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# SHOOTING THE WALL BY CAITIE MOORE

Bachelor of Arts, Prescott College, Prescott, AZ, 2004

THESIS

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS IN CREATIVE WRITING, POETRY

University of Montana, Missoula, MT

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for Coki, still.

# ONE

If man, indeed, learned his music and his dance by imitating birds, was it not possible that he learned his art by imitating elephants?

James Ehmann To Whom It May Concern: An Investigation of the Art of Elephants

#### PLENARY

I shake at the exit and into a twig put orison.

Into the twig, and how could it hold this, but it did, held, as plenty's ether can go into a single atom and we ask shape, as we need uranium, this has taken place, this gray twig in February branching is nothing less than what I put there and I cannot name what is inside it now, simply twig twig. What I could no longer put into you, did you live up to, you did, you only said enough. Some of us are full. Some of us are full as twigs of you, there is a tree somewhere waiting. I falter that there are those not holding for what has them hanging out tongues for wafers, I falter that I will leave them, but not the creek buried to the left and the right.

What there is to gather, gather in bouquets.

#### ISLE, NO LANGOUR

It's not the glass,

it's the world is blue, the window barely,

mountains, clouds, trees,

yard, etch of branch

to climb of crow

clime of sky.

You wouldn't warn of melting now.

Maybe the conifer berries

at the edge of the frame

were blue before all this.

As blue as

white makes the lips,

breath makes the day, like

you in your wet make the bed. Pull the snow round,

fluff the heather, it's

February, the February of our mouths.

It's not the glass,

we chewed the vases down. A little more

severe, he asks of us,

makes us hopeless. Troika of polar bears seen from above,

or any creature

licking the salt with the buried blade.

Surely they will find us

following the trail of our cut gums.

Whose voice is this,

wanting in the night from out of the woods,

the gessoed woods. There is no more coal,

crude oil, no more wick,

only the rushlights we saved

from another continent when we were knee-high in field.

Waters rising will make it

colder before it burns. No scarlet

arctics for us. We chisel ice into the likenesses of tapirs

and they whistle, flamingoes

and they tremble. Warbling tails, leopards chuff

to get out. Truant sea, corporeal snow falls as I

at your feet.

#### HUBIÉRAMOS

The crimson road streams an oath to your house with two hammocks sparring in the dust storm.

Pigeons you'd been training to come home lift against the sky

and scatter over prickly pear surfacing above your frame. The sick is still in my fingers from leaving.

Knowing the name

of the white flowering bush that sings the rim of the yard,

I keep not for you but for the smell it gives, there's flooding in the North,

and grass, illiterate, leaned
an arm into mine on the bus, told how
I should fill out its visa, its genus
a string of h's.

All broke that same hush whole but me.

El Salvador spoke its language too, fell asleep against my shoulder, and shook out its spores.

Too much wind not enough beds.

Mexico touching me under my blouse, birds from every country in leotards, red bellies drilling alarm—Your dorsal side is the color of wheat, so as not to draw attention. Show it to the doves.

You took me to see Saturn, we laughed, trembling on the roof are the pigs, water topped the levee, an ivory pistol shooting for bottom, the pigs keep your father waiting, but he

could have loblollied them
any time, could have elmed them,
maple. Instead pretty
pretty Mabel Louise

and he boxcarred.

July is the month we earn our keep,

when the pigs are alone there and we're unable to reach them,

we listen so hard the planet glows

in a way that Oleander does not.

WHEN INTEGRITY INTO THE FIRE

Deception: I'll play Thou Love: Unfit actress, you'll play the Speaker

\*\*\*

Deception said I'm not afraid of being lonely but of being alone with the dead thing in my chest.

\*\*\*

Love's voice never tires. Love doesn't sleep. Love doesn't shower.
Love doesn't eat.
Love keeps the walls up jawing to datura.
Love vines out,
walks to the river,
clasps the bottle
to a roof in Bedford
hears no life, no wind.
Love has never kneeled,
thinks autumn hurts.

\*\*\*

Deception said autumn hurts, of all the ones I miss green is the worst. Winter forgets to spill. Everything I know is a mouth so open seeds call out from it.

\*\*\*

Love or fortitude?

\*\*\*

Think of the days we spent in trenches, (said Deception) though we never spent days in trenches. Think of it anyway. The pith on our coats, the mud in our boots, the shells raining. I never deserted. Our war cry: there's more time!

They were blue in the face, the hovering face, the ragged face, the distich face staring at the abyss they'd made.

Or: We don't think of you as lonely!

I beg you, don't be an ocean.

\*\*\*

When Love curls into a palm there is listening, but not from above.
Love said here's what I'll be: the tooth and nail, the squandered street beneath my own name.
When no one is.
But over my shoulder.
But all yours. Don't.
Don't away.

