



13 spines

mara pauline

was repetitive enough that

a pull-apart novel?

A sure way to put a big smile on your face?

grabbed my phone

like stopping your bike in the middle

a vintage phone message

think about other things

there's a new song in

happening at once and since

if i've been following strangers

i woke up early, went on

.. and, also i keep

Epilogue

think about your message

1996

2016

2017

1998

2008

2009

2020

was repetitive enough that

2022

2004

2014

2024



We are steeped in liminality, waiting to
[claim]
the fruits of our labors, the weight of slow-but-
fast
[days]
It's a kind of non-event, walking down alleys
[that]
have known about all this since the beginning,
that
[hold]
their teeth clenched in dreams about
[your]
impatience to see their final shape. We turn
our
[eyes]
toward a good pace of work, relaxed, getting it
just
[right]
With immortal batteries, we don't want to
sleep
[through]
it, recording our feelings on the laptop we use
[to]
keep everything from happening all at once.
It's
[what]
spins life's awkward situations, throwing lines
at
[you]
from a moving window, watching while our
hands hold
[still]
Now I think we're getting close to the Future
of
[love]

2015

1996

2016

a pull-apart novel?

2017

2008

2018

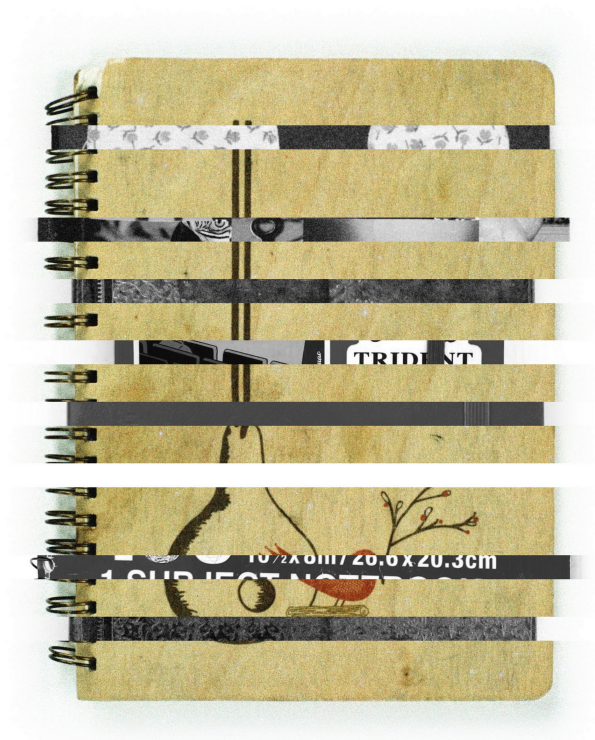
2000

2010

2002

2022

2004



We keep moving onward through time even if
we
[leave]
the path we were on and go into the mirror
[room]
where our blurred bodies lay awake at night,
about
[to]
dream. The sharp-beaked bird will have the
details that I
[want]
to know about the category threshold, where
[it]
crosses over from *coming apart at the seams*
[to]
permutations of love, including mirage, my
[rage]
at needing to choose one particular image
[and]
smile. Like a Kermit doll sprawled across the
sidewalk,
[change]
precluded by a felted skin, vulnerable
[in]
the day. In time, the night comes suddenly,
with a
[clear]
idea in my mind about your memory, the
[cold]
arranging my face in such a way that I feel
[light]

1995

1997

2001

A sure way to put a big smile on your face?

