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.

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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
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

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
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.

- Meredith Clark

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.

- Meredith Clark
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

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 habitance on habitance. It tells and tells.

- Meredith Clark
Marfa


- Meredith Clark

Leeds

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

- Meredith Clark