\*\*\*

Deception said to love these incursions for your raft and Love said thus I sail off.

Deception said truth was your arms and Love said the lie was my look and I didn't know whom to believe and Defeat offered me a chair then Victory offered a martingale and I took both.

The fermata was lost and won and Love said show me how you'll live without me, I want to know you can, and I called Death—let's make this good, so Death gave me a cloak and an anchor and a tern and a rope and a breath. I noosed my neck and ate the winged thing, leapt off the anchor onto shore, left the cloak so they'd know I'd done it. Then pled kill me. These red leaves.

#### IN TWINNING DILUVIAL

Don't you want to requite me? The cedar you felled then snapped over your thigh. No death to the hill though it turns the grasses blanch nearly bone and what is it

you go blind with?
When Shannon got fever, her alfalfa hair
taut and flying a flag under the blue St. Lucian sun, we grew
tubes keeping her alive, wrought towels for what lit on her brain,
shined it of lobe

clean of mark, what it was drained with her spit she would never again learn to swallow. But, tow-headed Siobhan said, what is *alive*, and tried to let her sister drown on the coast

while Shannon laughed

her maniacal new laugh. Her brain could not stop it. Two haloes hooked

and dragging on each other.

How another's body is a tide is a shrine. Selfish to let yourself drown, float with the rip, each organ bloats within. Skin cannot expand enough

as cattle cannot eat enough

of the water

and the water keeps offering itself. Selfish to let drown your best-loved sister. Let me go said one

to the other.

Ask me in. Where we overlap

thrusts us godward. There are two reeds in the estuary, that they bend synchronized begs a black pit that they heave over, over the sand-lip into me.

We are not blown down. The laugh of fish I left at the depot for you lit out for the laugh in my last letter. Let blood color blood on the licked seal.

Ode to water, I'm on a skiff talking

to ebb, swift way of splitting hairs

with an anchor. Ode to water, I am

disoriented. What's

decomposing

but it's everything, what

I can't hold the way I hold

the white sail

and never wave it, but I

surrender, I go to Mexico, cross the border

in the boat, vow not to stay

unhinged,

voice is the last

ring before bullets and I've come to this shore,

what suffers moves

toward what suffers. Pancho Villa,

you don't know how he loved,

what he looked on,

you and I, we were a flood and

I'm going blind you don't know with what fervor, my all

has taken me by the neck.

#### THE GIRL OF YOUR LIKING

Fiddleheads won't you wait to unfurl, I hold out my hand cured of the purse seine. The hands done brought the house down, the eyes, the most they can do is close, not close. The child's on the beach. Am I not maternal? I feel unspecific—yellow in summer, sleep on the tracks,

te lo prometo.

Promise me one thing in exchange. Every time her back is turned we embrace and your arm falls where gravity took it when we were young.

Stark mad I don't want what you drop. I want to fill the ocean with rocks, to hear your jackal-toothed bride crying out over the sea drift. Let her salt her luck with her own sweat, swim toward the cavalcade.

The first day without rain. Through the kitchen window balding white men mount motorcycles for the police parade. Bring me the plastic gun from the trailer outside of Nogales,

seduce me with it, stark naked in the yard.

A gun does not keep promises. Goes off. Goes not off. The afternoon grasses turning gold, I'll shut my eyes to keep. I am the one telluric girl you have left. You'll call your wife into the house, but she'll stare at the sun not liver-bellied of blindness as I am of you.

#### MADRUGADA

As the pig I screamed and screamed, tufted at life with the hairs on my back,

in my ears,

my snout pushing eclipsing their killing, glinting hands. Weren't you

deafened by the cellos in my lungs at this, the cleanest of crimes?

As the bellow I asked these buckets of gore, my piglets penned where they could hear, this morning

of steam and the rooster, these hoses for aftermath, these orange rubber aprons and legs beneath.

What does it mean?

When will it sing?
I slipped in my own throat and went down, hugged to cement

by the boy on my back milking the blood from my neck for a pudding.

Skin could be something whipwhite, frosted in blood, carried back and lifted up, mourned on the kitchen table. Is that you I'm following, is that you soaring past a woman

who is only a mouth holding lip children,

is that you new to the world and mumbling?

As the color of my uncooked lips, my legs stiff in the air from death, my gaze in the steam pled out the door pocked with forest, shouts, mountains.

As the one who took it, as my haunches, as meat for your men,

I could have gone without a note

to sing for death,

but death galloped toward my throat and the tune issuing. A low growl, a soprano shrill though nostrils, as long as I held it the ruby chord.

Leashed to a beam in the corner, the dog watched

the heavier their shadows fell across my flesh,

the less still my voice.

