

(please note: this Dusie chapbook was a small American flag with all but one star blacked out and written on the red and white stripes: E.D. WAS PUNK ROCK! A tiny bag of dirt from Emily Dickinson's yard was attached to the pole of the flag, as was a scroll of paper containing the following poem below)

(Soma)tic Poetry Exercise & Poem

by CAConrad

ANOINT THYSELF

for John Coletti & Jess Mynes

Visit the home of a deceased poet you admire and bring some natural thing back with you. I went to Emily Dickinson's house the day after a reading event with my friend Susie Timmons. I scraped dirt from the foot of huge trees in the backyard into a little pot. We then drove into the woods where we found miniature pears, apples and cherries to eat. I meditated in the arms of an oak tree with the pot of Emily's dirt, waking to the flutter of a red cardinal on a branch a foot or so from my face, staring, showing me his little tongue. When I returned to Philadelphia I didn't shower for three days, then rubbed Emily's dirt all over my body, kneaded her rich Massachusetts soil deeply into my flesh, then put on my clothes and went

out into the world. Every once in awhile I stuck my nose inside the neck of my shirt to inhale her delicious, sweet earth covering me. I felt revirginized through the ceremony of my senses, I could feel her power tell me these are the ways to walk and speak and shift each glance into total concentration for maximum usage of our little allotment of time on a planet. **LOSE AND WASTE NO MORE TIME POET!** Lose and waste no more time she said to me as I took note after note on the world around me for the poem.

EMILY DICKINSON CAME TO EARTH AND THEN SHE LEFT

your sweaty party dress and
my sweaty party dress
lasted a few minutes until
the tomato was gone some
day they will disambiguate
you but not while I'm around
our species won Emily we
won it feels so good to be
winning the flame of victory
pass it around it never goes
out dinosaurs ruled
Massachusetts dinosaurs
fucking and laying eggs in
Amherst Boston Mount
Holyoke then you appeared
high priestess pulling it out
of the goddamned garden
with both hands you Emily

remembered the first time
comprehending a struck
match can spread a flame it
feels good to win this fair
and square protest my
assessment all you want but
not needing to dream is like
not needing to see the world
awaken to itself
indestructible epiphanies
consume the path and just
because you're having fun
doesn't mean you're not
going to die recrimination is
the fruit to defy with
unexpected appetite I will be
your outsider if that's how
you need me electric
company's stupid
threatening letters cannot
affect a poet who has
faced death