

Jennifer Firestone

From *Gates & Fields*

What with lucidity she wakes with twilight sparks of clairvoyance
Words on the tongue bend them forth
When asked the milk is spilled yes she did
The hard voice of bell clear the shiny water walked away
Tipped to sunrise this milky land promising shook the bells clean
We aren't machines she said, she said, break it up, off, we and they too are broken

Brackage rock red brayed red breaking gradient razed red, red

Beneath the middle of it the note seared plucked like the growth flying small cloud

Where do you where?

The space filled with the talk of them and their food

Conveyance

Slide wisking slide sheer ice of metal opening like flesh one slide

Like the plates being passed cut in air delivered handed over to

A box to put her in and slide, to put her in and slide, to put her in injected and slide, to shelf contents, slide, a river doesn't belong in a dam, a river doesn't want to be put, a she slide, a she is in a drawer, slid, filed, none

Not on a track of what sort. The questions build to the bone. The bone is just bone.
The babe is not even in dreamland right now. It doesn't exist. Isn't that funny
no existence but being made as subject to fill the blank heartbeat. It's not even
your time to see age silently look at you. It held your face. Heartened.
Do you see this clearly the gray and the mist the innocence it crept somewhere gone,
somewhere you want to know.

Lush in its ecliptic rising a crystal sheen just over the horizon. Nearby. But on the leash
Beyond a grasp. Circulating in the blue shine of tunneling mist air. Soaring.
Ridiculous and smooth in the rocketing to a giant blue hole or red depending the day it escaped.
Time. Smooth and hard rocks and rivers over them. Sparkled.

To look at night for a visage the specter of hope
To close halfway, distort your own picture-view which must be a human face
It is not so close to you and the mind is not one that bends