Who thinks this is no melody, oboe pining until at last

it sang up the sun,

the singe of it mute

beneath bellow, men at this hour speak not in words, and trees wouldn't hear it, trenches cannot be tamed.

Swale

in a fever

of trees a fever

of men.

The walls became loud with light,

blood hummed,

my eyes brass discs to crash out time,

then black brass eyes from dawn only a star in each,

far enough.

Breath forces awake

the knife

awake the birds

there is more.

Where could I go tied as I was to the echo?

What color could I call

the absence, and what the ten in the brush who will be sated, and what the dog's rope ringing the beam?

The deer come gorging on.

Afternoon grass,

sweetbark. Luz won't leave the farm, though her chest is full of what deer are the doorway to. Her rebozo a bright desert flower

flung down into the grove.

Her table is wood and it is long and

Josue—the General—takes his seat though the china is empty. Food gone to the cause. Is this famine? It smells like forest. Grins flinch across his face to her next of kin as they think bulbs, mire and mould, convening with starving night,

plot how to feed the horde.

I take off my veil, my white gown, take Luz away

into my meadowed dream, tame

this hunger with a whip.

They have vertebrae showing

like they have knives to carve me out.

Give venison

to the toddlers

sausage to the armies.

How will her corn raise? If there is sand under her plow? How

will our voices? They want

to rest, but there is no shade.

Can a gullet go arid? The stomach now a nut, soon we will drink from bladders. Who will we find at the salt lick?

We seek we

sink collapse

like ladders.

That trial of swallow when meaning opens, when feet shake with cathedrals.

One song was all it took, the word

cathedral enough for me now. Enough for Josue too.

Not, for she shuts

up in the house,

for you have never looked so lovely

deer. Your voice,

tied as I was

to the echo, is lace

in a world of plants.

Force the spill into a box, you wake with her in a wood that is no longer

a wood, under a tree

that is no longer

a tree, and with a heart that is no longer a heart,

make dessert with it. Victory. Links wind

through town like streamers from rooftops and day

sates into dusk.

Not for us to say

when the heavy water was taken

into the fold of Luz's rooftop garden,

into its verbena, agapanthus,

violets, its goldenrod.

Learn a peony, Josue, and lay it in the street, chalk around its shadow points,

around your own

silhouette. Seep, Josue, at its cut-stem,

Luz won't come out of her room, blue with evening,

and the rainy season arrives, the tin roof

beaten, floods turn roads into the clay you must churn through, calf-high.

A boy points you

toward a house over the hill.

Seek it, Josue. Yes,

someone lives there, his hands

stubby poplars backed by clouds

as he waves. A mile

through the mud and past the animals.

Ears flat

against flea-ridden skulls under the monsoon.

You come upon the house,

a few boards and no roof

all black from a fire, no one around,

and the people back in town not knowing. Imagine keeping

the house

as a pet,

it prefers the lift of heat to rain pressing from above.

Fix it meals of this.

Tonight is light's charnel, there is no water without air, the heavier the better,

you're almost under,

down into the encored wave, drop between the stones, to tireless flumes and flukes. Why wait? A gust from air froths you flat,

l'oro my tesoro my mai.

A brown flock flits hedgerow to curb,

a car, a deer, la Luz,

the destiny of eyes, and still

the wound on your thigh has not

been dressed. Where did it come from?

A curtain descends adagio red (gold my treasure my never) at last to sing down the sun.

And the ash rose

like egrets above the new swamp
you never walked back through
and during his seizure
the boy smelled ammonia. The birds, the vanilla of her passing.

RIFT

From the balcony looking onto your dad's car and the Mexican and the white horse

on its side, I am the white

horse baying *lancha*, we will always wonder, the woody stalks of the bush red

postponing, to attract,

especially in winter, nothing else pollinating. The red is holed up in walls of bark waiting

for the day

it can climb aboard

and bloom across the river. Or, if not give them boats, then turn them

into fish, grow gills at their necks. We won't

name plants among the color-blind, a plant can't fly a jet or solve this white-out.

I can't go on,

visibility is so low

the snow under the red

lines of the bush implores off left.

Beseech, and you will regret for your life.

Full-fisted I held it up. Release said the pine the quebrada tied inside. It is a good day when the prisoners

are released. I asked the pine

to take them from me. To the grazing herd

the little one pointed: Look! Poppies. The only sound

hair pulled aside

as bodies condensed and flicked up, sunburned

and staring against the wall.

