



**ALDERIA**



# ELDERLY

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## HAZEL WHITE

from *VIGILANCE IS NO ORCHARD*

A project arrives as space.

Figure what is given:

mountain backdrop  
alluvial fan to the sea  
“at the edge inventing”

“Try dill—or Queen Anne’s lace—threaded through a cedrum grove, or Gold Plate  
achillea (yarrow) threaded through plant stakes.”

Try talkback. Try leapfrogging bewilderment with a  
readiness to act.

Make a rustle.

Not a metaphysical hum  
from over the horizon but something presently large in the bush  
in the hand.

Currency strums through the sternum sideways along the shoulder bones to the back, which is a text, not a mass, but movement, each rib loose, the way life is. Fly it?

I ride it. Sounds may rocket out of the mouth.

Not authority, an upright, fastigate, which is rearguard, but a physical forward and away (do I mean a changing body schema, what's palpably overrunning bilateral symmetry?)—

Thank you for the Easter card, I tell her.

Anyway, it crosses into space never looking back, like a manuscript bearing the distractions of temper, even cheerfulness.

Seeks a workable shape, goes until it's there.

Land outside the garden buttery and rugged, undirected, voluptuous, strict. I, in my soft container, tapping its lexicon of performance so engagement can be figured out.

Wanting to be animate/exchangeable. A body in 3D:

girth of the pomegranate tree  
photosynthesis certain of itself  
“I told him not to claw at the rock face but to stick the blade  
straight down and push away huge chunks”

Then satisfaction with the surroundings grows physical as in bending in almost no wind.

A field day, as wasps know, crawling split fruit.

Visiting the Valentine garden, I trespass and steal figs. Purple juice puts blood back  
in my enterprise. This isn't voice, but sinew in the summer heat, an open realm.  
Harvest uttering carnally.

I want to live in the green. And this wants out of me onto the page.

“Work larger,”  
vow of felting syllables  
becoming encounters—a series, far  
out ahead of synthesis—strew  
and align them.



Climbing a bank and rolling down, up early to write, the repetition of effort, and to know as in any orchard that the uptake is true.

Going as continuity—doing this and that becomes involuntary, like camaraderie, beginnings sprung by an instinct of fullness.

As a tree canopy flutters between a search and my moving language around, its aerial shapes resembling bed hangings.

Later, from inside, awkwardly, trying to be sufficient to it, greet its vast intention perfectly—pollen to pollen, anther and bee—as in placing words into the right season and urging a dented, monocarpic fruit toward harvest.

## TESSA MICAELA

### FIRES

I

the ghosts  
can't possibly  
be hungry.  
they are surprised  
by how  
weightless  
they feel.  
we, on the other  
hand are not  
ghosts. we  
are repetitions  
indeed  
but would we choose  
ghost-hood I mean  
home-coming  
I mean the crow  
comes when  
we don't know  
how to parse  
hopelessness  
and grieving.

a person wearing  
a compass  
lights something  
on fire  
and asks us  
to send  
its smoke  
in directions  
I'm not sure  
I understand.  
she lights  
something  
on fire to forgive  
our ancestors  
for their impact.  
why cannot be  
considered  
so we rely  
on how: how  
can the landscape  
include those  
with access to  
but not  
drinking  
enough blood.

we dream of floods.  
not the excess  
itself  
but the excess of  
excess. if all  
we've done  
in a day  
is survive  
is that  
enough?

we are far  
from water  
drinkers.  
we are mud, first,  
the silt  
of great-grand-  
parents, we are  
balled up  
just in front of  
our bodies  
haunted by  
what is to  
come; parsing  
mud from silk  
on a stark white  
background.  
we stop contacting  
each other  
so we can  
hold on  
for longer.  
no, the ghosts  
cannot  
be hungry.  
in the skin  
we were in  
we were too often  
what they are not.

II

you are far from a water drinker,  
you are mud becoming silk  
first torn through the silt of our ancestors,  
so much time around the chasm.

and why can't our ghosts eat?

the photo of my great-grandmother as a baby,  
dressed in white, a white bonnet, held by a black  
woman, also in white, who no one left  
in my family knows the name of. a stark white  
background smudged across time, a veil.

