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
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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