










Rare Vagrants

Shanna Compton

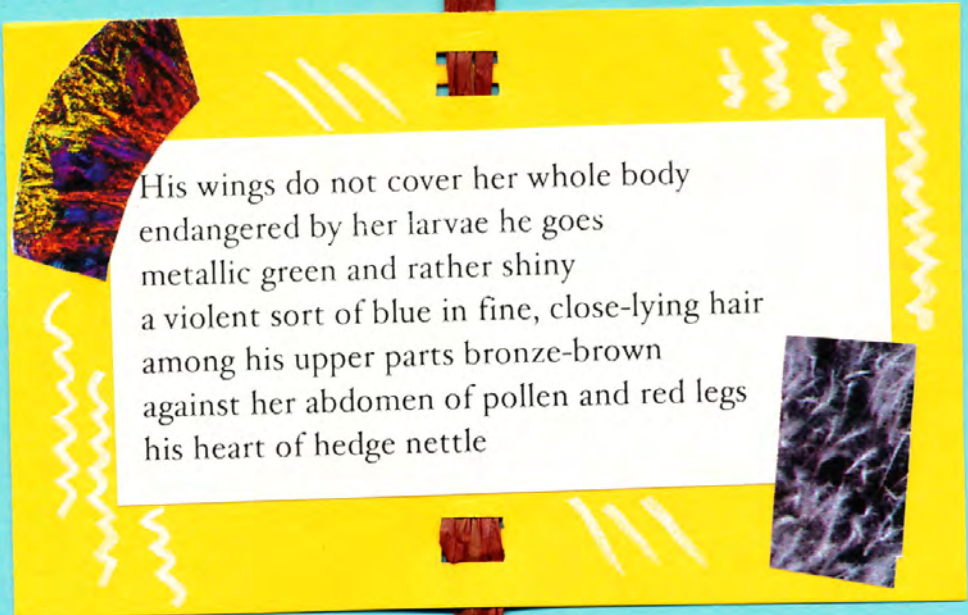


No luck in the morning fade
his points of white teeth
impressions in the shape of a half swoon
the rubbing places seen in summer
on the young trees luxuriantly matched
born into willows highish pillows
lit against his vivid breath



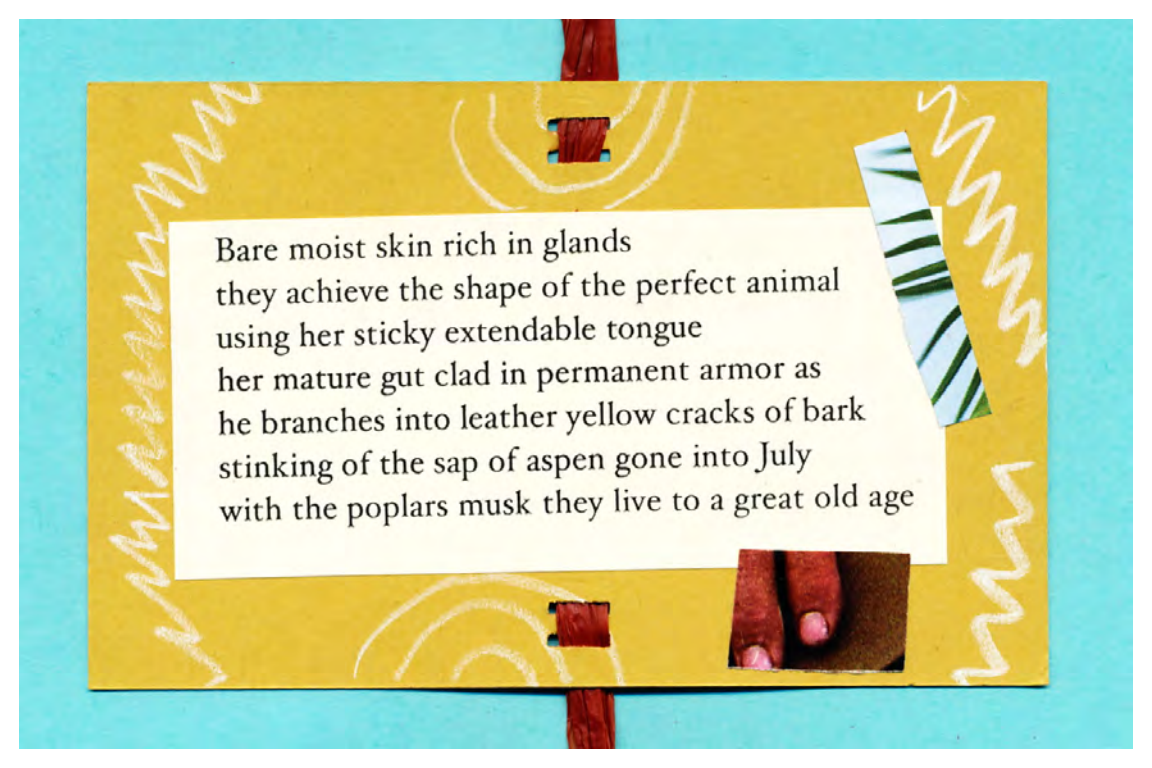
Being dangled over short of disaster
her inclination peters out in a felting
and she is bound like the gait
of all mammals in flight the hind
feet ahead of the fore the hoofed game
most stags are avid to eat it
theirs is a root stock bearing





