

COL LEC TION

Megan Kaminski

collection

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three washers

four stack

high deep

wide loads

sink creak

sputter drip

black sludge

dredges lousy

Early spring's evening light drifts calm

obsolescent zoysia brown overceded

holds firm another day given to vinegar

and dust wrenching open sockets drains

this is indexical nothing true

our work the slide from languid to louche

the transfer of assets between non-concurrent

bodies commodities capital fashion

yellow stone
crumble cross
snake hole
flat-bottomed
boat skiff
tremble shine
tulip blossom
southern sun

A shiver a tourniquet carry our credit carry
rivers and tidal pools this city always
rings twice treble signed too high powder
spins me faster father decent rents entreat
stay longer count the day's keloidal cells
collar popped racing stripes wearing thin
money-colored light French paper cold coin
slip slow boats cleared throat botched nose

scrape tree
green center
outer bone
soaking dry
branch dirt
limestone clod
prick burn

Pull ink from petal inner-daylight moist and soft
sift flour soda gravel through fingers empty
gowns and county retreats noon placards
leave reminders on drawers: dirt, yellow paint
penny loafers deliver me silver, deliver me
treasure, deliver me fire ant, firestorm, fire-sale
prices eclipse driveways and burnish doors

Of the paled mid-day receding budding trees	tile roof
and sun-bleached brick when bird songs bid	misplaced bells
coffee and pastries taken on verandas	white bust
shadow-dappled and cool bare feet extending	wise beard
legs sutured warm red dots assorted bugs tipple	fish wire
these nothings thief brain and tongue	copper clean
joyrides through town through city block	master key

black sky
dark credit
wheels roll
beneath
quakes seven
open windows
open doors

Pour some tea and sit close daytime hours
occupied by rain and rubber boots poke violets
through wet earth build deep holes in asphalt
this is the house we have always lived in
this house we could never breathe scarce
dust shanks light leg-ward beneath silk skirts
deep roots rising to sun beneath my feet

white tile walls	Take everything that can be carried back-taxes
caps moist	blueprints indemnity plans dusk send shadows
oily pool	under doors caulk openings entries to plumbing
shelves stripped	beneath side streets granite counters reflect
baited time	countenances plussed and sun-starved beneath
white afternoon	track lighting stainless refractions one last look
pale trees	of misplaced longing before further flight

Collection

A pool a dowry
drawn baths broken
watches
spring sing
blood
coming underneath
bridged gut ____
tar dripped
feet
eyes rimmed red
pooling burnt wings
shine: patent during
day

seersucker white linen
drip sponge
depreciate

Gentlewoman

Swoon expunge
emboss etched hands
etched face
twisted bone
metal

master day
teacup saunter
frost fingers Fifth

white-tipped
lady grey
green on green on green

cover
gold-dipped
dusted skin
dusted silk

carryall
slick zero
abilify tree
ducks squawk
spend late
hours sun
bent corner
store spent

Yellow jackets announce our surrender to the
city's daydream afternoons almond-cookies
ducks in the park banks rove the river pockets
empty palms flowering purple-blue we planted
the seeds watched shoots spring imagined
deeper roots stirring subterranean insects
we do not discriminate between the living and
the dead hold my handbag it's almost time

blue glass	Ladies leisure holidays mid-week mid-morning
flyer	elevators pull penthouse lay ear to wall bring
smooth leather	cashmere sounds trick fingers across linoleum
admiral cloud	marbled broken there were other signs birds
motherless day	circling the parking garage the tea cabinet in
green green	disarray delayed flights into Memphis we were
green	wooded by architecture wooed by other things

purple branches
lukewarm coffee
dreamed whispers
gray noon
spill perfume
white smock
white wing
white feather

Noon hurled another one at us broke dishes
bored quiet beer poetry and weights in the
basement drop kick sentiment out the parlor
this afternoon is for wasting stroke velvet
dresses brocade drapes wrap me soft wrap
me mild winter came and went as easily as
father to his tennis club now itchy bugs blanket
necks arm fur dew-soaked humid song

grape soda
metal trough
ice window
blur skank
drop soft
scrape rock
scrape asphalt
scarlet flowers

Dear mother dear May dear exile to Texas
knives wedge into wallpaper blue violets peel
from wood siding cold beans and calf brains
no talk just leaves rustling in heat under the
canopy soundless that time in the woods
that time in the barn reappear to rake ashes
swallow daylight drag songs out for one last
round raconteur protract rounder colder

clang bells
campanile
downy soft
pollen coated
red tile
refract
immense sky
cow parsley
open clover

Out past the colonnades out past the library
sentences expand clog throats wince lips
gurgle gurgle last night we covered ground
reenacted battle drives across the lawn
stragglers with camera phones documenting
fingers inked to spurt on pages books packed
into pockets covers creased sisters call from
back East summon flowers offer puppies
deck verandas green and white

grayed asphalt	To say the trees green the sky blue bricks red
stadium lighting	letters spill to further destinations the body
cellular tower	shop on 45th across from white office buildings
leaf dance	overalled-men stone patios press mortar into
jaunt lilt	cracks measure the impact of feet and feudal
bootsoles	longings for this landscape plant the yellow
black pine	blossoms close to our beds mark our crossing

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Pantry

Fancy this

roomy

blue sky-swipe

glance wide

mind me letter

embossed frame

but words

but confusion

cognac smoking

history books

kissing cousin

quick exits

feather duster

sleeping nephew

sweet syllables

Parlor

Rustle a mouse

wood boxes medallions

closer

the young servant

listens

small thefts

apt description

neglected studies

neglected blades

gambling debts

obligations

duty bound

pilfer litchy

pilfer sweets

Streaks of light lilac the ceiling chortles for	ash azaleas
sunshine and white linen enter the kitchen	roadside
bowing paint three red lines across forehead	a nest
dab wrists with oil carry powdered almonds	tunnel
there are two ways to tell this story lunching	bay bridge
under porch fans or late dinners in the cellar	underground
let petals explain us each morning spread	underwater
across water over feet	

Trees crowd avenues spill shade and partition
sunlight let's stand on the sidewalk count parts
portable things mouths and fingers and eyeballs
suck in humidity expunge all mysteries starter
pistols and paper numbers wave us closer
drifting methodical downtown denser traffic

mustard hydrant
lilac forsythia
chicken heads
checkered coats
splinter spring
crispy fresh

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It's hard not to April afternoons lilacs
and forsythia green lawn covered
in pink-tipped petals cat tails ticking
tempering our impulses imagining the taste
and texture of birds not their beauty pour
another bourbon and let's wander barefoot in
wet grass shoot beer cans off the back fence

lily bright
lily white
yawn sprawl
spring fever
bishop
archduke
ginger-footed

In the library in the small rooms fluorescent
lights filter carrels illuminate cut edges gilt
words through dust and mildewed air rip
them from their bindings embroider onto
sweet cheeks and brows each syllable impacted
sell them for shares in a less shady market
leverage house and vehicle lay them softly
down beside us stroke their white skin

hyacinth skirt
marbled paper
burnt umber
thirteen lashes
adjudicate
brilliant cutlery
lick clean
lick thorough

Megan Kaminski is the author of four additional chapbooks: *carry catastrophe* (Grey Book Press, 2010), *Across Soft Ruins* (Scantly Clad Press, 2009), *Favored Daughter* (Dancing Girl Press, forthcoming) and *The Prairie Opens Wide* (La Ginestra, forthcoming). Her poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and has appeared in *CutBank*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Phoebe*, *Third Coast* and other journals. She lives in Lawrence, KS, where she teaches creative writing and literature at the University of Kansas.

Collection

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