

Poems from *What's Not the Same as a Purchase?*

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From second section: "Pallor"

Landscape the first shelter

—away to the Wiltshire Downs to sieve sunshine into hedgerow listlessness. A
damp botanical fur for nurture.

Nothing mine, or warm,

but an excitation of chlorophyll

creeping a physical and geographical belonging.

Tick of duration on the may flowers, skin,

sticky coherence.

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Or I mean a mattress for lying on, placing it over me—a family bed and history to
shoulder. Or to dive under it till morning—steal from coils and pads of cruelty, cold,
convoluted, involuted, cruelty ornamented as a Victorian radiator.

Then dislocation—

emigration—the unpredictable in full weather, a new continent the best opening—

so I have only just arrived here in the present on the page, in the body,

carrying the soft capacity to work, which I can now allow.

What mills the shell of us? From our mutual stiffness, what hope against the
violence-hardened boss of us.

From third section: "The Old Livery"

What the Bristol landscape knows of burial—I will suck at it, haul history from the river bottom, wrest it from the tide and transatlantic currents, dig out the stiff lies to swamp me.

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To not outsource whiteness. To self-touch its suicidal nesting and righteous moldings. Through my childhood house, neighborhood of Somerset villages, the Bristol woods, the Avon river foam and Atlantic ocean surf, and here, San Francisco, deviations of it building on deviations, architecture of belonging given body by cruel motions, up from imagination, sharply here in the street.

Then standoffish, silent, revolte.