



ACQUIESCENCE



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let go the edge
blue rim, water

sink down into it
stop breathing

if it hurts
just stop

gap
thorn

spike
chest

burst
dam

if you can't
think of what to

...
sink down

into
it

black water
cold slow

water smooth

slimy water

swirl &
soak it

up, choke
on it

breathe it
in deep

cough
breathe more

of it
in

laden
soggy

sink into
nothing

a beautiful
concept

slow motion
gestures intricate

and vaguely
simultaneous

lean into
it

what it
is

what it
was

what it
isn't

its itness
isn't it

sinks its
teeth into chest

and bleeds
like water

murk spreading
in Victorian

swirling
tint

no hint
of why

so walk
into it

chin up
old girl

whirl snuff

sniff
it in

cough
it out

breathe in
more water

deeper
nice way to

die they
say

sink into
the idea

of it
its thatness

pushes away
so you can look

at
it

it surrounds you
bleeds you breathes

you in its
itness

witness
a drowning

stop clowning
around

listen, listen
sink in

let it
sink when it

sinks in
gush of much

car slides down
slow window

door pressure
its everywhere

it isn't
going

to last
forever

do I have
an angel

who could help
because hello

now is
the time

for
it

buoy me
bring me back

don't let me
drift too far

out of
it

can't find
the word

for it

for what

it is
for

seeing or
close

my eyes
to it

it'll go
away

soon
will ease

into it
don't fight it

breathe it in
air like water

so thick
and hard

to inhale
wail long

and loud
then listen

to it
wind back

wend its way
back to you

it brings
you back

won't last
past what

won't last
sink down

drain into
it breathe

it
in

let it
go and

if it
is it

if this
is

it
just let it

be it
and done

breathe
it in this

way out
isn't

way way
down

way way
down

way way
way down

in dark water
then snow

so sit and breathe
it in

listen to the furnace
breathe in each line

take your time

not much

time

left

if it

sifts

fizzles

lifts

its

itness

into that

something

that really is

something

not nothing

but something

air absence

nothing water

it really is

something

walk into it

breathe

it
spit

it out
sit on it

awhile you
never know

it might
get better

sooner than
you think

it's never going
to go but

it usually does
so maybe that's

your angel
that you remember

that it goes
away

I don't think
anyone can hear

I don't think
anyone is there

I don't think
I can convey it

it eludes me
uses me

it denatures
me aches

in me so
bad it

aches and aches
way way down

way way
down

aches and aches
way way down

where were
you aren't

you there
where

are you

aren't you

there it's
killing me

I can't
stand it

breathe it in
something says

or something
else says

instructs me to
breathe it in

just the next breath
that's all

as far as you need
to think, just the

next breath
and the one

after that
one and the

one after that
will ease

up or you'll
get used to cold water

slow motion blood
to draw sharks

you can't
write your way

out of it
can't

reason your way
out of it

all you can do
(who?) is sink

into it
hold on

you can't
reach it

can't describe
it you can't

eat it
abide by it

can't stand
up to it

fit inside of it
can't sit on it

lift it up or
sew it shut

can't replace
it

face
it

what
I said

what
did you say

I said
it

it can't
hear you

he can't
hear you

today

yesterday

maybe tomorrow
it'll ease up

everything will
look different

lighter, Spring
think of that

it could be Spring
or you might dream

about Spring
Spring might

spring up
verbal pup

clever rhymes
don't lift me

out of it
nothing

will make you
read it

it is this
this is it

this is all there
ever is

there isn't
anything else

this is all
there is

the it
isn't

anything
the unnamable

nothing that it is
is what you cringe

against sift
through it if

the sound of sifting
soothes you

listen to it
way way up

above way way
up above

birds trees
thing in air

there are things in air
and things under water

you can't choose
where you were born

under a thousand
gallons leagues whatever

it
is

that measures
large quantities

of water that hold
you down hold you

paralyzed in
cold space

please I want to say
please help me

but it isn't
going to help

I'm here

it's ten fifty

Thursday
no such

thing
as simultaneity

this week could have been
cancelled for all I care

so I open my mouth
and swallow it

ingest it
breathe it in

water-like air
way way down

round bales of hay
on the field to the left

minnow pool
ripples of sand

crushed bone
and the sound of it

how quickly does it take
all the water in the world

to get to all the places
in the world

it must eventually
move all the way around

it dust every time
you wash

your hands blood
of everyone you knew

and piss too
you drink and wash in

way way down
the water is colder

moves slower
open wide

swallow
breathe it in

deep into your lungs
this need for oxygen

is illusion go ahead
walk into it

the Hudson
connects to the Atlantic

connects to other bays
in other states

rain clouds move
all the way across the country

snow melts evaporates
falls somewhere else as rain

maybe breathing it in
is incorporating

all the world
accepting in a way

part of this
huge single celled

organized called
it-that-has-no-name

if I breathe it in
will it kill me

or love me
if I can breathe

it in and if it

ever goes away

will you
still be there

I breathe it in
and it aches and aches

way way down
my chest contains

all the water in the world
I think and others

too in other places
contain all the water as well

we've got this crippled
notion of time and space

and it wounds me
makes me its slave

slows me down
infects me with doubt

ruins me chews me up
and spits me out

and nobody knows
what it feels like

because you can breathe
the same air and

drink the same water
and the rain falls everywhere

the same but you can't
nobody can

really feel
what another person

feels it
to be

so I
breathe it in

breathe it in
way way down

crying the whole
damned time

and nobody
knows that either

sounds flat
probably and

stupid and
overly simple

a marker to remember
to breathe

it in way
way down

cold water
cold air

ice on all the trees
harsh ice on the Hudson

not knowing
what it is

what is
the matter

I can't
see it

I close my eyes
and still can't

see
it

I don't know

what it is

what anything is
and why everything

is a thing and why
this pains me so

and why it aches
and aches and aches

way way down
way way down

