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Three poems

Rachel Ann Martin

Indiana University of Pennsylvania

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Collection

What if we collect them
Sweep up our spare thoughts
The feelings that didn't fit anywhere
All the sentences that were interrupted
By well-meaning friends of acquaintances
At polite-society dinner parties

The slogans chanted
The accusations hurled
The lies crafted
And praise poems performed
By a choir that moves to each side of the stage
To encode a meaning known to the audience
And lost to time

What if we create the anthology of all anthologies
An index of footnotes
Of every mode of feeling
Of being
Of thinking
Together and apart

What if we found the thoughts that were lost
The voices that were missing
The words which created the substrate
On which the spinning balls suspend
Themselves in the darkness
Then, would we understand one syllable in the mind of God?

Entrustment

I fully entrust myself

To the salvation of a perfect kiss

To language freed of bondage

Reduced and refined

Parted and yoked constructs

A vivisection

I am searching for myself

Among the dead

Among the living

Among the words that are not my own

Overlay my maternal tongue

Barren and brooding

Substrate to world-makers

Subtext

Subject

Subjugate

Sounds; beyond the card at the end of the journey

The world before it dissolved

I must read what you wrote

Yet my tongue falters

To shape my cheeks

Reform my jaw

Mimic the echo

I poured myself into

I fully entrust myself to what these words will become

This oncoming sound

This endless silence

We Call It Translation

I scoop the words off the page and launch them above my head.
They descend, whirling and twirling, spinners falling off an acorn tree.
I raise my hands, and next to my temples, I spread my fingers wide.
I make them stop, and freeze, and await selection.

Twinkling lights; glowing orbs; neon signs I gather some.
I hold for a while in the palm of my hand a single word
With my inhale and exhale I sweep, squish, and squeeze.

Together, words. Part now. Phrasally and no.
You split them here and I split them here
And if I squished them over and over and over
And say them over and over and over,
Will I find me over and over and yet?

I nudge one to make it spin in place, but it veers off its axis and bumps into two more. A cascade of energy, a kinetic runaway, falling back to earth. The poem collapses.

I blink my eyes and make them reset.