

M i s s i v e s

Unknowability

Arielle Guy

© March 2010, 4th Dusie Kollektiv
poems from *Between Us: Songs of the
Wintersummer*

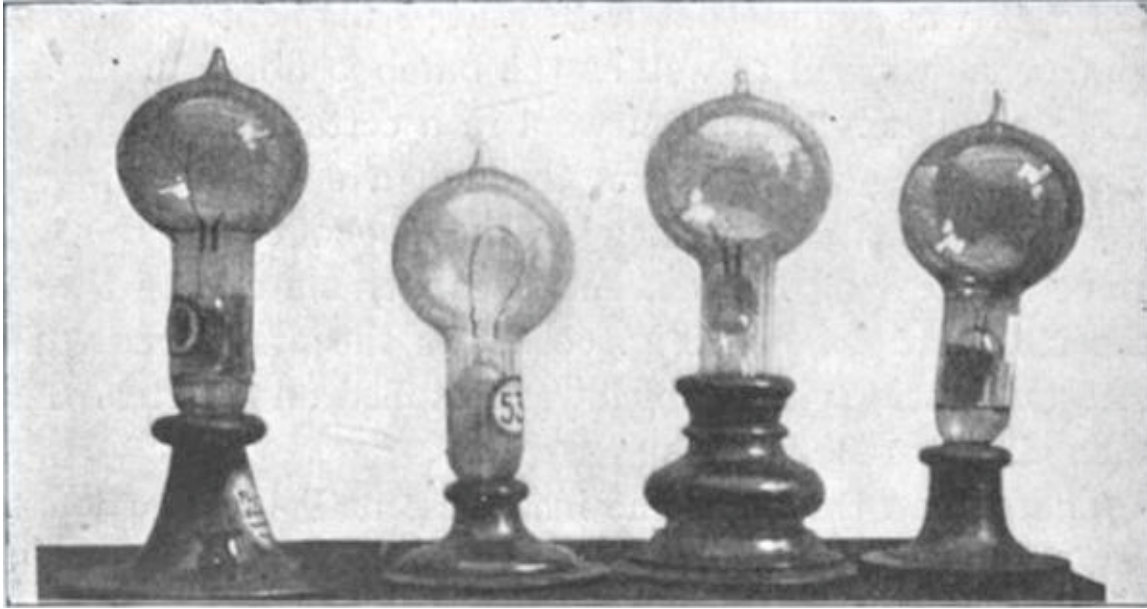
Directions:

Pick your partner, and a hand of 6
cards. Begin. Deal.

Game ends at 7 ploofs, and a causal.

Dusie Dusie Dusie Dusie (Number Four)

A disaster of leaves;
the end of the world
held in the palm—
like an oat



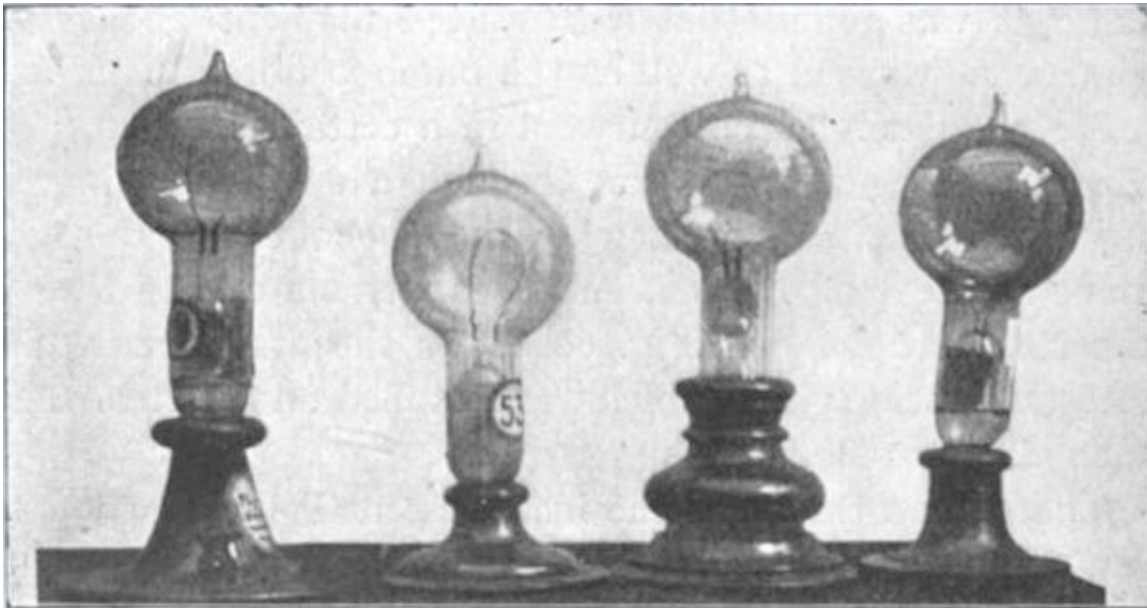
Songs of Wintersummer in Aspödem

Where in the beautiful house it writes she had light
on her hands a cup of it little house on the shore
of the mountain where she sold sheep clothing . :

