MACKENZIE CARIGNAN

METAPHORS FOR MISCARRIAGE
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COVER ART FOR THIS CHAPBOOK IS A REPRODUCTION OF A WATERCOLOR BY MACKENZIE CARIGNAN'S 4 YEAR OLD SON, ELIOT PONTARELLI.

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my wound is a simmering punctuation mark

salt
that left you wondering about what kindling

gash
does it to smile, that you though, maybe, in the sunken morning

script
or the scripted undone. there’s nothing quite as precious as mud

if
you could crawl and speak simultaneously, you would carry a heavy weight

scroll
though the way you abdicate is linear and accessory

flag
as if you loved looking at me

bay
but would you swim with only jellyfish?

thorn
in the place you thought was safe. punctured and blew
born is the cleanest foliage

egg
cannot be likened to a tree

bowl
is a bottomless tree

nest
is a tapestry

dead
but the tree still stands

leaf
is not evidence of a tree

egg
was there but happened too quickly

bowl
to the face on a pivotal hinge

nest
flew into tornado and glass

dead
balance the march innuendo

leaf
is my desperate, quaking plant
distraction is the blankest shape

triangle
character style fast menu

square
twice alive not wearing monster

line
eyebrows quick like symptoms dire

point
given fireball is the collar of good

triangle
recognize in the water on the sidewalk

square
is the jar in the mirror two and four

line
from the shadow the trail leaves tracks

point
you welcome the flavor before it's gone
the stone now is my wall

pebbles
long eyes tread with speckles to you

quarry
glance or is it already expired? glance

mineral
she bought her a crystal with the greatest intentions

boulder
flock of spite, bitter to land and be covered with stain

gravel
missing the mountains, the significance of graves

silt
it is clay, she recommends, with the utmost of certainty

sand
or salt, or chalk, or sparkling liquid capable of shine

story
you cannot begin to tell

fence
it is the rocks that keep me honest
this leak is an everlasting stain

hole
but no, it doesn't have sides or a bottom

organ
more like wing than spleen

cancer
the tumor is the presence, not the absence

polyp
looking like an eyeball and focusing

intestine
and all of its exchanges

ovary
when you imagine grapes. again eyes

absorption
where do the puddles go? wash
how category becomes a distant bird

graph
like a precipice and ridge

spiral
not your complicated replication

apology
the tendency of fluid to move to the area of least pressure

nickel
so smooth in his hand. questions about the sky

he
bigger than the universe and arms

graph
rise beyond the paper

if
you could have held that single, multiplying cell in your hand

carnage
who knew it could be so minute?
something lost is the greatest evidence of “had”

play
sand sticks in layers landscape his arm

gouge
that grammar will never reach you. form

hill
stimulate the seedlings, starlings, sterling dress

imagine
beautiful triangular ships arriving

imagine
that you might have multiplied and burrowed

imagine
the wood without the water. parched

bring
his significance is blinding, even his own sadness
house is a cage for sleep

bag
of envelope to deliver your woven guise

satchel
the laugh to tie the long-awaited kiss. evaporate

sheet
wrapped your arms which came to mean early light

gesture
to you who will never have eyes

sling
her chaffed skin refused to be moisturized

ligament
brazen chest of your disappearance

longing
to find my own pulse again

petrified
he doesn't believe the world was ever wood
drain has become a worthy depth

bank
crested bottom of wing in flight

evaporate
leaving only ground and saturate

soak
her destain for linen is in proportion to the size of the window

three
left her wondering about where the overgrowth has infested

cage
feeling an avalanche between my hips

long
it was the morning that brought the splatter

two
distinct shapes of oblong thirst

counting
past the day of cave-in and demolition
the next is what evidence of been

plant
how gently the roots and systems grow

place
yourself too far from my reach

you
are newly burrowed and not yet gone away

how
doi forget how everything collapsed? bowl

synthesis
the movement I see when my eyes are focused on black

new
how did you come back and rest so comfortably in a cage for sleep?

new
system to create systems. how complicated the flow

new
it is not an erasure. giant weight of your growth