I send vengeance and I send  
forgiveness but in which directions,  
my compasses stuck somewhere  
between grieving and hopelessness.

so let's go back to the night before  
or did you want to talk to that stranger  
with the beautiful arms? when you sip,  
silk becomes silk, blood slows. we will have  
to make do with how, and all the fear it contains.  
the strangers have become mucus membranes,  
mud has become silk imposed.

yes, we will have to make do.  
see how hungry we not-ghosts are.

My legs, or more specifically, my hips were sore today, so sore than when I walked across the room I was aware of having a gait that was different than usual, aware that in small spaces people were waiting to get around my slow trajectories. I get out of the chair with more help from my arms and when I bend down to my bag a pseudo-friend asks if I am okay, and I become aware of the grimace on my face. I become aware then that another person in the same room had earlier asked me if I was okay, and I hadn't imagined why she'd asked but I told her yes, sure, I'm okay. We have the same name, which is quite unusual and has made me take some distance from her, unsure what I would call her, used to only being called and saying my own name so seldom. I thought too about the distance I take from strangers, or in this case almost-strangers, the ways I don't easily come to tell, the ways it feels miles between inside myself and outside. Later, much later on, this same day, I smoke a cigarette, which I haven't done in ages, but as I sit on the steps of a church it seems the perfect moment and I am asked if I feel supported and I say, I don't want to be pitied, because the question is not is there enough, the question is can I lean and walk at the same time. I do not want pity.

I realize, slowly making my way back to the truck after I left the ashes behind and hoping that someone would find them in the morning, that my hips are sore because I'd taken that exercise class, the one just out of my league, that I go slow in hoping no one sees how dizzy I am. I just want to be able to move my body with strength and then the next day it hurts like this. But doesn't it almost-hurt like this, on many days, and I've just become used to it and walk with a gait that is recognizable and therefore not to be noticed, or do my joints feel fine and this is all just a case of sore muscles? Today, when the pseudo-friend, or should I call her my almost-friend, sits beside in the lunch-time plopping of the people in a sort-of circle we open doors across our feelings towards each other, the doors rusted and sticky to swing, the almost-friend, who I think if I saw her cry I would love her forever, but she lives across the border and is tough as nails and neither of us need each other but are glad the other is there. Anyway, that friend asks if I am okay as I lean for extra support on the chair to get up from a squat my body searing and aching and I say, yeah, I'm just having a flair up. I tell her and she says, wow, I didn't know, when did you find out, and I say, oh, just recently, by which I mean just two days ago, but that feels too intimate a detail. I realize then that I've told her before I've told my mother and the thing is that she asked after me, taking a moment to notice, choosing to notice and looking me in the eyes, and I realize that I can tell an almost-stranger something I haven't yet even told my mother and that I might never tell the friend who has become an almost-stranger, who I ache with a missing that I've become used to not admitting, too, because I don't know when it is that the ones I've gotten used to missing will take a moment to look towards me and notice that something is different than before, and ask me if I'm okay.

A stranger notices, so I tell her, and whether the sore muscles contribute to the admission of discomfort, or the relief that I don't have to pretend as hard for a name for it, so I move as slow as feels necessary, and as the old friends haven't known to look this way long enough or enough at all to notice when something might be wrong, or to notice the way I've stopped talking as much, and the thing is this stranger knew to look, or was in enough circumstantial proximity, who is to know, and so I give her a tiny sliver of how not okay I am and that is safe enough, I suppose, because she doesn't know any of the complex feelings around it, doesn't know me well enough for it to be an admission of more than what it is, but at least she looks in my direction. And then it dawns on me: you won't let yourself look in my direction, and I won't let myself look in my direction, but the end result is just the same, no matter whose contributions: you don't look in my direction, you could never know, a million strangers sitting next to me might know before you, and then I had realize all I needed to realize, braced my hands on the back of the chair to pull myself up and wish no one else will notice or ask if I am okay. That's enough for the day.

