



Residence
by Meredith Clark

Residence is a series of 26 poems and place names, based on the alphabet.
In their book form, these pieces take the shape of postcards
suitable for sending. The typeface is Garamond.

Meredith Clark is a writer, bookmaker, and artist
with a predilection for brevity.
She lives in Seattle.

Possible, in great part, through the design collaboration of Sam T. Schick.
With all gratitude to Becca, Ira, and Samar.

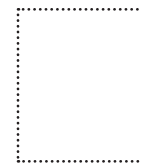
As a part of Dusie Kollektiv IV, 2010.



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POST CARD



Ashgabat

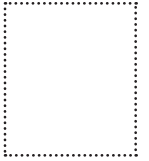
Rose early, wrote notes, no sermons
on a Sunday. Silk robe instead, a
pressed glass dish of dates. Silent
in a foreign room, its cedar chest,
its tin-topped desk, the window's
stare: far minarets.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Canberra

Open the canopy, shade from the sun the face that's bright and barren. A seasonal inhabitant moves away, a calendar that isn't meant. The space between her breasts: a burying place, a hollowed nest.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Danzig

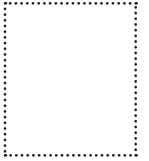
Many were executed there, where the river feeds the open sea. The tides washed up amber where searchers waded, dragging the stones up, tangled in weeds. The amber gone to oil, then to pitch, but the insects caught there stayed.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Geilo

Five trains a day. Insert a memory of your own. Along the windward side is a smith shop, its slack tub, its hearth for heating metals. See, as you ferry by, the flames are high, the fenced-in road for cattle.

This space for address

- Meredith Clark



POST CARD



Halifax

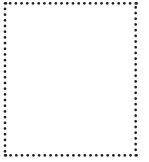
A game, played out along the shoals: her living children heap in the water, salted skin and arms gone gold. Soft fatigue. Atlantic storm. Some static on the radio.

This space for address

- Meredith Clark



POST CARD

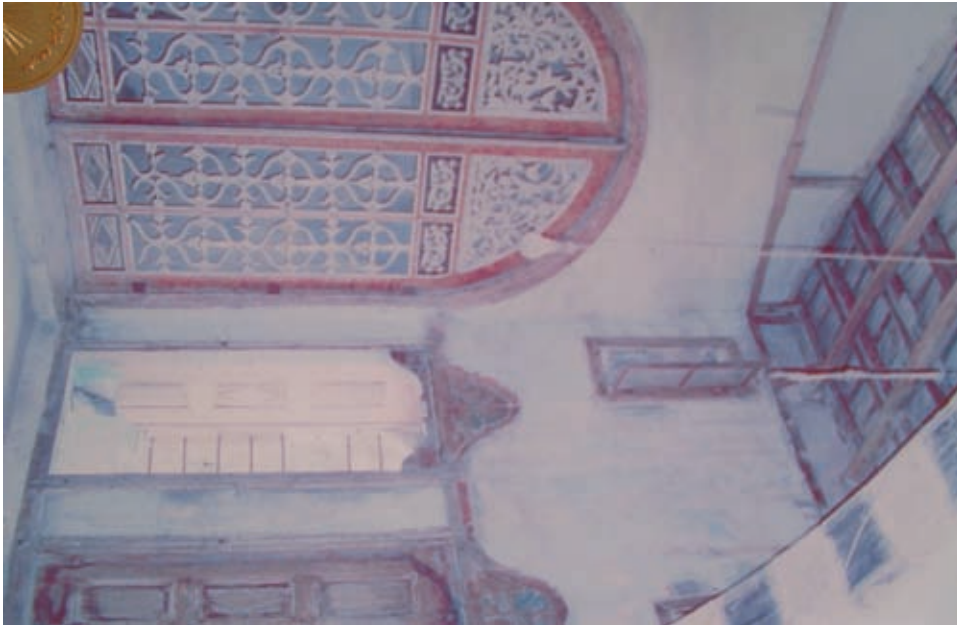


Iringa

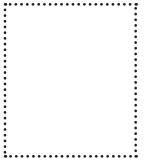
Export parcel, passed around, dark as ink in a porcelain cup. It may be presented in a variety of ways—drip, percolate, or press. It may be served with sugar, cream, both, black. Thin arms, thin wrists, she can't go back.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Jericho

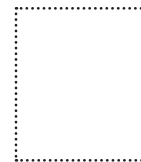
Called after the moon, full city on the east-west route. Mortimer. The Dead Sea. The hill is a tell, and the mound made, twenty times over is habitation on habitation. It tells and tells.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Leeds

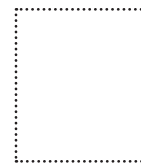
The inside pocket of his jacket.
Wool. The wind picked round
the owling boats. Found on the
wharf: a sheaf of black and white
landscapes, hand-tinted; flung in a
public place.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address



POST CARD



Marfa

Wood and coal and water stops.
Bucketmouth jerks the chain. Out,
beyond the far margin, everything
spreads: a game of telephone. Olive
green. The hilltops' unstoppable
calico.

- Meredith Clark

This space for address