

Verso

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does this heap mark the scene of a death or other disaster ? what was that disaster ? tell all you can find out about it. disorb, knock the thing from itself. unseen. she was busy with learning & became an adult in one piece. there is nothing I can do for your present relief. is there. not everyone's voice is the same weight. lineation of years & a year is an object or an ism in your pocket. a cure in time. the kiss was clumsy because this is not your native tongue. that's what happens when a nadder becomes an adder. I have about as much of that language as a moderately well-behaved dog needs to know. or less than. not more likely than not. emote dust. recidivist mendicant tendencies. disapproves of casual miscellany. & looks terribly proud of looking terribly thin. translating it from English into English— afraid we'll have to retroactively adjust the cause now that the effect is made obvious. they've provided a useful timeline so that we can watch the same mistakes made & made over & forgotten & marvelled over again. a timeline so that we can watch our own mouths moving. asked 'what hour is it' I offered my wrist. if only it would come to pass. she made with seaweed & her own feet the ground beneath them.

old trope thirty-one words

seaweed—

I'm sorry I begot

winter proper dispositive potato fog

they drove out of the map's range

they had to wait for new maps

“they murdered each other” / “of course always”

part of me is charmed

this is my real mouth

how were people who trod on such places said to be affected ? any stories about people who were struck hungry at one of these places ? with seaweed she, her own feet—the sound of voices in stone buildings, high ceilings— voices speaking, not singing (which some buildings are made for). make a mark here (where things begin to look familiar). he made with little gestures the shapes of letters in the air. he insisted it was an endearment & the Polish for ‘selfish.’ Flanders was a country before it was a battle. if we linger, we’ll be up to our lips in it. ITEM : underneath a field of rubble there must be something of interest or else there would be no sense in it. the name by which I know her has a different vowel-to-consonant ratio than the one with which she was born. there’s documentation to prove all the consonants she’s since forgotten. coyly, you’ve been leaving verbs around for me to find. the OE ‘steorfan’ meant simply to die before it took on the particular sense of to die by hunger. fingerling—starveling. my mind set asunder, my mouth turned awry. ITEM : there would be no sense in it— otherwise (or alias) it is merely evidential of itself. & we are kind to each other. it’s a true story. we are kind in incremental gestures, codified gestures, to each other. it’s a story told as though it is true.

they are intent on digging
they sold the ground out from under their feet

there are postcards this peculiar landscape striped

intertidal rua granite fingers
send us boats or send us coffins stop

wrack equals weed
underneath a field of rubble
a timeline so that we

air, dear [your name here]—
to see, to speak, to leave
the city choking & etched
inside my eyes. ex humus
corpus est : a stone for useful
objects, the materials of minimalist-
boy-sculpture. you should not
believe me. vernacular only
means not Latin but how else are we to talk
about plants, about practicality.
a manmade object, I
turn lights on & off, speak,
am spoken to, reply, dress, undress— yes,
I undress manmade & otherwise
engage with objects external
to myself. a gesture of location.

heavy things shift in flight. another
bird in the interim, an intermezzo circus.
knots in the air, unco lair. & history. I take these losses
personally, I admit. it is unseasonably
chilly & he effortlessly exchanges war for postwar
correspondent. we make these
preemptive & arrogant movements. vaulting is not too
ambitious a subject for summer travel, however—
the story goes like this & has too many commas.
the story was told to me as follows & will be on the final.
we eat beyond our means & recognize
the timeline as an absurd artifact. here, have a year.
a place where you resemble yourself, where they
resemble themselves. here my research
is far from complete & my reading insufficient.