patterned after old stern Vikings she de-liberate

flying past, geese-happy and lorded by Tricks of sky ,

handled by the best coroner waiting for wedding dress
by the door curtained unscared and soothed drone of buhoolalus.



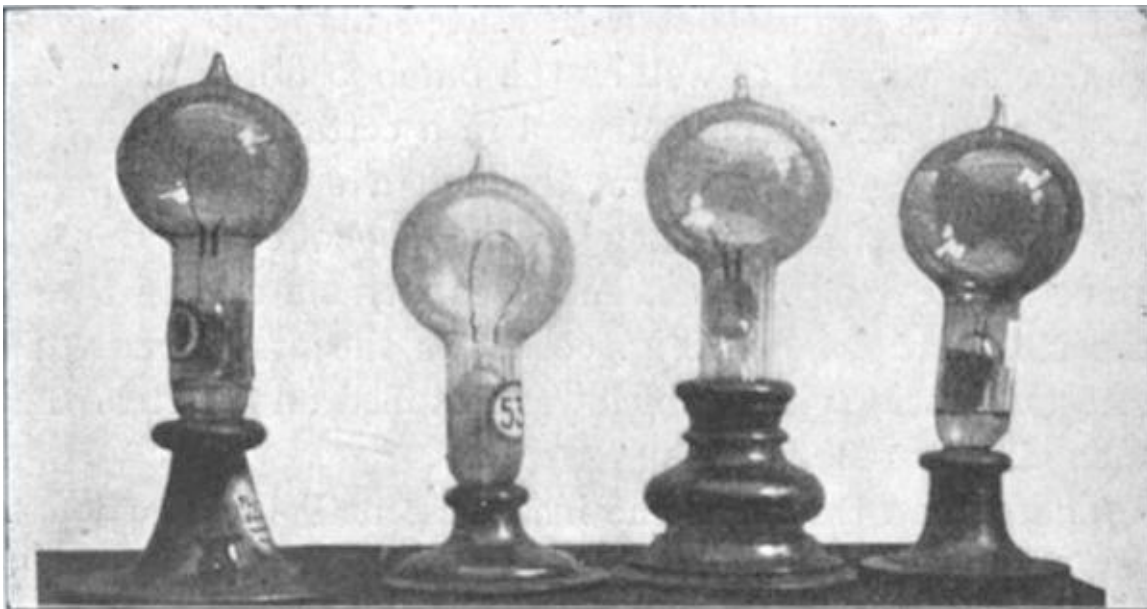
House of Trees

nest that stays, the hands, splinters ,

She said – using that voice, that unhidden voice. My whiskey is Cotton on which images surf and electrocute themselves – inside foreign objects that reveal their sight and measure, like Old Times.

Often there is a stillness to me, like a branch of a tree, and like the tree. And I am

 opening drawers in the Magistrate and borrowing electrons : this could
sup my cause. My 'ause to be one, the fragile union of you and me. Fragile like an egg
and china, tapping, tapping, with one fingertip of ice, that thaws. You thaw in front of
me, become naked, and this makes me want to stay, makes me want to be naked and
burn light through the trees like a lady.



Frontier Notes

June 6th : 1885 ---- wants honey.