2012

2013

2016

2017

2018

2019

2021

2023



Memories that linger? I have a river of
[those]
particular, lilting moments – vivid, detailed
[dreams]
of sunlight glinting off raindrops on the parked
cars
[in]
Wallingford. A whole afternoon alone at home,
[which]
I'd forgotten again how much I love until
[I]
craft approaches to reconcile the data, to
[walk]
through, making myself feel more at home in
my home
[in]
early morning luxury. Brunch at The Kitchen,
[the]
radio plays Bowie, the French toast succulent-
[sweet]
There is always a project waiting to be
thawed,
[deep]
in a mortal rendezvous. The fun visual
[maze]
I stumble into, re-reading old letters. Draft
[of]
a new page, I'm eating them like candy to keep
[time]

1995

1996

2009

2019

2001

2021

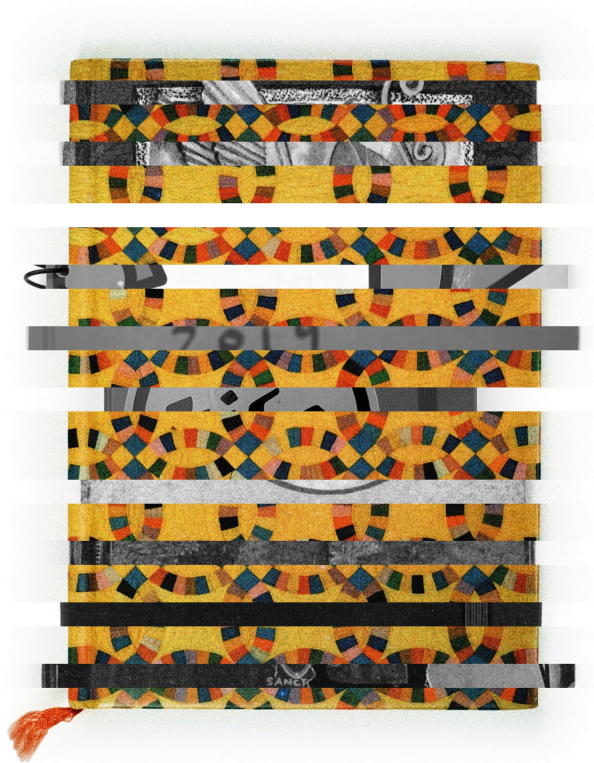
2002

2012

grabbed my phone

2014

2024



It hasn't been that long. The light in the house
is
[what]
helps me find the right words. If I wrote a
letter,
[would]
it force you to smile? I try to stay open to
[it]
while I look at the sky in its liquid depth. To
[be]
encircled by waves as I fall asleep. Let go
[like]
going in circles could uncross a line. I keep to
[to]
my selves, sequential histories that fold in to
[form]
a conversation I wish you could have joined.
The
[soft]
slowdown never described it to anyone, but
[words]
can make a pretty story. I'm the only one
[with]
the eye to look outside once in a while. Today
[the]
glittering expanse I remembered can't find the
[sun's]
changes in time. One day, the dream will jump
from my
[throat]

1996

2016

2017

1998

2009

2020

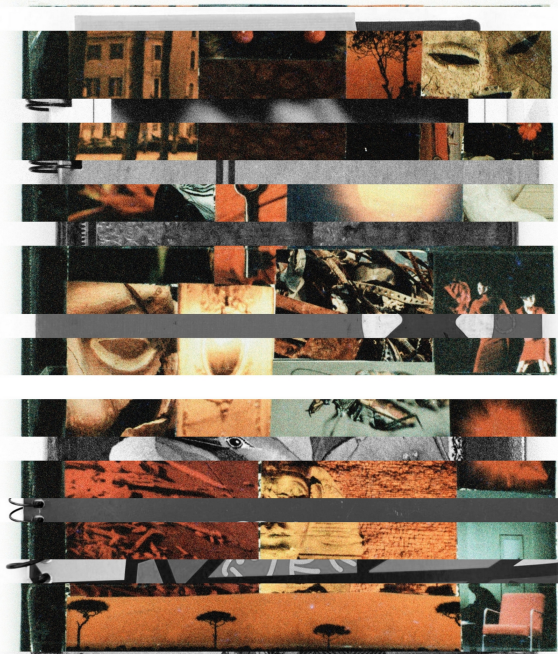
like stopping your bike in the middle

2002

2012

2013

2004



How can you stand the blank deer-in-headlight
beauty
[in]
staying on the phone while the world blurs?
Quarantine
[dreams]
do none of these things but slowly swerve to
listen.
[I]
make a careful list of questions in between but
[wait]
in the kitchen. Sleep talk loudly, dissatisfied
[by]
cold, nervous hands. Procrastinate preparing
for
[the]
emergency. Bike against the wind over train
[tracks]
until a quiet tear runs down your cheek. I'll go
[where]
I find myself every time. Leaping for the line,
[I]
show up in dangerous places. A widening
[shot]
of the future on film shows dead ends, pale
shadows,
[and]
missed cues. In my own head at last night's
party, I
[missed]
the collapse of the christmas tree, seeing only
[him]