On the way home, in the dark, the steam rises off the warm and wet asphalt, and I lose reception with my mother down the hill and she's grown tired too, needs to get some rest, but I call her back to tell her because I'd talked to her earlier about television shows and bad first dates with therapists, wandering my way through the feelings of this new information, a name for all the ways I haven't allowed myself to admit I am unwell, a name for the ways I've hidden, didn't start there because how to say it but then I call her back, heavy with untrustworthy truths, the almost-witnessing, say it felt wrong to keep it for a few days, having told the stranger and seething with rage at the ones not asking, but there my mother is and then I stop driving so I won't lose any more reception, the steam from the ground having cleared in the valley, and afterward the drive down the dirt road feels longer than usual, and knowing a name doesn't resolve the path forward, or the lilt in my walking that I've gotten so good at hiding.

## ALARM CLOCK

sorry that I got in your way  
sorry that I was too loud  
sorry that I wasn't loud enough  
sorry that I like my hair long  
sorry that I like men's shirts  
the way they change how I think I look  
sorry that men's shirts are called men's shirts  
sorry that I took all those supplements  
in hopes I would feel better  
sorry that they made me nauseous  
sorry that I wished I was a sailor  
sorry there is butter in the coffee  
so its effects last longer  
sorry it is morning  
sorry about the sounds of cars  
reversing down the street  
sorry that this is a bright day pushing through the blinds  
sorry that this is why you have trouble sleeping  
sorry for the dog's head close in  
and resting on my hip  
sorry for the short black hairs all over my sheets  
sorry for how carelessly I let people into my sheets  
sorry that I want them to be mean  
sorry that they turn out tender  
sorry that the ones who I want to be mean  
turn out to want me to be mean  
sorry, but we've had enough of that  
the meanness that is  
sorry about all you've been through  
sorry about the ones who want to be gentle  
sorry for not being able to thrust my body forward  
sorry for not being able to trust my body  
sorry I don't change my sheets enough  
sorry about being skittish about being touched  
sorry about the ones who turn up  
to say maybe we are everything you really want  
sorry about the ones who don't know  
what they are talking about  
sorry they are wrong  
sorry about wanting someone mean  
sorry wanting more than one kind of mean  
sorry about wanting more than one  
sorry about the cars reversing down the street  
sorry for not being able to want enough  
sorry for the intimacy conundrum  
sorry for the intimacy  
sorry but I don't even remember  
what it feels like to want to fuck you  
even though it was just last week  
sorry it is morning  
sorry that I watch strangers and try to see

how badly they want to fuck each other  
on a scale of 1 to 10  
sorry that I watch them fuck in my head or in the movies  
sorry that in the movies it usually looks like she is having the best time  
sorry that he is usually thrusting into her  
while she is having the best time  
sorry that I don't believe them  
sorry that I wished I believed them  
sorry that I wished I believed them for my own sake  
sorry that I wished I believed them for her sake  
sorry that my father said it'd be easier that way  
sorry that I came late to describing my body  
sorry that I don't want anyone to be thrust into  
sorry that sometimes I do  
sorry that I want to be thrust into  
but I don't want to be trusted  
maybe this means I am the mean one  
sorry that I don't want men's shirts because of the men inside  
sorry that I came late to describing my body  
sorry that I don't want to be thrust into I want to thrust  
sorry about the femininity conundrum  
sorry about the femininity  
sorry again about the men's shirts  
sorry that the thrusting itself is a conundrum  
sorry that thrusting is taking up all this attention  
sorry it is night  
sorry that it starts so quickly  
sorry that it always looks a little violent  
sorry that they say how come they don't show how we fuck  
sorry that they say aren't you glad they don't show how we fuck  
like it is some kind of hidden gem  
sorry that of course we believe it is  
sorry but we're not opposed to violence in that way  
but it has to feel different than that looks  
sorry that I keep asking everyone  
how they really know what they want  
sorry but really in terms of sensation  
how do you know what you want?  
sorry I keep asking  
sorry that she fell from the bed  
after I put my hand inside her  
sorry that we laughed and that was the tenderest of parts  
sorry your best friends don't want to talk to you about sex  
sorry about the shifting parts of how and who we are  
sorry about the shifting parts of how and who we want  
sorry that we have expectations  
sorry that the expectations are about who is going to do the thrusting  
sorry that sometimes expectations are hot  
sorry that she fell from the bed  
sorry again about the hair-covered sheets  
sorry that I don't know what I want