carriages? oats? talking, corn husk, 1874. – pioneers,

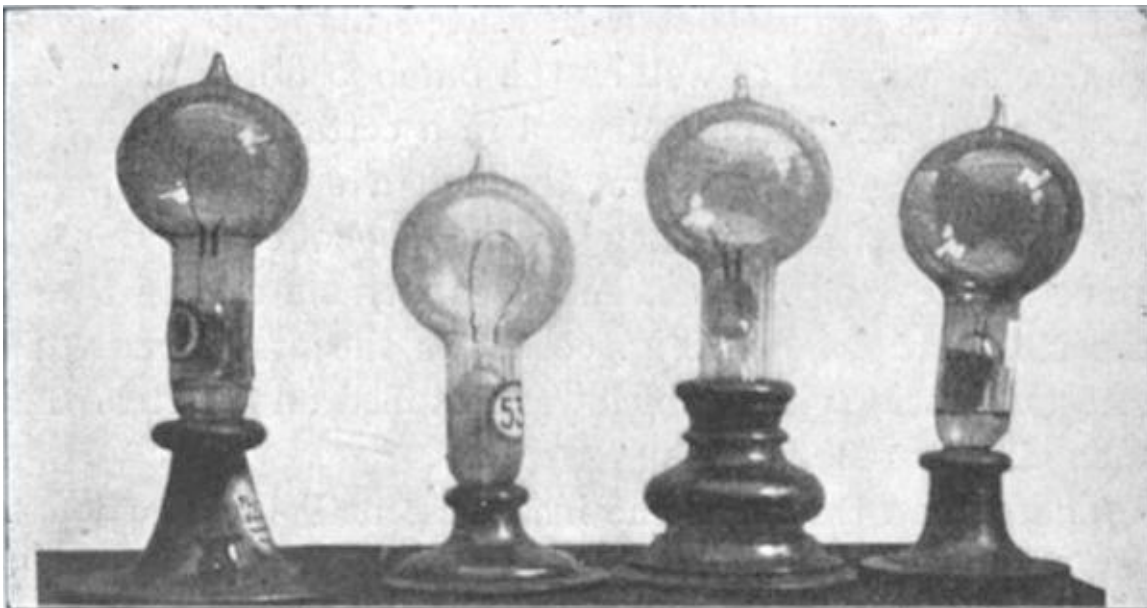
ballasts, tie tight Ropes that connect us to the sea. We are, inventors. Edison's light, -

Sabbath candles, white and sturdy, in pewter, put by windows as Guard.

--stems and stems, branches and, branches cut away into uncertain deaths, revealing

roots, and gathering around her,. roots stay.

where freedom lies!



Angelic Super Trees

Rock on, you '70s glitter gods!

Sunholder, wearer of bark

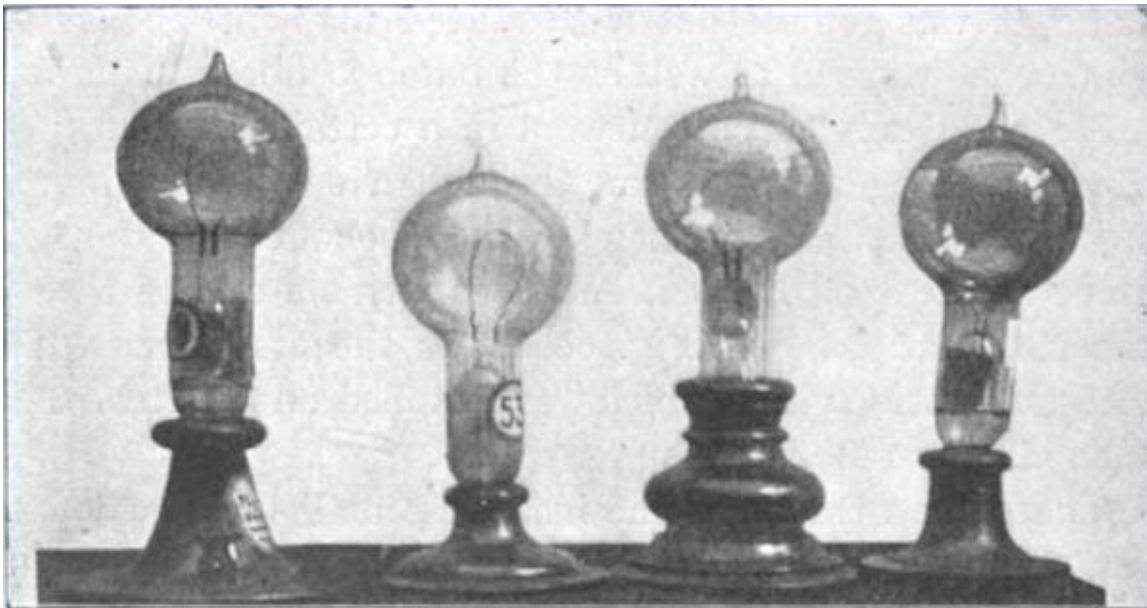
heart opens, like an angel, sky.

Weptwillowed, shadowed in bark. Different leaves grow than did.

Bears in the swishdepth of buckets, no wells these days, but sinks and faucets, tubs, taps.

Shows bones in winter, strong, low-hanging, omenbearing.

mind is deafened, over and over, wanting to get closer to the spell.



Battle Lake

My measures, my measure, my measure
the window, a smudged glass vase,
half-full of dirty water from gray, drooping
leaves of the now dead hyacinth –

I have never been to Battle Lake, or Lake Minnetonka,
or Lincoln's grave, or Grant's tomb.

