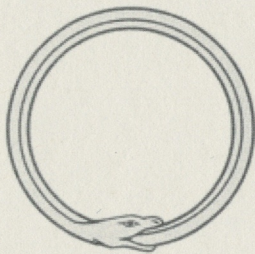


SIGIL & SIGH



Megan Kaminski
&
Anne K. Yoder

Bones on the sill. Snow on the ground. Bodies below.

Deep limestone seep in soil, mineral and stone, flesh and bone creak. Dirty snow in the alley fracking salts coat underbelly coat asphalt. Five before us and behind. A static want a nimble speaker wrangling words into feather duvet into vehicle into dockets filled with defendants and charges. Mother-call on this bright morning—sky and ground indistinguishable—and interminable longing for full belly for fingers in damp soil wriggling. Echo and sound wizened. Backs breaking.





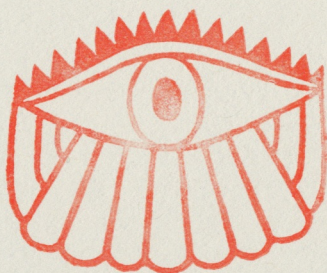
Light before dawn. Firefly in winter. Catcall to bluebird.

Photoluminescence. Breath trapped deep in body waiting
for exhale for extinguishment of fires for smoke signals.
Early morning shaped by hunger by itch under eyes under
dry skin unhappy solace of dry forced air. Evergreen
branch out window. Unanswered letter on desktop rack.
Gentle sighs exhales from rooms upstairs unawakened. Pre-
dawn hit of incandescent light. Sneeze and shake. Foot
pressed gingerly on ground. Slow warming sun drift
through windows grids yellow light onto plaster.

Basement room. Buzz blurs. Descent.

Static between sheets. Buzzing in ears on lips on papers
folded recanted murmur. What sky what earth slow
exposure of roof tile. Onions wasting stinking of office
furniture of windowless rooms and dirty floors. Stomach
drop chest compression dry constriction of lung of muscle.
My memory wiped gray. Wavering of birds in the winter
sky, downdrafts and blue houses. Gentle fur and soft paws.
Careful selection of cards and mice. Wet nose on skin,
reverberation of body on body.





[dark corridors]

dark corridors and doorways covered with sheets.
monitors and ekgs, bed sores and IVs. life line left to linger,
must you lead to this? DNR me, mound of mercury make me fiery
and obstinate, do not enter the medico-industrial complex.
if lines of liver and fate conspire, don't outlive memory.
born into snow banks and copper mines, burn into afterlife.

[rat's nest]

rat's nest, what my father used to call my hair when it would warp
into a majestic knot of tension and air, string and snag,
impenetrable to bristle and brush.

only fine fingers could unravel, the same ones that cracked
beetle casings into palm, and shattered wasp's nest, smearing
inner flesh and rind. disarmed.





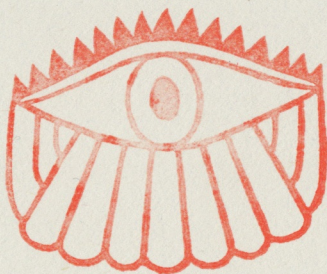
[fickle fingers]

fickle fingers filch lotto tickets, find faith in found words, wish on
stray eyelashes. luck mounts horses like bronzed war heroes,
future patron saints of traffic circles.

search for the miraculous in a quantum life. if now I am making
physician phone calls, I am also kingpin, moving hills of
powder and bills, chartering planes, crossing borders,
or I am hiking through cactus and rock, alone. I am prophecy,
line of Saturn, fate line fading into landscape, dirt and dust.

[oh weak thumb!]

oh, weak thumb! offset financial failings and accretion into red.
ice caps of debt melt into liver line, elixir of dread. resist!
force chastity from the phalanges, wipe crumbs under table line.
let the plate settings lie. small children and kittens will feast later
on fingers and toes. suck my thumb, bite my thumb,
lick my lifeline, like my palmar plane, thumb it. take a spa day,
take on lovers, deep sea dive. hold breath, arrest malady of mind.





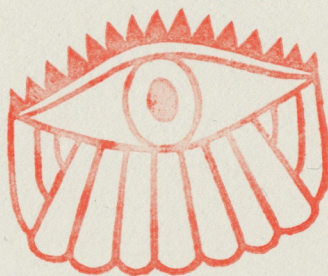
[my kind of woman]

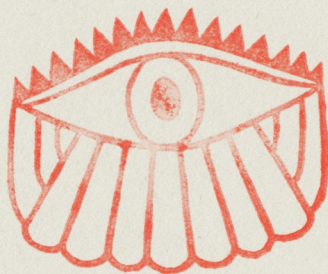
my kind of woman sees a future in coconut meat, raspberry cream,
and palmistry. wears a blonde wig with her aunt's plastic beads.
in costume, inquisitive. devours the sugar and lard and belly meat.
good riddance pain scales and clotting factors and 140 characters.
go forth and bleed.

