in violence
deepest garden of mouths
/ ears &anus
Breathless and clumsy
perfection lies out of
the circle an awkward bone
gains light floats
stones /away from
their sisters' mouths

babel

she seizes
the quality
of paradox
gnaws free.
strength of word
fungi
wheeling
the thesis
a
tantamount
movement. shaping
unknown yes
until tomorrow
rain free
with umbrella
an argument
distils pain. tone
full shakes panic
a tunnel
stuck. in time
peony breath
an angle
plying strings
helium. blown plums
seeking peace
or deer disk birth
circus calculating
swallows lifts rocks.
bacteria rises wholly
water bird revolving
egos bold
improvisation around. star
prints cancel graphs
goats giraffes
spacious water floats

blue. opening
on waves motion
wavering
waving lake motor
fancy dancing.
a dirge
directs a state
resembling rose
fever
more rain
a dainty animal
a purse of fools.
decreed mercury
ice burns
ditch twilight
life susceptible
to oceans
wise saga
rosemary
soup thistles. beans.

beside comfort the monkeys

where the land
is flat
(in) visible
the output of energy
as they say
it
there is a riot
they say it is
of slim chances
fighting to death
what was and the
when it wasn't
we sit down and drink
coffee to gather
and tie up
the deals
feet long
of inaccurate
dotted lines
connecting the dollars
no personhood in people
a
small animal unidentifiable
seen only through the eyes of science
the answers large
and florid
engorged and sexual
this is a rant
or
a manifesto
the others pray to the stones
of in
accuracy
and wonder what they might need
sleeping next to

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Mary Kasimor has most recently been published in *Big Bridge*, *Arsenic Lobster*, *Horse Less Review*, *Nerve Lantern*, *Moria*, *Altered Scale*, *Posit*, *3 AM*, *EOAGH*, and *The Missing Slate*. She has four previous books and/or chapbook publications: *Silk String Arias* (BlazeVox Books), & *Cruel Red* (Otoliths), *The Windows Hallucinate* (LRL Textile Series) and *The Landfill Dancers* (BlazeVox Books). She also writes book reviews that have been published in *Jacket*, *Big Bridge*, *Galatea Resurrects*, *Poets' Quarterly*, and *Gently Read Literature*. She considers her work experimental—both her poetry and ink/water colors.

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