It was the end I worried. I know

a way to ask the air, Mother Mother Mother Mother the worst has come take me

with you where I can't follow. The worst not over,

but now. No more waiting

now. Now, little was I when once. And what I knew

of you would tear me

limb from limb, would not leave me

a floor to stand on. You, I have loved

beyond time, I have never

thought to sever. Adios mi pais they begin to cross. Wind

strikes an abdomen clung with coralroot, the sea

through the ears of a mare.

It's water they're swimming they're drowning they're swimming.

We must owe more

than 10 centavos and "Amazing Grace"

stand along the banks with our arms open, our chests slung

with mirrors. I'm sorry

blinds the north. So long they touch the way

to violets, to trillium the rest of their lives,

in our best Latin screaming Jesus. What

have we accomplished

if we have won? Domine Domine Domine. Every night a cloudbreak.

#### BREACH

This will not fall. In every town, find the house that would have been

yours if you had ended there, I call to you

to fix, even knowing you're unable, grout low

stone, tape windows, wrap corners. Look up through the lattice.

Awake awake awake, why

so awake? Awake not

where you are,

but where you would have been

under pergola, sky,

not in a cage, you are captivated, whole. Or I am. If I asked,

you didn't come, even knowing I don't care

for alone. In the middle

of the sadness my footsteps ringing

outside in the air-raid night.

I tell you I know nothing

of the loved one everyone lost, I

understand nothing where gored through I turn dark, what calls me

from the blackened orchard

to produce. Full

of buck shot,

I couldn't know what wired us to a town like this one

backing up to a mountain,

shadow-lust, kenneled. Who growled open infrangible wildness could have been another animal,

but was a deer

again, a deer. I knew

there must be another. What matter. Taken care through the grass-shot snow, hocks that leapt to begin away stopped,

returned, tip-toed

across the ice-road,

re-crossing me. Backlit

by a streetlight the deer went stark as its shadow, and tied at the hoof, bent to eat out of the other's mouth.

## YELLOW-SLENDER BIRCH

I'll not collect into a cave where morning

opens in a window a warning. Don't what me.

I remain spoken for in the cave mouth

the starlings flew over in a line

ten deep and reeled

as far as I could see

east to west

against the sun.

Here must I, among monsters in the woods, be goodbye to the banner

of birds. Don't ask again

where's my water. Did you never think

that hibernation would be full of grief? To turn from

the world just before

it dies and not watch.

And not watch

the heat rise off

and store inside

all the while the long light ribbons into the cave. The day scorns

green, its never-touch. Nature doesn't get inside me anymore—is this

madness? But bear, I can't close my eyes,

I know it is you because I can see your face is wet,

I know I am kneeling because I reach

up to fur lines of each

stark tree down your back and

while you're sleeping I

offer the pick ax,

the level stare. Stop

spitting your t's, for god's sake.

What is another word for empty?

My ax lunges into the deer heart, who folds

her front legs, rests her forehead on mine, whose pulp buckets out,

bailing onto my shirt. Here is the red re-acquaintance.

# TWO

When we see animals in confinement—an elephant that cannot engage in its elephantness, deprived of its own kind, of its aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews, and in many cases even of sunlight, and certainly deprived of territory, it is not surprising to see them engaged in various unusual behaviors to help keep their minds together.

Michael W. Fox qtd. in To Whom It May Concern: An Investigation of the Art of Elephants

It is an implication that there are degrees of reality.

Wallace Stevens

#### ON SILENCE-2.11.09

What goes inside cannot come out again. Do I intend to communicate—I can be silent and still gesture, and the world will know what I mean. Not dryly my gaze goes inside you. I can say fuck you silently, it's cultural, not linguistic. In a vow of silence, what is my aim? To make no noise or to suffer no communication? If the latter, I've lost-in the world of associations, I can't walk from tree to bush to sniper without connoting something at least vegetal. Though I want to choose the next word slowly. That is what I ask silence to teach me. Snakes rain from the Banyan. And hit the ground where gravity coils them before they go off away from the tree in every direction, one toward where I stand stunned hearing no hissing. But I am told the snakes coming are tongues, the Banyan is idiom, so what has been exiled? Another way of saying I have been silenced—to exile, to ex-communicate, is to keep at bay what desires nothing more than to return. To language, the country of our birth. And there is a small or great silence between certain words, or written into certain poems, that we experience as a hole in the ground, a loamy floor. Dove, dove into the hole. With volition. And associated the fall with silence. But could climb out to the next word. Two quiets: holes keep us within (though we can climb out), exile keeps us without (and what goes inside me stays here). As I am without what I love when I don't speak. And knew what would not come back from it. And knew the danger of it. Meaning: silence is not the vagal response, which you could not help, you who I loved above myself. Instead, it is the will of the silencer, and will is a tyrant. The vagal response, what the body does when overwhelmed, slow down to near-dead, make quiet the heart, it is to hide from the coveted thing, whereas in exile I stare through the wall's chink all day. And I can see you fainted under the heat and I'm wondering how long you will be dead for. Because a vow is something said out loud.

## FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—POSIES

Sudden grass on the paths of the garden maze and the children must. Running, roses scent the interior, blurring to pure color as they streak by—the red into the pink into the fuchsia whites into yellow. The leaves green into the greater green of bush and ground cover. To run, and with their mouths agape, swallowing echoes until they think warm days will never cease. Last night I couldn't herd the city's denizens, the traffic flowed around the wheel-chaired man, a bird fanned black in his arms, a vein for each name you'll need to recall later. The prick in the chest when he asked what is this tree? What kind? Which species? The interrogator is waiting. The roses at night do not sleep, not a betrayer among them, not a betrayed.

#### ON SILENCE-2.18.09

Silence is carried in the body as noise is external. Held in the silence a body of secrets. Silence, held, is not apathetic about leaving, wants to stay held and demands always the question of how to break it. How will I, when the time comes, stop this? What will be enough? The brain struggles constantly to create patterns. But I can find no pattern in silence, and neither irregularity. It arises when we can no longer keep anything out, and so we keep silence in. As our only available means. And learn it isn't true what we've ever said about the animals, sentient or no. Silence emerges most often within a larger pattern of itself—a culture of silence. From there we call it by other names: distance, interior, burial. What millet held inside the seed. Someone can coax it out, not I. How will I know I've been pardoned if you will not tell me? I take on your silence in order to dispossess you of it, to take into myself what in you was unreachable. The dogs are baying in a wave down the canyon, this cry is to fill up the outside, this silence is versus the stillness inside each thing. You want to know what they're warning? What has been prevented? You want to see what gangue gilds the middle of the hill? Crack open each rock, split the maples. What we rape for, the inside. Open your legs, says the hooded man holding the reins, and we'll see what we can do, not knowing silence is not one to negotiate. Because my words will not come back to me as I hope. And will not come back at all. If I am among those who think desire drives the world, it isn't with silence I'm holding court. Oh wait, I wanted this.

#### FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—DAY ONE

I take cover on the banks. The river, torrential under the snow, swells, laps its edges, takes ice back into itself, reeds secure the boundary. Let me see what I know its current passes over, the fish eggs and moss-drawn rocks, there even if I can't see them coupling. This is the mercurial time for development, but development slows, and tears down, and stops, mounds of sand from what was left of the desert we chipped. Medaled, I will know a new light, weighted with miracles they hung me with, from the flat roof I can hear our men's nail guns

one two three
one two
one two three do something.
Call them guests, workers, Salaam, salute, let me onto
a porch that is lit and mine. The snow and desert
are give of this and someone is strangling me from behind,
whose black gloves smell so predictable.

#### ON SILENCE-2.25.09

Every Wednesday I take silence. Hours are freed in not speaking. Each week I forget what I've learned, my tongue swells with impatience. It is an apprenticeship with silence. That I enter with my head bowed. To a teacher not as gentle as I keep expecting. Silence bids me sit in the corner and think about what I've done. What I haven't done. I have not protested each thing enough, as this could be protest. As if you would not talk, show them sing so they know song's choice. To show I wanted this. I chose this. Each Wednesday when I wake up I think today I cannot talk and always fall back, immediately asleep, to my loud dream. I forget to ask everything on the other six, and so on Wednesdays I am flooded. So when I say birth I mean bursting. As Nijinksy, in his last public performance, sat in silence for a half an hour after arriving an hour late. His absence in that hour was the first silence, his unspoken limbs while he was in the chair were the second. The third? The third fell on the crowd after he said I will now dance for you the war. The war you did not help to prevent. How could they survive this rebuke? They survived because there was no artillery in the theater. How will I survive not telling you this? I cannot even tell you tomorrow. The greater silence of you, as each thing is blanketed in winter. If a bomb is silent, the fourth silence came when he danced, were his arms holding guns or the wounded? What was he carrying other than his irregular mind? What was inside him? Was he opened up? Flayed? Flagrant? It is buried. He was never filmed, his image will not answer. The silence is buried in my not being able to see you, whether I can remember you or not. Who remembers the war? Who remembers which side he was on? And who will come forward to say? If I could ask you. Each leap, was it a near miss? En pointe, what was aimed, and evaded, what? What we know is this. There was no fourth silence, not there. A bomb is not silent. Not even a bomb, but you.

# FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—DAY TWO

All the trees lie down, soldier. A field prone, broken under too much water. Call it dementia, you know my fears, mold them, an opera of what maddens us, from point A to point B a killing spree quickens the plot. Mow down the crowd, I can be your will-machine. For my part

I fall for the stellar's jay. Facedown the sun burns me, even this snow is staged. Has every man fallen? Brava! Brava! Lucia was tricked, thought everyone was you, a way to you, then why murder them? From this bunker see the lit world onto which I open, the boars wheeling beneath a heaven, darked stones, the cool against the wall. What if I freeze lying here, on a pool still and ice-rimmed, if I cannot make the voices quiet?

### ON SILENCE-3.4.09

The fourth silence comes at the abandonment of the act. There is no non-act, the silence never comes. Then what was the noise that fell on us when Conchita Cintron, bullfighter, dismounted from her horse when the red bull called her down? Ankle deep in arena both. I finally met him she said. First, she abandoned her horse and what did he hear, then as the bull rushed, she abandoned the sword, and what did it hear of her as she quit it? And how did you respond? From there could you hear it fall? If you love me why do you not kill me? The Spanish monarch waved his hand over the scene and all who saw him heard him. To be seen is it different than to be heard? And to be heard is it different than to understand? I understand your silence. A woman's heels on the killing soil flout authority. Flauta. The music of her arrest, even as she carressed the ears of the bull perdon perdon perdon and the monarch waved his hand the other way to undo it. They abandoned the handcuffs. The crowd who cried an average of three hours a day stopped. And she abandoned the ring that day forever. The sound that could not be undone was emptied. Were you listening? Did you hear the crash of all her other oxen killed under the weight of her hand when she unsheathed her want? Said I did not want to kill him. Abandoned desire. To do something else. There was no fourth silence.

## FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—DAY THREE

The tanks travel with our meat on the hoof touch the rabbit fur to hear the howling behind, something in pursuit of white and deer arc over the path on the hill, showing the page of each raised tail. Mojave, I am a fool enough for silence or breeze-crowned fir trees where I buried my sadness my ever green liver takes root and I take my learning from a fist, not quite cloud, not quite my life-centered you: what is the yellow patch that hangs above. Antler in, the future is vicious with a black nose flared, high scent on the scree trail. Is this something I've seen or something I carry endangered and struck between us when we catch eyes, mine close, his wide and opaque glass-bottomed lakes. The herd's all behind him. Hot breath rolls as a warning for coming terror. Come closer. Give me back what I've buried.

### ON SILENCE-3.11.09

I don't believe in silence anymore. Bas Jan Ader, is he screaming or laughing? He is crying. And for a man, I learned from my father, it is a mixture of the two. Soundly. I hear sound. Reverberating from the flexed throat. He can't open his eyes, but looks down as though salvation or torture were in his lap. What happens there outside of the frame? The source of what makes him cry? The final seven seconds. I'm Too Sad to Tell You, too sad to be out loud does he mean, or too sad to use language? I can't tell if he's trying to cry or trying stop. The onions aren't working, only the smoke in my eyes. I have cried like this. Only an individual makes this noise. A crowd cannot. The crowd that cried on average three hours per day is a drone, never a wail. There is no such thing as silence. In the last seven seconds, what else can we vow? Or silence is carried in the lie of color, and here he gives us himself in black and white. Or words are never precision, but a face may be and imprecision is a lie and a lie is a silence. And here he gives us his face. A face unlike any other. Is the unique a sort of horn? Collapse the eyes. Shut the hole of the dark mouth. I say one is louder than two. I cannot find silence because of memory playing assist to imagination. Because sound the easiest to recreate by the imagination. I have a song in my head. Watching Bas Jan Ader, whose name is either a song or a cry, I remember the sound of cry and everything that trembles, as his throat trembles, stirs at once from within. And as long as there is the naming of cry, Bas Jan Ader, as long as things can be named, we will count them off in our rattled minds. I have a cry in my head. It is love as I have known it. Such is our desperation to tell, that whatever cannot get out yells against the inner walls until eroticized. But when we have watched him, watched him try to stop, watched him try to start in what he thought was silence, voice the temblor, the walls heat with vibration, swell, redden. Or only an echo—not true sound from when Bas Jan Ader went out to sea and in lost falls the silence. What cannot return.

FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—INTERROGATOR

This is an interrogation. A root cellar with a cot,

swinging bulb. The light

yellow bathed you there. You and the Iraqi-

American, a hired amputee

you snatched and dragged below, hired

to scream when the car is detonated

each day at three. But you

who have been

to Bagdad

and back

know a scream from his. Palms blackened

hitting the pavement. Each

day at three. Pavement the dark in a song. He stitches

his eye to the lamp, a nipple

protrudes not as much

as your belly, your forehead glossed

white. Juts out, the fault and the gaze

and the nipple, the arched spine

of the accused. In uniform your thighs

slightly part, as undone as his ear. What

have you done with his ear?

