

# List

beats, when small, act like prickles  
 on the exposed neck.  
 disorient: toronto, or?  
 the hand waves up, meets eggy  
 wall, constantinople  
 drawn on a scroll.

*one:* when fallen, tape up again.

*two:* the grave excavates itself,  
 which was once yard,  
 which was farmhouse before then.  
 apt to walk lamblike here,  
 not laughing.  
 his hand is a knot  
 in her fingers.

when she dreams  
 it is mostly slick and maw,  
 sped up with frost.  
 the friction disappears  
 down her throat,  
 and her skin regains its blue symptoms.  
 they are cave crawlers,  
 digging for old oxygen  
 and the bite marks  
 of raw ice.

*three:* he's packed a single hat. she remembers  
 gulping hot tea for the caffeine.

*four*: her mother lives in every summer  
she's seen. maybe not permanently,  
but in glimpses at least.  
her twin peaks, mirthless wink.  
not a dress but the flare  
of a black pantsuit,  
her monochromatic closet  
yawning like a grove of trees  
hoarding their darkness  
beneath california's  
sweat-filled eye.  
maybe these summers  
are all one summer, she thinks,  
one fat or flattened  
thing that lives in china and the states.  
but grown, like so many other plants,  
in ontario.