

CLEAR FORK | TRINITY RIVER

So she said how

one from some cave back when began
this so-&-so says hysterical
changes her mouth historical & its dark mouth covered
with filth a feral vocabulary distant & noisome mudding
& bearded she said & we heard *this*
as *we* but more & more unclear
like static her surrounds

miles from miles around we smelled her

everywhere was how one began this so-&-so

came as his swelling spell
was how an other began this
all sweat & wood & saws us all over
from unto the other caved in
she was the because
all outsides over from form
unto the other sea is the side of sea he comes
i.e. like a river or
horses rather to a river led
the silent violence of their hooves
cutting through water breaching below the dank
in the dark & dust-light debris billowing

there is the when he comes to *make* them drink of

our sounds so

our sounds torn asunder this bounding of one over unto the other
her wood-cutting teeth cut too on stone
(do you hear do you hear do you hear) before
come out come out wherever you are
a swelling spell his smell more so the wind
& then into us at dusk feeding & fed

toward the ledge swept us up & downward we spread

thrown

to the difficult ocean
hooves splash our all
hard to know who
here to turn to
to hold onto
who to turn
away from
falling –

& no boat was waiting

us slurp lurch sway lurch slurp sway

stunned herd out of her & clearing
the water we runned & running heard over us
more over like fur the water envelops
living a strange fish
in a river an ocean or sea it rarely matters
naming any water as its meaning is in
it's whether we're surviving &/or what's pulling us under
waves before & after welter wave swimming the wave we were

the dark backward heave farther so

a sea-choked sorrow swallows

rivers & all debris islands our mouth
this storm that swarm of stranger fish come
some shore swam from & toward its

sad-knot sound of swine

climbing as something pretending it holds

land breathed land in lost
too the tide becoming a tide some swum &
hidden so that her parts inside each one
the hollow whose sounds
of wallowing & in such grunts
squelches the mud a blood-brown river
swum in on

ooze the earth a cleft each cloven foot moves

it was

tonguing the land invasive
it was crawled up all covered as muck
it was mouths still gulping to open air
it was feeling too wide to lie down there
it was retching it was something that smell
it was sharp bark spitting some future up (it was
harder than that)

not dead yet tangled in this sad-knot as swine

& in such darkness so brightens the darkest soils

binds this island the grass in river waters
us washed up strange fish squealing the shores
of this wave-worn land sounds & some we shimmer
shivering flood our full past & over unto the land as such
they put the palisades up & swell over for spells
pull land as rolling flesh & soils more our mean
trenches all uncontrolled we trough the dark in light enough
we sift that swoon
near any oak any cedar any pine any desert islanding

shapes sounders surviving this & that so.

So she said “then

we smelled the flowers fell we ate
the color of the plant

was purple
blooming the life of the plant was purple.”