He will not hear your question. There,

at the triangle dipping

the small of your back, your hips haunch the lobe

into submission. His ear tucked

into the back of your belt, too dark to know who

coupled with whom, who paid whom

attention, whose arms were too small to reach.

Whose shoulders.

Bared as teeth.

Muscle knots along your ribs

he has not

touched me here, your will not done,

ears conch what

we haven't heard from him. What say you, done nothing or done something? Chosen

to come with you into a tunnel

opens onto all language

braided into unwalled green.

And if there will be a hanging, he'll hang

from his feet,

not his ears

like a rabbit. Together we don't own enough

fingers to finger the guilty. If I am afraid of you, he begins, then I must die inside the dead horse. If I must die

inside the dead horse, it will be red. If it is red I will be

in flames before I die. Don't look at his reflection in the cot's metal leg,

small and convex and dripping

from under his temple and ask which man

has been under a meadow of whooping cranes, and which man is the fleck of red. Look, the white meadow lifts,

bodies of starlings

drop to the road

and your blame doesn't waver as it parts a path through them. His blackened hands

like your brother's outside the remnants of your barn

in the north. If he has burned down

the barn and will

plant orange poppies. If the cans of food

stack in the pantry and you can't read their labels,

the ash of dried licorice on his tongue

before dinner. If your brother arrives

out of the night-fact of not having

a brother anymore, the mirror in your meat tag

can be gripped, if someone speaks

at the chink, lift your shirt, your brother

kindling. His hands

play with the utensils, if his burned

hands play with the utensils, if after death your brother's

hands won't settle, if his fire-soaked hands will not stop, if his face pulls

out of the wall

of earth. If we plant in black

and fan, the poppies pitch their purple center, someone bugle

FALL IN. Say no grace today,

neglected mouth. If I do not

answer this I will not hear tomorrow-You will

run into the field when I've left. This room will empty.

### ON SILENCE-3.18.09

When the god told me to go out, the god did not mean back to this hill, I step around the thousand ears sprung since last time I was here, garden of ears. The fourth silence could only be unoccupied space, in the ring it was everything except the red bull's querencia. What I cannot describe of the listening garden here, the ear canals are tap roots, flesh forget-me-nots. Who is the hill listening for? Silence. I am outside. My querencia, I do not move the same. I told you, we cannot hear what we cannot see. The querencia is I/ Thou. Without you I am silent. With. Out. How will I want now? Desire becomes purpose. Desire was not achieved, it was quit, it was turned away. What can I do? It was so clear, what god said. The bull, no matter how much moaning, we cannot hear. Among the other animals. Elephants, deer, pins of rain, our favorite sound we said, a silent agreement. Hill, do you hear me, step loudly. A hill, we cannot hear. It was so clear, what god. And when I thought I would see no nature, the bluest bird. Impossible stalks of black and the living. If you were here. You the living, you the beloved, you the querencia, I would not have seen it. A bird cannot be thou, as bird cannot be cup and saucer we break what shatters Wednesdays. The silence of a bird is the worst. I said it didn't exist, found it where I cannot go. Silence is where we do not go.

## FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—ABATTOIR

Look at the many of me

and stack them, hens in a flatbed

truck. One in the middle only sees

white, diddle your finger toward her beak,

your too-small hands. Leave the black

rooster for last,

his metal cage clanging.

Shut the tailgate, shut my lowest

echelons into their dark

and follow the river down the road.

I'm the homesteading ilk, all peck,

churn, I can't escape my crowds,

from the ceaseless toss of grasses

and seeds on the wind, but the wind

is risen in our down, our cream. Where

are you taking me? The blacktop will end sooner

than the river. Have you ever inhaled someone,

you ask and hold

your cheek against my neck.

The river answers from its branch, incessant rivulets.

I smell your green-brown hair. Your

green-brown hair smells like someone else's.

Really breathed them in until they were gone?

And you speak to each me in your own tongue,

three months now, past the mill

and the sawdust it coats.

Are we going back home? Lakes and beavers,

the beavers up all night sawing and with their beehive

houses right in the middle of the river.

I'm too close already.

Some of my spines are poisoned.

We can't stop I'm in pieces

back here. When you lift me, you keep

talking to me, a blue streak, a stream,

keep heaving and lifting, and

I blink through the wire at the dawn.

