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another thing
know your space

only thing I wrote down at Carolee
Schneemann's performance lecture is
"saturated field of color" she entering through the back pushed in a wheelchair
wrapped in crumpled paper ringing a bell

I don't turn away from Treasure
with his eye out of socket

Kristin is here don't see other poets but Carolee is speaking poet
someone asks a question using the word "painterly" it was a miserable
walk across the island in a blizzard Kristin in the elevator
said now is the time
of the return
of the repressed
it makes sense makes you miss Mercury
retrograde

it's true you have to become your own historian after I "came out"
I got a woman's symbol tattooed on my shoulder a woman's body like Da Vinci's
Vitruvian Man feet mounted on the plank of the symbol even proportions have a
canon whereas I once had regret

now having been subtracted I consider expanding
into forearm neck chest "to whom do I owe the symbols
of my survival?" (Lorde)

it's true you have to become the historian of your people
is there someone here to record this? will there be a recording?
somebody should get this down otherwise no one will believe it!

hey poets!
it's the first day of spring

remember when you could hammer nails into the walls
of St. Mark's

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been waking up at 4:30am
in solidarity insomnia with god knows
how many friends since learning of a culprit solar storm
messing with our rhythms thought it was stress waking me one thought
at the ready “enjoyment is lost from our labor I am a fragment...” (Mayer)
not
explosions on the sun for moon
children sweet mundane
dream look! two unbroken umbrellas in the closet for earth
the dream of form rather than form itself the wish for communication
keeps the silence between us Rukeyser at the Poetry Center in 1955
speaks of work that comes out of the sources
even
the negative sources
of what we know “I myself have found
how small a language there is for process
for work and development in its own rhythms not time as
a series of points but as plants grow as animals grow as people grow working in
language keeping very near to the terms of process and doing that consciously”

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the voice of Zoltar says “what are you waiting for
come on over” then inaudible carrying a
small ottoman around town white crushed roses
in the crosswalk and Red Cross a crane moves silently in the corner of
my eye one of the sisters in my favorite café asks
“what am I getting you?” that syntax
a latte
I think but don’t speak
I’m glad you’re ok and overpay talked to a friend about

Grace Lee Boggs today who valued her conversations with people so much
she recorded them I heard this about Paul Blackburn too
conversations the radio poetry a poet
said he remembers when the arguments used to be about the work
meaning poems the narcissists are wounded that explosion
was close but it missed me and I am left with another book
to celebrate if I seem distant it is because all
of my resources are marshaled
moving with danger’s pulse talking

to others learning to listen better tell my elder what I'm afraid of

MY POETRY it knows things!
 as I sip mushroom soup

tell therapist I regret that I cannot
 remember this is what happens when you think
 from your amygdala it does not retain it survives so named for
it's almond shape
 can you help it? "I already
 have" oh so that's the sharp pain! staggering out of the room
at the 51st minute with roiling cheap humor

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