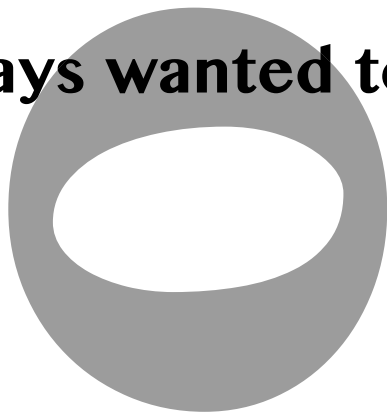


i always wanted to start



megan burns



i always wanted to
start over

Megan Burns

Dusie Kollektiv / Nous-zōt Press

i always wanted to start over by Megan Burns
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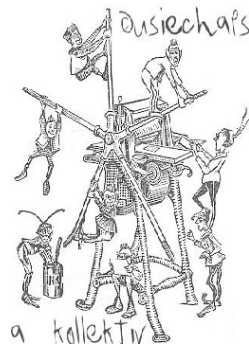
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Cover design and layout: Zeke KalishReed
Nous-zōt chop design: Zeke KalishReed

Editor: Marthe Reed



nouszotpress@gmail.com
nouszot.blogspot.com



i always wanted to
start over

“If a line within the stanza is likened to an utterance,
it is meditative and fuses sense even as it differentiates
syntax”

—Marjorie Welsh

why this the invisible
skin sprung to simple still life

he is one way of looking through
and through what you might have done
think audacity
point at the wide waste of option
a how are you reading me today

i hear you saying & i hear you say
do you have trouble

at the draw
o nigh

tender button
where knubbed raw bite

you back earthward, little critter
i've a way of swallowing a tail

a divorcing of sound

from form

light against how we know it

aware i'm the wolf

front cover of the jacket

confession

dark pencil lines

because i instinctively learn

to draw back

center guarded

wobbling planet

weak axis

a turn over

heart

hearing two pieces: how do you happen
a single scroll

this implement adorned darklystained

for instance: the scale of invention

till this from its contaminated source
easiest forgetting
portrait this schism
any small detail could be said
to hold a tipping over

brided target regret's outline
this black, black
 no bloom or branching
could you, could
felt i can't any more

casual this frozen hour
you think a letting down
ghosted façade
how husked to the young
take childhood and turn
a grafting against ruins

her naked body headless
then darkness

so messy you hold your breath
underwater
just on the skinning

a seize of throat
i read the writing

when if ever we are not at war

when you don't stop at the oasis

light does not refract

break language or bulk it

stretched resistance

infinitely, you marker

you left off

never not broken

crowding of scars

defined by
what is not
his life's work

damaging of love
since the first cut
woman: a variety
of poses

think you can part
what was brought
whole world to me

three bodies
grew inside me
warped cagework
hooks against sinking

not afraid
i stay open

fill the space
left by leaving

in this particular past

tell the children
mommy is sick

the story will be told as such
so sick

they waver fading
dangerous fiction

hold this document
hold this line

words fail much less
than we think

you can say
enough

meadowsweet
feverfew

take a drowning
as evidence of

it is never safe to say
a record of your fears
you stand in your life
waiting

to prove you can

to be a kind of mother
that doesn't exist

repeat

“What is remembered in the body is well remembered”
-Elaine Scarry

the deepest abyss
three bodies
stolen
sight/ touch/ sound
disappear
as if
dead
held in abeyance
he says: i've decided
you're unfit
there is no
resurfacing
what choice
do you have

soil gone sour
city closed coupling
a sway

clear reluctant tunes
crisp necessary beauty

spit in the palm, shoot in the heel
try not to try

float this caress, this careless
drunk these damp lies

a sipping of throated silence
tangled, stony face

arm numb under the sleeping weight
bed pissed / this was the way

the house was built

poems
not human
not a better monster made
labored draft

& when you stop loving
the other

he steals
the proper word

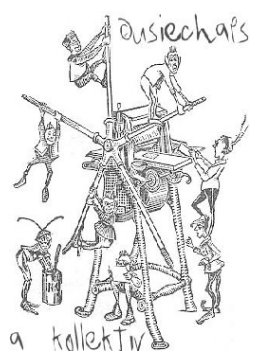
to show you
nothing is sacred

the world turns on

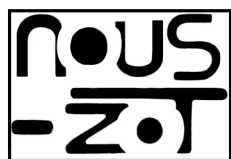
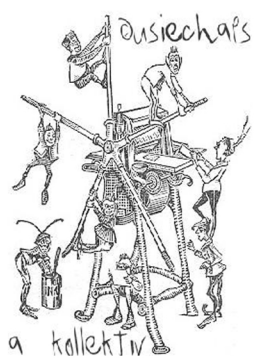
this war
this split

remember
this translation
built shadows

once
i felt the lure



nouszotpress@gmail.com
nouszot.blogspot.com



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