### ON SILENCE-3.25.09

Walking down the path by the train tracks, to where the rusted machines are beds for the homeless. Machines rivetless and red. Each wall to hold a potential beyond holding, to suggest a use beyond utilitarian. The potential for a wall does not have to-must not-be known at the time of building. It only has to be different enough from all the walls we have ever known, to render us malleable. Like these machines, curled or bunkered or turned on a side. We must be able to use a wall for other than a sound-proof barrier. What keeps us out is that we don't know the origins of material. Kept apart from our understanding of plastic, or sheet metal, of insulate or plaster. Apart from understanding, as I understand your silence. Because we haven't poured or flattened or melted, we are at a loss for how to change each material's purpose. Each thing inexorable. We cannot pull them, as I could not pull you out of yourself into me, and we want to make each thing of us. The new remains silent until it bears our mark and is old. We cannot speak to the foreign, can only be native to something when we know where it breaks. I turn left at the river, now running parallel. The path ends where a plank is laid across a ditch. When I come to the house with no windows, rather the panes had been shattered, leaving only windows. I shimmy through a window, see a hole in the ceiling, then one on the second floor through the roof. The dust is in the light the floors are covered with it. An upright piano claims the middle of the room that would have been the main room if any of the rooms were in use. There is a piano in the house. The only thing I wouldn't have left behind. As when you and I went to the burned-out house in the desert and the sky was louder than it had ever been, you decided to live roofless, I knew I wanted sound enough I would vow silence to anyone who would listen. We must know how the thing we touch will break. The piano in the middle of the room had half its keys missing. I have never heard a chord so well as when I could see inside to the unravelling hammer. Never, but in a crumbling room. A note knows what to do with the dead, doesn't pretend to be alone.

### FAKE IRAQ'S BLOOMING—LIEUTENANT MURPHY

Does anything get on you in Bahariya,
a war cleaner than kissing, nothing
but maybe a little of your own blood. Not mine,
you're only my in-law. Does the heat usher you inside?

We're inside for so long

as adults, for so long when buried.

Depth is a lie, the lake

is a mirage, less offensive. Before you went to Fake Iraq, you gave me your green shorts, Marines only, said don't wear them until you're off base. They would die in the playground my sister, knowing, described of a bomb. And you're a murderer, I said.

A murderer if will be

a murderer. Hired actors scream from beneath cars, trained how it sounds, to deafen air.

What you'll miss more than limbs,

in war where to reveal is to betray,

are the blink of mornings through curtains,
your kitchen table, the livery,
harlequins' palms chalked
white in prayer, the hourglass, perfect

rows of desks in second grade, her hair went birding, heavy oak with furrows of carved names, the knife's sure reach, the Berlin Wall, The Great Wall, shooting the wall, put yourself as a rolled up paper into the wall, her nuchal precipice, sinning, and what does self-deprivation motivate, and what

hatred, never should brown eyes
do the looking at you, never should they brandish
the book, the white robe
is a mirage, you're fathoms deep,

and how your name over there
carries mine and your voice a lie, and some bellows
blow whole sentences

into the hearth,

the blaze again, disinterred, and peccaries, how her hair divined watersheds, and milk.

And one day to a storm
you'll claw at a hope of it—milk—but only sand
will get in your mouth, you will drop your weapon
in your fervor to drink, face the scream of wind, you'll
command your men MILK and they will fire.

## (LIEUT. MURPHY CONTINUED)

and what metal is and what earth and what light and what place and where do you live and where are you and who am I and how is my heart and how is my heart going to do this and what metal is around my heart and what cold is and where is it warm and where are you worn and where are you sore and around your heart is and around your throat you tie a knot and blood won't come out anymore and the air will go down easy and when will the air go down easy and when will missing not mean limbs and where is my limb and where and where and where is the thing I held in my palm and where is my palm I held it with and when will the air and when will the end and when will the beginning go down easy and when will we know what to do with our palms on Sundays we can't press them together anymore and when will we know and when will we know and when will we know to get up and run out on each other and run out on our mothers run out on our fathers rundown and run down father to the spring that lets me be thirsty the raft makes me thirsty the sea makes me thirsty and where is the salt for your neck and where is the car and who will drive and where are we going and do we have enough time I know we will not make it how will we make it and how does it work and what is it and what is inside it and if it's a season and if we fail to show up and if we cannot fail to show up and if it's a metal and where will we sharpen and on what lathe is our neck and how did it fall there and how did this dirt fall there and how did this dirt get into the season and how did the season get into our mouth and when will you leave and when will I follow and when will it stop and when will we stop and when will we stop to pray and where are you taking me and where and where are you going and why can't I come and why do I have only one I need a replacement and why is the house left with no one and what does it do empty and what empty is and what is not empty and why is my hand and why will I lose it and how will I leave it and how will I find it and after I'm thirsty and after I'm angry and after I've drowned and after I'm calm and after I've held the metal and before I've killed it and why will I kill it and why we need sun is why we need lamps and why I am cutting your neck is why you can keep my hand pressed over