The Slow Motion Underneath

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for Kaia
It was just another day in the life of just another day in the life of just another day in the life of census, ambition, sentiment, guile, of diamonds, expression, reverence, trials.
It was just another day, it was just another day, it was just another day, it was just another day.
Or,
An Arrow of Geese Flapping Forward

expressions, ambitions, all sliced into slats
expressions of sentiment, the ghost of diction
retrofit the diction for expressions of ambition
a sentiment, a groundswell, the horseplay of justice
groundswells of sentiment, the pulse of expression
rhythms thickening, little fists of resistance
a pocket of pine nuts, purple pup tent for two
I still can't tell an eagle from an osprey
but I can see water, coastline, & land
an arrow of geese flap forward toward expression
an arrow of geese flapping forward toward we
Sometimes mathematical emancipation is not enough to help you out of bed in the morning after another data-rattle fire sale on the new-wave cutting floor stutter-steps your sleep into a system of thickened privilege meant for other people in other places who don't have the same fortune (oops!) luck as you.

Or,

My Lucky Number

a kinetic moment of fortune
a picnic spinning on the beach
a handwritten statement of admission
while circumstance sits on the sofa
who knows what about whom?
we spoke of things so earthly
we dreamed of things to come
some people know their places
who knows what about you?
lacing our voices together
& feeling this tiny earth curl
The rhythms of happenstance were rolling thick in the socket of circulatory systems & an ever-shifting sense of place loosened mercilessly while it all seemed unseemly & we tried to glide beyond the thickness of theorems where historical recompense leavened reverently & dispossessio

scratched its name without shame in the sandstone.

Or,

Poverty Is Not Pornography

barely audible as it was at the time

it all sliced mightily to your ethical metric

your innermost peripheries broken into flows

a blue halo surrounded the moon that night

reality is a wooden handle for a hatchet in the eye

a no-no boy in Heart Mountain, Wyoming, 1945

Thomas McGrath called it an alchemy of resistance

smoldering in the socket of pre-cognizant luminosity

Neruda said he did it so everyone could have servants

gunmetal sunsets wrenched asunder this time

arboreal detachment, preemptive karma unhinged
The day the ice sheets began to crumble thunderously in a
distant clap of mendacious quietude was a day like any
other when particles hovered lovingly, mothers hummed
geophysical lullabies, & whispers lifted from the frozen
Earth.
Or,
The Slow Motion Underneath

hundreds of questions pinched in the soil
little decisions thrumming the tundra
assumptions upon assumptions & water unfreezing
a billion years & that’s all we could know
she was a force of geophysical scope!
interglacial oscillation had nothing on her!
myriad whorls swirling my assumptions
fragile atmosphere, all those tiny data
stratospheric chemistry, the slow motion underneath
so I go but go from me to we
so I go but go from me to we
Your interest in governors, a trip to the coast, the Cannon Beach question, where sand meets the line. The line in the sand meant populace, commons, the line in the sand meant requisite peaceably, the line in the sand meant free-for-all aftermath, the line in the sand unfashionable but free.

Or,

The Jagged Edge of Quietude

frictionless daffodils not flowers but words
thrumming mightily through the porous past
worlds of daffodils all thick with friction
Wordsworth’s daffodils knew not of this place
red wine, reverence, detachment—no one knew
untimely, untimely it will always be
a decade-old list of nice things to say
exactitude, tribute, the friction of distance
daffodils, a word-trap—it cannot contain
manymany miles notching the jagged edge of it
small fists of that which cannot contain us still
It all came down to wet sand & dry sand, it all came down to one foot on the beach, it all came down to mobile & go-go, it all came down to height & reach. It all came down to surplus & circuits, it all came down to territory & trees, it all came down to value & practice, it all came down to me unto me. That’s how it happens in the circuits of sometimes, that’s how it happens in the circuits of me.

Or,
My Theory of Uneven Geographical Development

the quickened rhythms of commerce, commerce
the way lips pop to property these days
the flows, the fixity, the tension underneath
the hidden rhythms of capital within
commerce ocean commerce ocean commerce
commer-ocean, comm-Ocean, commotion, come, Ocean
comm-Ocean, commotion, commotion—Ocean
pressed against the rhythms—can’t slow it all down
pressed against the rhythms—I can’t slow down
space, the matrix—electric are my circuits
space, the matrix—the trip from see to we
In the morning you said you felt tight about erosion. Afternoons your fists pressed the wet earth. In the evening you planted strawberries for all the neighbors, & at night you piled question upon question inside.

Or,
Formidable but Fortuitous Translations in Time

the mileposts, the beekeepers, the symbols of distance
quiet spaces erased in translations of time
snapshots of memory our portals to the present
as if slats of metal crisscrossed our future
as if compression were a measurement of time
as if we knew but were too tired to speak of it
questions those questions pushed into the distance
four small fists thumped lovely in their absence
Neruda knew them as preguntas sin respuestas
be it resolved this distance within us
the distance between us, a lyric of scale
Some days are like pivots like 7 September 1995 when the world pivoted, collapsed, & edged over to me & my veiny forearms as I sat at a small round metal table on a public porch & looked into the vertiginous blue of my gloriously uncertain future.

Or,

How It Happened

a bottle of vodka on the table

dahlias firing from the earth

clear days meant distant mountains

an Achilles a window to her present imperfect

for her a symphony of resistance that day

ribbons of diction, a bent wing mending

the topmost branches of a jack pine rising

terraced thoughts, loss bubbling under

stories of the her then, stories of her now

attraction pressed past the threshold that night

dahlias on fire, pivoting toward chance
The day she packed her suitcase and flew to England was a cloudy October day in Portland, Oregon when Hewlett Packard people were felon-booked, anti-war protests throned the streets, steelworkers struck sixteen Goodyear plants, & eight more U.S. soldiers were killed in Iraq.

Or,
The Tiniest Amount of Something

we thought of things we speak of
we dreamed of things we don’t
notching notches on the ledger
cinnamon drifting in the wind
warming weather you are
everything times everything plus two
everything in my purview said yes

Puerto Angel, Oaxaca, Mexico
is where it happened in real-time
not in a clutch of black oaks
not cinnamon in the wind
Eleven months in the Palouse meant star-lit red-wine time, the unplanned nexus of New York and L.A., a Blue-Mountain Walla Walla near-year for four, with promises pulsing through the foothills, trade-winds shifting the rhythms, peacocks dropping the pressure-clutch so here could mean now & now could mean you this time.

Or,

Truing the Wheel Truing

a tangle of vessels thumping the blood

Chinese herbs in a ceramic white pot

a massive basket on a glassy-red bike

birds in a park—whimsy uncaged

downshifting, upgrading, warming our planet

from a window they saw you glide by on your bike

your yoga-calm eye in the storm of war

but the burma-shave signs read you-me, you-me

sewing machine sewing, scraps of fabric on the floor

out on the porch punching syllables in the night

running through wheatfields with the wind at your back
Hope is a category, an object, a toothbrush, an unmarked door, a metric of leisure, a decolonized mind. Hope is a volcano, a train platform, an island, a thumbtack, an impediment, a bombshell, an intellectual pitbull.
Or,
Hope Is a Full-Time Job

where death means death & not the end
where closer to closure means not quite there
whereas closer to closure, closer to fine
where finite closure meant death without end
where closure lived swimmingly without love in the end
whereas love in the end meant closure to that question
where closer to death meant fine thanks, fine thanks
where your moxie rocked up life without end
where death meant life on a highway without stars
where death meant life on a highway without stars
whereby whereas whereupon we must live