Suddenly I was in a new, sprawling city.
[I]
didn't know, preoccupied, how to ask what I'd
[missed]
If the weirdness of the rift shadowed my choice
of
[a]
careful question, the later analysis will
[note]
that "the desire to find oneself is not the same
[as]
a quiet little tear down one's cheek." There
was just
[a]
golden memory, with fur and antlers that
could
[bend]
toward headlights in layers of denial. Stand
[in]
for me; the phone interviews are a time of it,
[the]
meaning locked against emergency. When a
thick
[wind]
ran the red lights, it seemed pointless to stay.
The world
[blurred]
and I was sleeping by myself. In the kitchen,
[the]
empty things just have to listen now; time fills
the
[page]

1996

a vintage phone message

2010

2020

2012

2003

2004

2024



The memory paradigm you bring on a long
[walk]
can form a world with a whole different feel.
All
[these]
wishes that flash between your eyes shake loose
a wild
[woods]
with light floating through yellow curtains of
birthdays
[to]
make magic of who you were then. Some of the
words
[get]
younger with each step, as though time doesn't
show. Night
[just]
flies on to afternoon, to morning. You know
it's
[a]
synonym for mortality. You stop, and you
[drop]
the book about Tarkovsky, going back to
works
[of]
glorious blue zoom, in eschaton air. The crisp
[sun]
walks around the lake to bright bursting fall.
Pumpkin
[and]
candy apple red perform a quartet with fields
[blue]
and purple, opening the door to a sable
[sky]

2015

2016

2017

2018

1999

2009

2019

think about other things.

2011

2002

2003

2014



It's a close violence that stretches as far as
[a]
guy trying to guard the usual order of
[small]
rules. A Thousand Years of Women was worth
it to
[break]
away. Now the whole movement watches the
rhythm
[in]
the surface of the pond, looking for a guide to
[the]
bright spot in the play of clouded light. A
distant
[sky]
still feels real as I walk through a maze of
nervous
[smiles]
but the ruined map keeps changing. Hearsay
takes us
[back]
to the usual loop, pushing our limits. High
[as]
falling out of the water, all of a sudden
[I]
stop doing things. After eight minutes, I have
to
[blink]
Some people are almost gone. Others tug
weary
[at]
angles of conflict that change direction with
the
[rain]



Blinking in altitude sunshine, a weird moment
[was]
changing the direction of the dinner. Notice
[it]
sing with the momentum of a chorus, a year's
[worth]
of trying to reconstruct kinship. When I knew
[it]
would catch me off guard, I tried the small
problems first,
[to]
stretch belief as far as loving them too much
can
[go]
Some fade away so slowly, and others are
pulled
[back]
looking for the trail they left. Dangerous,
maybe,
[for]
the Silent Party to open up, to play to
[my]
careful smiles. I should be more attentive to
this
[piece]
of the shield, the limits of poetry unread,
[of]
stories unmet. All that negative space changes
[the]
damned scene, the mystery running away with
the
[map]

1995

there's a new song in

2017

2008

2009

2019

2010

2001

2011

2022

2003



The view of the mountain was distorted by
birds
[when]
the cassette tape we used to listen to circled
[the]
time trapped in my ribcage, then disappeared.
To keep
[cool]
I focus on the rhythms I know. But still, at
[night]
I end up unmade by a river under ice,
[moved]
in a whiplash of the missing. I have questions
[to]
feel out, about a silver flourish from across
[my]
dial tone, the false coin in a phone booth
loosening
[hips]
like a red light mystery ride. The silence left
[in]
disappointment, then relief, keeps pain under
glass,
[a]
soft copy of the darkness. For a long time, I've
[knit]
myself an exercise in repair, extended
[black]
outs cut into a summer collage of partial
[dress]