sorry that I know what I want  
sorry that we are walking between men's shirts  
and how they make us feel  
sorry but I can get myself off just fine  
sorry but I can't let myself get off with you  
sorry society keeps on getting into bed with us  
sorry about changing shape all the time  
sorry that I don't know how to love like this  
sorry that this about what is between my legs and your legs  
sorry that this is not only about what is between our legs  
sorry about spilling that water and having to stop  
and clean it up  
sorry that I still know how to drive a manual transmission  
sorry but I wish I still knew how to fall in love  
sorry that I'm always looking at people's asses  
sorry that I meant to say I'm sorry  
sorry that I bottomed out  
sorry about wanting it mean  
sorry about wanting it expected  
sorry about wanting it to tear apart what I expected  
sorry about being jealous about how fast  
they fuck in the movies  
sorry about tearing  
sorry about tearing up  
sorry about being so loud  
sorry about being loud enough  
sorry that I'm coming late to this  
sorry about the lines of trust  
sorry about all this thrusting



# CALEB BECKWITH

## PLANET FITNESS

peak performance  
body shame

remote control  
gentry threshold

critical mass  
market icon

fossil fuel  
heat check

prime day  
jock itch

sans serif  
start up

big box  
yoga lunch

single speed  
payroll ratio

yoga star  
man child

high octane  
third way

## TREASURE ISLAND

resistant  
gradation  
consensus

unwound  
alterity  
wound

tripartite  
bumpkin  
logic

gender  
neutral  
balkanization

cove  
mentality  
feedback

backwater  
life  
pursuit

real  
purchase  
mandate

lazy  
haymaker  
river

taxed  
imposter  
syndrome

competitive  
brat  
model

redemption  
narrative  
mechanism

hippie  
software  
update

just  
parlance  
parade

creative  
generational  
debt

eroded  
play  
station

wellness  
key  
note

dialectical  
coping  
skills

stigmatized  
depth  
perception

hailing  
back  
matter

generic  
content  
mine

unleashed  
allergy  
awareness

geologic  
time  
card

imperial  
air  
conditioning

every  
man  
date

adjunct  
hell  
bent

sovereign  
land  
mine

scarcity  
fad  
diet

with  
holding  
company

site  
specific  
fetish

electric  
car  
aura

second  
wind  
stream

self  
discovery  
channel

state  
craft  
fair

plur  
beach  
patrol

week  
end  
theory

real  
luxury  
experience

## DEATH VALLEY

acute energy  
zodiac efficiency

fermentation landlord  
maximalist key

inverse ambition  
gentrification tax

low-key eddie  
bauer edition

emissions restriction  
eucalyptus mound

healthy enterprise  
natural lighting

hot tub  
sanctuary city

sliding scale  
wait list

gaslight  
fuel cell

art house  
skills manual

displaced pedestrian  
insight

layoff paranoia  
video tutorial

private garage  
tipping point

pace and space  
support line

online exclusive  
lifestyle brand

class traitor  
google doc

life hack  
privacy guard

slow and low  
lifestyle creep

climate control  
cultural capital

morning jaunt  
dynamic palliative

white vanguard  
property swarm

truck nuts  
canopy mirage

aural induced  
psychological flexibility

open source  
alumni association

mauve obsessed  
bass lick

tremor control  
dictation software

zen center  
realtor bump

cosmic exfoliation  
lived flatness

## CALIFORNIA

california,  
nice to know ya

high time  
to water the begonias

lest you pony  
up a crew

repay each  
implicit due

temperate as you  
are blue

awash  
with boyish mildew

I cordoned you off  
from south cascadia

thinking we'd steal  
away together

your honey weighed  
upon my brow

furrowed now  
like a furloughed cow

depression writ large  
upon my heart

cast off home  
like an old hair part

I won't budge  
lest properly shoved

don't judge my love  
till you've lugged my grudge

aged, abated, waylaid  
full of so much hate

deign to cry  
every time you try

could I  
just die

for a slice  
of pecan pie—

what's another couple years  
dripping in the clear?

all that's here, well  
worn like sheer

nothing left to fear  
a new nadir

I miss my mother  
I miss my father

I even miss  
their idle prattle

time to shatter the  
proverbial pancake batter

so what if life's a glass  
of chardonnay?

