

Poems by Bobbi Lurie

there is no forgiveness only loneliness

for ari

birds clouds beautiful you life-saving life-giving son having surrendered to mythology light meeting
light a clear sky your domain yet to see or think for me is something impossible how to let you know
if you don't understand shielding your eyes but skyward with its trappings of wax and of feathers all
the shouting i must emerge lighter unable to continue in this falling away such husks burn how to say
how solid earth do you expect failure of eyes which burn a face once we met i as your mother and am
always brought brightness now i open my wings to purer air from a height you can't reach nearer the
sun death so handsome his hoarse voice from shouting so hard an image of failure hardens into lace i
called the ocean my mother for my mother wasn't my mother father falling stone pitching a moment
as i was catching what seemed to be too close always too close yes the sun does too otherwise icarus

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smitten in an inner place

for paul celan

take it like an amulet a jewel like a tulip filling up the expanse of green the volatile view from within
your thin wrist you write into manuscript for the hand is a map with but grasping still it is but a like
two palms like a we are bearing these layers of lovelessness together we are hovering with fear the
closed kitchen painted yellow and the food always the food to keep alive these bodies in endless
procession these bodies and needing embellishment i painted black inside my closet to find a basic
dress the secrecy is enormous but the new things hang unused and to wear a beautiful blouse in
regular weather to embellish with necklaces and avoid the loss through appearance for the elements
of speech are carried in the air arranged in their respective places but the traveler's animal corpse
without language memory leaves without the chemicals of sight we pass an arc of trees without
seeing which picture is important this view from the bridge and lack of sympathetic protection is
what led you to the water curved like a strand of hair in your hand and the weather's damp blue and
your mind locked in your walk repeating steps seeking colors without names without language
memory leaves

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maggots are small minutes in the trash i saw them

greatest love comes to those closest to death keenest love comes to those who die quickly less love to those misdiagnosed or diagnosed prematurely or who outlive their sentence of death heart unhealed due to diagnosis substantial enough to care or shaded from caring rooted in the earth is the death sentence people speed across to or from sate the self with that which cools this fever trees bleed amber crying is a bell which chases most away little honor much expectation dance of flattery is a mistake must boldly step away little is late and later is less each cry directly walks desultory no amnesty and therefore suffer forever from misdiagnosis maggots are small minutes(sixty seconds) in the trash i saw them appear while etching in an unventilated space where i carved your name in asphaltum then etched how unmarried are the granite deaths from acid baths to make the zinc create your face pressed into paper we meet alone and camouflage our lives fewer yet falter still well forgiveness is a seldom mouth if when i engrave your name bury the loss of home what needs a place at any cost a coverlet a word like bodice gone forever is the sense of lace i dare not give the spelling of the city though i begged not to leave mounds of please broken shells the lack of vowels and how we did not share a single detail of autobiography as if not you nor i could choose so why talk intentionality if betrayal is in the eye of the beholder its purpose one thing unintended wrestling a word which might have been a silent thin veneer of caring it's a myth that's why

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TRAVELING NORTH

Though you are dead now. Though I walk covered in dust through this strip mall in Iowa. I remember the collection of tendencies that led me here. The flat landscape. The blazing heat of cornfields. The landscape and body are one sensation.

Everywhere the books of atmospheric pressure. This book smells like miracles. That you were the chapter. That I was the slaughter. That sheep, my inheritance. That you were the shepherd who lead me here. Your hand reaching out to strike. Your hand reaching up to brush the hair from your brow. I never knew which. I never knew when. Your hand.

The cornfields are memories. You can not remember anything. The road is filled with dust haze. Your life is. Your death. I can not find it in this landscape. This collection of tendencies.

Though you are dead now. Though your hand would reach to strike. Though your hand would reach up to brush. The hair from your brow. Though light penetrates this. It is flat. It is frozen in self-image. I must resist the symbiotic wish. I must void the infantile condition. That region. This region. The atmospheric pressure in the vicinity of living.

Though you seemed invincible when your body moved. Though the way your hand. Would reach to your brow. Even though dead. Even though each wave of light penetrates. Even though only seems to slaughter. Sheep of inheritance.

Wake up at 4 a.m. Walk out naked to the porch. Skin shimmering. The way the word *porch* clings. The creaky swing. Dark lake of the body. What is always erased. The way your hand would reach to your brow and wipe your hair away. And it was always your hair. Always yours. And your face jutted into the landscape. This nowhere. This clicking sound of insects. Late summer

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THE CAPTION CHANGES BUT THE PICTURE STAYS THE SAME

When he leaves her
The weather is glorious of course

Unblinking sunshine

He walks away	
She touches the edge of his sleeve	<i>I touch his sleeve</i>
Black jacket flung over his shoulder	<i>Black jacket over his shoulder</i>

She is not a beautiful Buddhist
The sound of crickets pisses her off

Fragment of a dream scene comes back to her
As she writes this a veil lifts:

To move forward into words is to accept the sentence

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Disconsolate
Wild elsewhere
As if . . .

Green rectangles of grass
Separate her from her neighbors
She walks the sidewalks of separateness

The Freudians were right
So were the spiritual teachers whose feet she kissed

Tattletale
Hateful
Kissing up to the authorities

*

God's eyes are hidden in the face of man

*

*Too many layers to our relationship now
I present you with ideas instead of my hand*

All ideas are seedy in themselves
And the heart, ungenerous, is a trigger for tragedy

*

Now is not a doctrine

No words can touch the rim of this city
Shrouded in leaf fragrance

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behind the dark i see a woman with just a head

she holds the secret in her missing
back breasts legs thighs
a white sheen envelopes the dream
i am in her house of nothingness
all has fallen for her
all have quit her
she is an old hen and everything's been taken
fleeting seam on her dress unraveling in back
rifling through the trash by the train station
is what i am doing for her
and her head is overhead like the head of a crow
longing to fly in the wind
but it is a place with no roses only thorns
a bouquet of it's ok whatever happens
worn to translucence is her face
the smell she exudes is the truth of what we are
unlatched and unlocked on the streets
waiting for a handout curtainless facing humanity
like a window bolted shut
sharp horizon broken line
rails gleaming as the train passes
no water no trees
hasn't eaten in days
a half eaten egg mc muffin falls from the bucket
her hunger is enormous
the boxcars pass
seasons change from what is said
she told me "find peace within yourself"

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lotus

a lotus grows in my throat
it is blue

i feel it blossom as
an old woman feeds me
sugar cookies
they are poison she says

her hands are etched
with cuts and scabs
her eyes are powder blue
they look through me like a lens

*there is no such thing as a friend
in this world* she says
people just appear

i see i am
alone

people are just mirrors she says

the lotus in my throat
grows towards my forehead

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