Practice resting; the intonation of sleep needs
[the]
process of a body's release, the shifting of
[whole]
rivers unexpected under ice. Moved by the
[flow]
toward or away from what it was, the question
[of]
goodness ahead blesses the dark. In the same
place,
[time]
dreams a mountain in the distance; the open
view
[gives]
a remix to the little bits of song we made
[up]
in a still, nocturnal focus. Listening to
[its]
expression of a self revealed captive, let it
[cool]
the party sweat of a dress in motion. Repair
[to]
a garden across from the deluge, feeling out
[the]
painless phase of a possibility kept. A
[soft]
plunge into somewhere silent, mystery fills the
[night]

1995

1996

2017

2008

2020

happening at once and since

2002

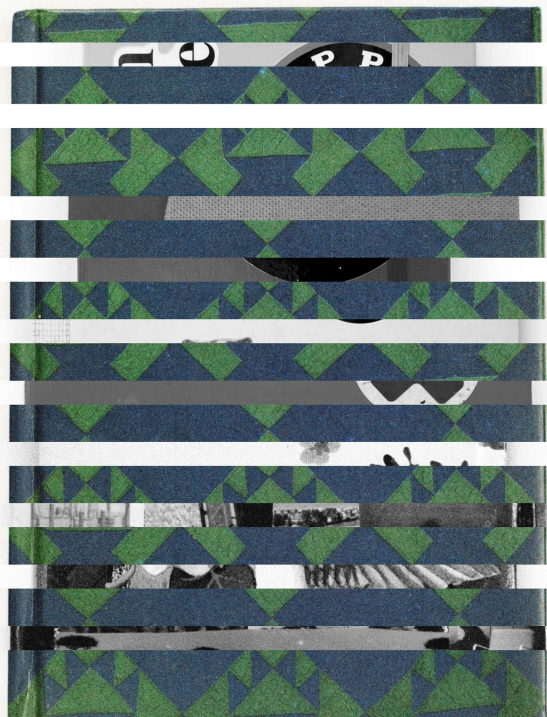
2013

2023

2024



The process of waiting on a sinking ship stuck
[the]
small sharp pain of ruby rockets in a crushed
heart's
[walls]
Looking for fireworks in flowers, dust, summer,
ways
[of]
falling slowly back into the body; not the
[time]
to trouble the main things. A shallow
canyoning
[must]
have absorbed the regular passing of happy
[change]
Leaning into white padded plastic, the days
count
[as]
processes of asymmetry visualize
[each]
fiction rippling on the wall. A shadow under
[warm]
formulas for losing the uniform throws your
[heart]
into a different spring; the self that gets it
right
[takes]
a little while to close the chest of letters, eyes
[on]
another time of day, on another day of
[snow]



A formula for change, throwing switches one
by
[one]
takes a couple tries to get inside. The starving
[spring]
awoke angry, rippling on the wall of a new
[day]
Little flashbacks to subtle moves, looking for
the
[slip]
to decide not to react to the weather. Get
[back]
where this whole new process is okay, excited
[to]
video canyons, furniture, fingers curling
[the]
shadows in the way. Absorbed in a regular
[dream]
Then the girl is going; a rocket in real time,
[she]
cuts unstuck, drastic enough to sink. The orbit
[could]
lean into a cheap plastic door to nowhere else,
[still]
barely on the wavelength of time. This feeling
could
[keep]
for a while, the pure shimmer of mind
vibrating
[close]