it's still a gas  
living by the bay

no city matches  
caring complicity

urbane simplicity  
charged erotic electricity

though it may not be easy  
to find an authentic eatery

rest assured the sleazy  
leave queasy

subject  
to righteous teasing

legs astride, charm akimbo  
smelling of wine and breath mints



this boondoggle  
bobbles burritos

looking like  
a malnourished flamingo

prone to paroxysms  
sweeping solipsisms

acculturation becomes coastal  
smoking cessation

ritual sublation begets  
communal representation

collective identification  
on a staycation

take it from  
me, buddy

the bay bridge  
blows easy

begrudging only  
temerity

endearing everlasting  
solidarity

in ad finitum  
equanimity

# SOPHIA DAHLIN

## BUSINESS

*for Bebe Huxley*

My nose is incisive. I nose  
what to do and does it. Yet mouthe  
endless mealy queries  
always never biting always simper  
try to get a clear cut till I drool

yet my nose knows what to do.  
My nose gives good nose.  
I give good nose forward to the air,  
pose a hard profile, make a point.  
My face is a cloud! My face is a chord!  
My face brings feeling to the phone!  
It busies the phone line with tugs  
sighs and hovers at the touch  
the taunt of a freely floating hand

but that nose, though! Crispily!  
You can lead me by the tit,  
you can get big hands in my belly  
my belly is wool! Dirty wool outdoors!  
You can pry my legs they are clockwork  
clock and unlock, you can guess  
my thigh's rotations and anticipate  
their halt. My head faints  
easily with a little heat  
and height. My palms are slick

not with sweat but what  
I've grabbed, fistfuls of coconut  
squeezed into butter, if you wrap me up  
I can't slip away, and you can hook  
a hand in my cooch and keep me,  
can't you, though  
you can't grab  
my nose. My nose will look at you.  
Gets what you do, it will not

falter in its condemnation. Brisk nose,  
bright gate! My eyes are scum  
limpid on the superficial face,  
my wanton neck is just the size of hands,  
if the hands know what they want.  
But up front my nose abstains.  
You can't take it.

## HAPPY FAMILY

rainy Monday morning  
plan B and a biscuit  
can't concentrate on work  
that's okay it's Aries season  
home for the heroes  
we'll all watch the shore  
sun comes up with rosacea  
boat pulls up to our toes

welcome to the birthday  
of a memory of a baby  
can you hold that memory  
someone else's  
in your current arms?  
when you run you race the ground  
your arms run alongside you  
I think your feet fit  
any ground that's forward  
for instance walk-in closet  
walk-out hung in purple  
red and gold yes drip it

I'm glad you came to me today  
when I opened this thought  
out poked your chinhair  
Aries I love include Xander  
Frank and Ariel but there  
are others and I love you too  
I love you too  
the morning still goes plat

plat on plastic awning  
if I'd kept this maybe child  
I'd have a Capricorn  
no way no sirree bob I cannot  
tidy up enough for such a person  
catch me in June  
let's get another Aries in

pretty Aries brave  
and adamant and jumping over  
constantly any contradicting ground

## BODY OF WATER

seethe of grief  
sea of salt grief  
the sea I read is again unending  
again each facet is continuous  
each glint is just the tip of a blue meaning  
who died today in Charlottesville  
because a nazi man wanted her to  
so he put his car where she was standing  
she was breathing  
when we learn her name it's another ocean  
there is no person in whom pain ends  
no weight that counterbalances a death

the city readied itself  
it said  
for a "sea of demonstrators"  
but it was people and their sea  
the counterprotestors  
why does the fascist boot a face  
a fascist doesn't trust the ground he's standing  
wouldn't breathe the air he's bending  
"sea of people"  
the car "plowed" into it "sea of people"  
a water of bodies  
wash of love and loving rage  
and in that sea and of that love  
was a whole person who died  
Heather a breath  
of what was breathing

## KIT ROBINSON

### MONKISH

Corrugated lifespan  
Tailored cords  
A drink in one hand  
Untangle the cable  
Purified air

Turn on before opening envelopes  
Same size as last week  
Jangle of piano innards  
Stretched across a bay  
The rippling of fans

First, walk  
Later, dance on air  
There are sentences sound doesn't mess with  
So silent they are written into the body  
Then, head for the door

