

Human Forest

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Some Extra Thing

The red floppy bow bouncing on the back of a head
down Market St.

Bows are an extra thing like circles around numbers or
worse, half circles.

Like “you know” and “like”

Who is grabbing for the box of individually wrapped
butter bricks?

The transparent man needs to be decked out to be seen.
What if every wisp of nature, each rock, dandelion, oak
were dressed? as though it were—
our saying: igneous, weed, live oak...

never perceiving the invisible body bowing against sky
our having become like tax and gratuities not included
the waitress underlines her name on the check swerving
the line downward and crossing it with two short lines.

Tiny little. A fence around a tree.

He finishes the cough off with another... Excuse me?

I said, would you like some less?

Oh it's too late for that but thank you anyway
and bends tying double bows,
there now.

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Wind under the dark
sky tosses disposition about
“I’m sorry” shadows
bough bent back
to breaking
Not aiming for bliss
needing only
the good fit

Tell us please, what is personal?

. . .

Filling in sky with meaning
“There’ll be hell to pay”
We who make our
own stories
must control
them he says
rolling shape over

Girls wipe themselves
arched over holes
wiping
front to back
as if petting mice
There's an old
saying in America
What a steal!

. . .

Ache tightens
over dark earth
laid shut
Relax...
the traveler
brings only good things.
But is there help for one
in someone else's longing?

Shape pressing
dead leaves legs
splayed like twigs
face down thinking—
there is no
face on it

...

It's what lies concealed
that makes commerce erotic
Slipping into liquid green
youths learn of time
as something passing
Bidders call from the shore:
Come on,
show us what you're worth

Darker than violet
taut shape bouncing
pushing it in mouth
suggested
a night lapped round
by promise

. . .

Leaf buds
extended on thin necks
to mirrors
asking: How will we
know when it's love?

Girls are already beyond knowing
No natural rutting
season to speak of

Story asks
do you like it?
Wanting a good deal
all around not possible
Little hole ripping in grass
really... I do really... love you

We have to make shapes
for their contradictions

. . .

Ache loosens
off its hinges
spreads a moist
forest floor
this parting wants
another perspective

sometimes empty
is enough

Travelers who
pay for experience
are leaves gathered in
mounds and burned...
To cherish above all
images that
devour

...

Were I actually
hungry I would
never tell you
she says with
the "so there" lilt
of the already
captured

Broken off, alone as
an odd fragment
lacking its own function
their words are fragile
dots drawn in
between stars

Please, don't take it personally

. . .

Fingers of light shoot
down between pines
prying forest open
“scene of crime”
some shapes crouched under
sky gray torment

To sell a life cheap
as was sold to promise