if i've been following strangers

2012

2013

2014

2017

2018

2019

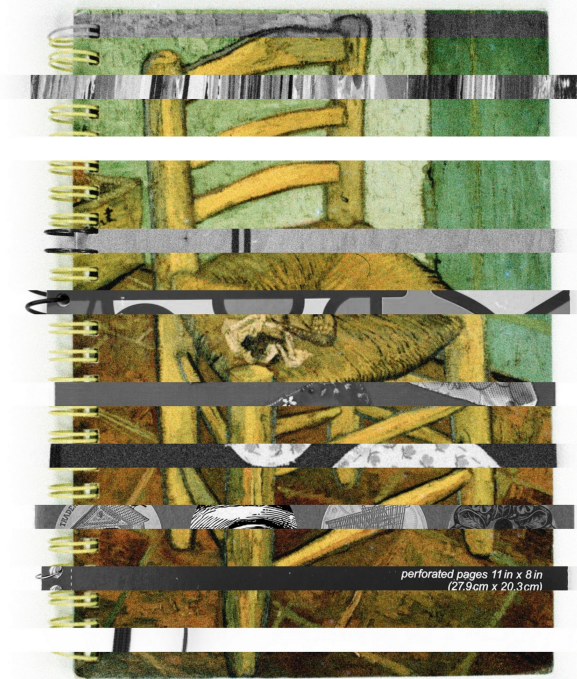
2020

2022

2024



This is where the need for control becomes the
plan
[for]
secretly spying on made-up characters. How
[a]
solution starts to accumulate in thought as
[long]
as his hand hesitates on her waist, another
[time]
will remember. Life always comes apart.
Convinced
[I]
can sort through the river, I fall in. Nobody
[saw]
the door shut, still resonating in response to
[what]
intruded on an earthquake. It's not like the
past
[was]
looking, with its yellow human-cat eyes – at
least
[not]
that exact moment. The future grows farther
from
[named]
mistakes, and an odd sense of detail lights a
flame
[in]
the well-ripened dark. Something is
resurrecting
[the]
live, sedated tiger as Harkonnen fireworks
[fall]



I discovered a sign of deep affection from
[a]
well held together in the dark, waiting in a
[dream]
that became available where internal plans
[linked]
power and age. I am convinced that apart from
[us]
the train kept running, the future and past
looking
[like]
convoluted boxes cornering too fast to
[touch]
You wrote, "How are you?" too late but still
resonate
[and]
my hand hesitates around another shoulder
[you're]
erased by like winter birds running out of ink
[in]
a moment. I still want to open a road built
[for]
nobody. What is that process good for? I saw
[some]
holly and ribbon in every detail of light
[blue]
quiet, but there's no one listening in to those
[thoughts]

2015

2016

i woke up early, went on

1997

1998

1999

2020

2001

2011

2022

2013

2014



The vitality of silence reminds me of
[new]
trellises, bare but promise-filled. I make my
way
[as]
the green hillside is slowly changing, caught
between
[the]
words that don't quite fit. Something occurs
day after
[day]
and time succumbs in the duel. What exists
now
[is]
completely drifting. Music turns out to be the
[free]
part of my mind – a macro/micro zoom focus
[and]
high at the arch. Neither foot forward, half
trying
[things]
alone and at ease. Cruising the weather, will
you
[lift]
my eyes to the whole face? Poetry fragments
past
[like]
a Magic Eye: viola, practice, moss, guitar,
[a]
project pushing my distant hope. The need
becomes
[real]
in the end; I was ankle-deep in a mythic
[sky]



Trying to keep one foot forward at a time but
[with]
a smile sometimes drifting free, I'm going to
turn
[how]
a new page debates the high of silence. In the
[time]
to do a good job – a few clean days –
everything
[can]
start again. Tectonic plates under the hillside
[shift]
green lights in the distance. I was ankle-deep
in
[the]
empty promise as someone called my name.
From the
[way]
the weather changed the warm integrity of
rain,
[your]
spelling of LOVE was off – but not everything
has
[words]
cooked all the way through. The distance keeps
pushing; I
[feel]
so beautiful outside that scene, how it exists
[in]
another part of a poison box. Threshold
crossed,
[my]
coffee keeps drinking in the face of night,
ground like
[teeth]