## THOUGHT BALLOON

Translation is only the half of it  
The same impulse animates dirt  
To silently capture these moments  
While so much else goes by unnoticed  
Look out the window at your mind  
That's what I'm talking about  
Life in the present imperfect

Sit facing Japan  
Vague light on bamboo  
The Hohenzollerns never had it so good  
King of Prussia Mall is nearly three million square feet  
I just thought you'd like to know  
The flaw in the Navaho rug is intentional  
Hats off to the Great Spirit

Need to sweep up in here  
Open the gates to the city  
Coal dust covers everything  
Condense into one solid brick  
To represent our common crisis  
Hands across the stratosphere  
Hyper-conductivity rules

Emptiness is the mother of all  
A patch of dirt a few seeds  
Vast civilizations prosper  
The timekeeper's tears keep flowing  
Everything that can go wrong does  
Yet we persist  
Leaves the size of elephants' ears only green



## THE TEMPORARY SITUATION

I got a friend request on brain book  
Inured, is that a word?  
Comments by Thursday  
Talk to the hand  
It's been a hard day's journey into night

Even in the beginning there is a feeling  
Walking and talking for miles on end  
To be idiomatic in a vacuum  
It is a shining thing  
Baron von Tollbooth and the Chrome Nun

It's getting so I can't even hear myself think  
Rolling along with the tumbling tumbleweeds  
And pack a lantern in case of blackout  
Because the beach is right down the street  
And anything can happen

You learn something every day  
The way certain people have of moving  
The shift from major to minor  
The collective buzz  
The temporary situation

As if any instance could be any other way  
Thousands of answers to questions never asked  
The long rain of centuries  
Bathing the streets in light  
So long until we meet again

## MARKS ON PAPER

Marks on paper  
Are all that matter  
To a person lost  
To the world  
If only for a moment  
When comes a knock  
On the door  
And in comes someone  
Who needs help  
Dressing a wound

So much trouble  
In the world  
Is ours to redress  
But the poem is not  
The place to address  
All that is injured  
Sick and tired  
Except by way  
Of letters  
Their recombinant DNA

Incontrovertible  
Improvisatory  
Imagistic  
Interior  
Illuminated  
In light of all that  
Goes on around us  
A jacket of letters  
To walk around in  
Wind picks up

I don't know what to say  
Everything will be happy and sad  
Rage builds up  
Topples civilizations  
Eons later  
Bricks in the road  
A new generation  
Reorganizes your phone  
Gene sequencing  
Makes very little noise

What can be assigned a number  
That which cannot  
Something swims out  
The drift of cigarette smoke  
From off camera  
In an interview  
From the 60s  
A contemplative moment  
No one is laughing  
Then they do

## SEEING AS HOW

Seeing as how  
You don't know what you don't know  
Rhymes arrive by special delivery  
With mobile, global, and white-label options  
Because the day is long  
As long as you're up  
And tells a story  
As long as you arm  
The sense of duration  
Is illusory  
When you come to think of it  
Because nothing lasts forever  
And we are gathered here together  
On the head of a pin  
So start walking

Neither a broadcaster nor a listener be  
But walk directly home  
Head down hands in pockets  
Take in the dog and put out the cat  
Probably do this early a.m. here  
So maybe midnight there  
As the world turns over  
And goes back to sleep  
Under cloud cover  
Like a false clue in a detective book

Wind against the sun in windows  
Opens a trap door to memory  
By being there first  
A neat trick  
The width and breadth of a continent

Where am I in all this?  
A poem could last a whole day  
Its stresses can stress you out  
If you're not careful  
You can't be too careful  
Are you putting me on?  
Put another record on  
Put a jacket  
I'm sitting on a low wall on 10th Street writing this on my phone  
That's where

What about the reader, where is she?  
You tell me  
What's on the line is immediacy  
Divided by contingency  
Equals transitivity  
A key property of both partial order relations  
And equivalence relations  
According to Wikipedia  
Let's stop here and rest a minute  
The world is large  
And cannot be taken in at a glance  
But we are on top of it  
Sitting side by side  
On a front porch swing  
On the Continental Divide

From here the ocean looks endless  
Bottom line: many fishes  
For fishes no end to water  
For birds no end to air  
For humans no end to talking  
Walking and talking  
Taking things as they come  
Other points of interest  
Other lines of thought  
Other planes of there