His wings do not cover her whole body
endangered by her larvae he goes
metallic green and rather shiny
a violent sort of blue in fine, close-lying hair
among his upper parts bronze-brown
against her abdomen of pollen and red legs
his heart of hedge nettle



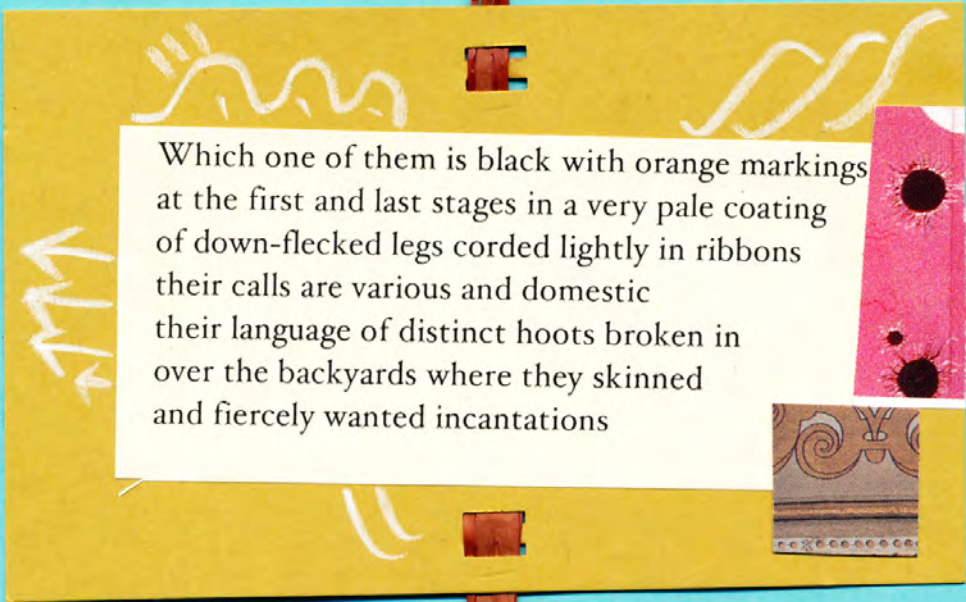


Bare moist skin rich in glands
they achieve the shape of the perfect animal
using her sticky extendable tongue
her mature gut clad in permanent armor as
he branches into leather yellow cracks of bark
stinking of the sap of aspen gone into July
with the poplars musk they live to a great old age



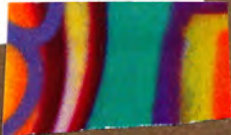

They are so young with white soft prickles
wiping themselves on dead washcloths
after going wrong in a back bedroom
she is shorter than her own body and a wolf
for coppery-red damages she pads him out
with turf using her twin claws to groom
his fur glossily exuding a putrid bouquet





Which one of them is black with orange markings
at the first and last stages in a very pale coating
of down-flecked legs corded lightly in ribbons
their calls are various and domestic
their language of distinct hoots broken in
over the backyards where they skinned
and fiercely wanted incantations





To power through their meager lots
he breaks the quiet with a sooty black cough
he wonders aloud if there's anything left
to put in his short blunt mouth yes she says
have my hard seeds bite off this light shoot
while softly buzzing she injects saliva into
the sting and sucks in hot thundery weather

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Materials include leftover cardstocks and papers from prior chapbooks; a 1990s Mexico-themed poster; *Bomb* and *National Geographic* magazines; a field guide to Northern European animals; abandoned drafts; stray pronouns; overheard conversations; and various paperstuffs I found lying around the house. Designed for display as a wall hanging or mobile, measuring approximately 28.5" x 4", or closes as an accordion with raffia tie. Handmade in an edition of 40, March-May 2010. This is the electronic edition. **Dusie Kollektiv 4: 2010 | dusie.org**