

(Soma)tic Poetry Exercise & Poem

by CAConrad

ARBOREAL CRYSTAL ARIA

--for Marianne Morris

Find a plant, tree, some living nonhuman entity you want to communicate with. For me it was a giant sycamore tree in Philadelphia, a tree I've known for years. I cleaned my quartz crystal by resting it on a shallow bed of sea salt over night. I touched the tree with my left hand while speaking into my crystal in my right hand, "PLEASE translate any messages my tree friend has for me." I then touched the tree with my right hand while holding onto the crystal with my left hand. I stayed this way for fifteen minutes, quiet, with eyes closed, letting the communication course through me and into the crystal for processing. My hands grew HOT.

As soon as I opened my eyes I began taking notes. I asked the crystal, "Was there a question for me, please say." I heard "NOTHING!" The word rang through me. Trees don't need to ask us anything, but they have plenty to tell us and I let my crystal tell me and let the notes flow out of me. What will it take to recognize the intelligence of such a quiet giant? Years ago I was leaning against the tree, earnestly writing a Frank poem and suddenly looked up into the branches who seemed to shake with no wind, and I HEARD the anger aimed at my pen carving into paper, paper made of tree, wood. There I was, the human carving my own thoughts in my oblivious imperialism. What love do I really have outside my own kind of animal? I took many notes for a poem through the crystal translations of a tree.

everything's called something
else before it's called famine

we're experiencing an
awkward font moment in
the text today a place in
history my
country will
not escape
vase of polyester blooms and
poets weakening poetry with despair
hold on we are a sign a doll
through a tear in
the carpet of
clouds buildings
fill on sad workers
rating torments that
brought us where
we silence mountains for
their coal
No how about No
the giant
knocked on the
ninth floor window
we opened curtains
without thinking how
we needed one another
our latent sentences
breaking into songs
the first time you
shit your pants as
an adult remember
to understand
crying babies
we are centuries from bearing the proper love
let carts go down hill on their own
smash smash smash
there is nothing now
nothing nothing nothing
we won't do to be
a soundtrack for the
sunlight brigade