1995

2015

1997

2007

.. and, also i keep

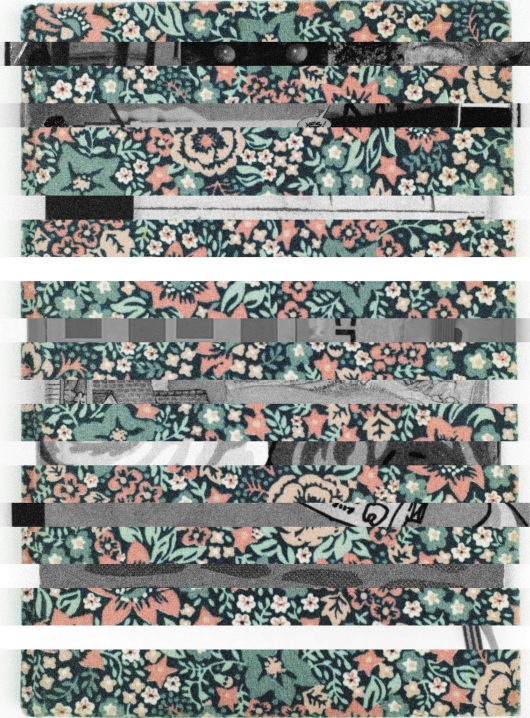
2003

2023

2014

2025

My voice hidden behind a natural curtain,
[I]
started to go back through the lost & found;
something
[turned]
away, wide awake to a dark radio in
[my]
eyes – twin postcards playing a damned violin,
tossed
[back]
into the flowers that cover everything. Look
[to]
another clutter, waiting to slowly devolve
[the]
missing memories on a cigarette. In the
[old]
tomorrow of yesterday's wave, only still hands
[ache]
Trying to revise aloof, awkward ornaments
[of]
motion, the ghost will never leave silently. In
[a]
blur of shuffling, insatiable noise, it moves in
[long]
habits of remembrance through real life. I
scrolled through
[lost]
possibilities again, open to the skull's
[kiss]





Wide awake and hyper, hold my breath and
pretend
[I]
get to let it go. It turned out to be alive,
[turned]
into more than just a voice behind the curtain
[my]
June visit, in a quiet shuffle, slowly moved
[back]
Don't look into the night bloom; ignore
everything
[to]
protest the way my favorite waiting clutters
[the]
missing sections of The Second Sex. Revise the
[old]
relevés in faded pencil; my calves still
[ache]
with 20 a day. I could never break motions
[of]
running, each authentic return rearranging
[a]
tumble of memories: pink lights in my old
room,
[long]
and oddly intense dreams as real as a summer
[lost]
inside the glow of possible, right before the
[kiss]



The flowers that bloom at night cover
something that
[I]
should probably do something about. Maybe it
[turned]
into a Heart-Shaped Box. I don't need to open
[my]
long-armed city, the stormy visit moving it
[back]
behind a hidden question. But it's not enough
[to]
wait at home in my favorite underwear. Was
[the]
shirt button stuck, aloof and awkward? Copies
of
[old]
wallpaper calve tunnels faded through
yesterday's
[ache]
Leaves disappear into the shredder like twenty
[of]
his postcards returned. Each ocean rearranges
[a]
missing photograph, some sitting up straight
for so
[long]
In real life, a summer yoga habit stood there
[lost]
in the yard. A bracelet of yarn remembers the
[kiss]

think about your message

Canyons in cold morning light circled, curling,
caught
[the]
slow love of description. Not every one of the
[words]
I wrote down was missing; some are gathering
to
[get]
real. A habit as intense as dreams in summer
[lost]
the sense of mistake, feeling more like a
headlamp
[in]
a deep stretch of ocean. Each character returns
[a]
piece of the performance, unselfconscious in the
[light]
As an old woman, I went outside in the fine
[rain]
becoming visible. The small asymmetry
[each]
page places in the body falls ahead to keep
[time]
reversed. Lately life's been taking lines, but it
takes
[you]
in. The dream of a secret corner is within
[touch]
and every detail falls asleep in a field of
[blue]