GREETINGS FROM THE EDGE  
*for Norman and Kathie*

Deep inside the marine layer  
Nothing but rain wind and fog  
Not to mention grammar  
The grammar of dreams  
Between the covers of a book  
Read long ago  
In a foreign city

How long how long  
The delicate vastness of indecipherability  
The earth accedes to the watery onslaught  
The runoff enters the ocean  
Greetings from the edge  
As far away as possible without exiting entirely  
Clinging to the continent

The sleep of reason produces monsters  
Liars thieves tyrants bullies charlatans  
Who prize only money and power  
Care not at all for human beings  
To say nothing of the earth  
Her flora fauna water and air  
Now poised at a delicate balance

Oceanic systems move slowly  
A hummingbird still in rainy midair  
The life of the turtle one hundred years  
Time is neither here nor there  
The cat cries out for attention  
Life and death do not rhyme  
The sky is white

Elephants geishas turtles Buddhas whales  
Beets flowers eggs starfish lions  
The mind is restless  
Always looking for something  
A list of things to do under heavy rain  
Time is under development  
Space is upside down

NICOLE TRIGG

[ABYSS-FUL OF WATER]

glow in dying definitely  
glow dying indefinitely  
in dying definitely glow, or

the glitter pours light instantly away  
cascade from my body sounds like metal  
in corners like I don't need it anymore

surprised, I didn't know it wasn't part of me  
that shimmer you saw when you approached  
now from the right, now the left, now look at these two boats in the same picture  
plane from every angle

you stored time you cancelled it you held it higher  
that that living shimmer could tip and pour off the top  
undying undressing undeserving

all day long you begin to think  
there is no end to the shimmer that keeps spilling so cold it's hot  
as your color grades down your sheen is bearing over

aren't you well?, expendable superabundance of silver  
bile for your trouble  
baby born 'neath a sign

a mark that flared open  
while you tuned your ears to their voice  
you meant to write something someone could understand

where the pen tip froze instead, and bled  
a shape condensed from breathing

[JANUARY 3, TUESDAY, NEW DEAL]

I'm given stacks of change  
It isn't mine

I leave tomorrow  
I'd rather participate

I want to pretend  
I throw in I throw in

I throw it all away  
What didn't matter

What they gave to me  
I played to blow them away

Put on a price  
You can't put a price on

Your wildest dreams  
Would they remember me?

Were my feelings real?  
I'll raise you

Because I may as well  
Tell me, how I am doing

What I am doing  
You know I have nothing

How do I look  
Please give me a number:

I ask for three cards  
I return to the place that I live  
Call everyone I know in succession



[GATE, GATE, PARAGATE, PARASAMGATE]

I wanted something

Not only plastic

I could touch

I was permeable

What I felt

What I needed to feel

Loved me to feel it

Loved to feel me kneading it

When the meaning stops

Like it never started

Like some will say

Whatever

Your story is still

Inside the house that I made

Back when I had some time to myself

Like a building

I made it for everyone

– to last –

Lean back to move forward

When the signs I staked

To show the body where to go

Not being read by the body

Meant nothing – despite words being there

Once when writing became routine

Such was the space known

By the body parts moving altogether:

The worn ground

Oiled handles

Turnstiles

Tipped, rusted

Till exhumed

The old signs began again

To matter

Clutter – Clatter

*on the rocks*  
*of the out n out*  
*on the brink*  
*of the edge*  
*on the fringe*  
*of the fumes*  
*of the vapor trail*

How some people get to play animals  
How some saltshakers look like animals that look like people  
How some people are treasures

Sunshine of my life  
My very own  
Pick one pastel – That will be you  
Powder blue  
Even your little face

GONE, GONE

TOTALLY GONE

TOTALLY, COMPLETELY, GONE

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FDT

THE BAY/NYC  
[elderlymag.tumblr.com](http://elderlymag.tumblr.com)

Green slender berries mixed  
with NyQuil and colored paste

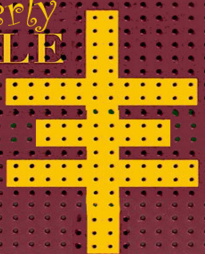






THIS IS OUR  
LAST CHANCE

Elderly  
BIBLE



▶ 02:37 ◀