[more than the parts]

finger prick morning noon and night to measure an inner life.
creatinine clearance, endorphin levels, synaptic connection.
dislike measurement, dislike titles of self-importance: doctor,
sir, esq. anhedonic. intervene. white capsule, rest not under this
tongue. swish and spit for best practice.

my body is fluid-filled, experiencing a chemical drift into
compartments, pockets, inner chambers. we wet vessels
of lymph and platelets, divine interference, hormonal influence.





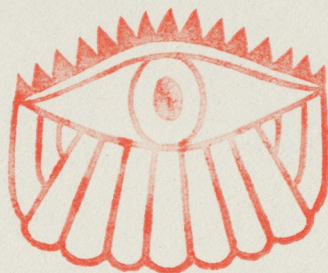
[sister line]

the sister line to the line of life sits second in line, shadowing.
view from the sidelines always clearer. flinches at approaching
incests and the arrival of insidious children. pigeons flock to her
perch. rings of imprisonment orbit the oracle but don't descend.
sister stays away from stocky fingers and knotty palms, sheltered
from unreliable connections. obedient sister, beloved sister,
waiting, always waiting to begin. pulls on leg warmers and mittens,
snow boots and scarf. too good, pays a price.
eternal dress rehearsal of a life.

[Auroleus Phillipus Theostraus Bombastus von Hohenheim]

Auroleus Phillipus Theostraus Bombastus von Hohenheim:
alchemist, botanist, palmist, physician. found truth in the solidity
of sulfur and mercury. count revolutions of celestial planets; trace
cartographies of the to come.

cross-hatched line: a restless heart. jet set across the palmar plane.
take the via lascivia to bass lines and Kim Gordon sighs,
a future of palm fronds and castanets. cast spells, castaway.
let others tell origin stories.





Heater hum. Cold floor cold paws. Gray sky.

Cloudfall and scaled skin. Ash all around. Sparks nose to nose thorn to thistle. Cold light emergent. Needles emergent from snow without melt without ice-over. Lung constriction, spore and spittle. Quilts piled onto beds and sofas drifted from the exterior walls. No romance in this lingering—no polar vortex or arctic thrall—just suspicion lasting chill. Dream songs beckon from south: sand and swords, mountain and sea, sweat on brow and stink of pit, welcome remainders.

Back turned. Morning light. Quiet passing.

Purple blossoms on the table, paper sprawl, and bus wheels
turn over and over on wet pavement. Toilet call and
rankled guts. Each wet a whistle, a passing into daylight.
Suffering serves no one. Romanticized absolution, totality
of loss. The moth, the parsnip swallowtail, the orange tabby
on the sofa. A mother that rings twice, a groom that skips
town, a tree bent under iced snow. This drip and drizzle
this melt and budding this mouth open expectant waiting
for a taste a tonic a lung.





Signal call. Return of shadow. Return to nest.

Two ropes from tree branch. Bird scuttle in bush out front,
through windows. Peck and paw. Cold days far from over.
Newspaper wrapped fish and taxi fares to the country.
Frozen river cracking, gray receding into distance into calls
to other people. Low hemoglobin counts, lack of appetite,
lack of patience. Footfall quieted. Hand to mouth, girl in
slumber, nine sticks broken in the lawn. Evergreen drift
into late morning. The sky cleared, the cough suppressed,
the deep ache of thaw.

Refracted light. Web in the corner. Arms above.

Bass thump and corner turn, rubber on rock, heat radiates
from roof from body. Our densities measured by thickness
of flesh, scattering of syllables across tongue, diphthong
glide into evening. Snow stretch from town to state line.
Bear down bare carry back down the hill back down the
boulevard. Bending at the knee to carry us all carry us fully
from this place and longing. No bird song no calls in this
night. Gangrened and lost. Dive and dusk. All this carry all
this weight all this labor.





Diurnal flight. Promise of wheat. Stone.

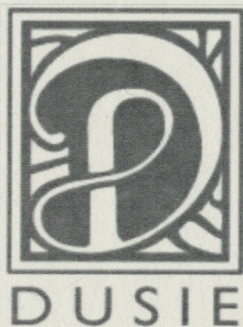
Black bean simmer and tortilla waft. Morning latent wonder, scamper of paws on floor. Piqued ears prancing pony. The heater rumbling through the day no holiday from cold from fracture of bones from lung rattle and tentative steps down windowless hallways. Sunlight reflects off watch off knife. Long whiskers insistent cry. Steady breath and sigh. Steady gaze and whistle of air through nose. Patch of wheat patch of barley. Winter sky gray sky, sigil of things to come.

Eyes = Anne
Moths = Megan

Thank you to Susana and Rob for inviting us to be a part of the kollektiv.

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Stamp Design by Stephanie Galea of Extase.



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