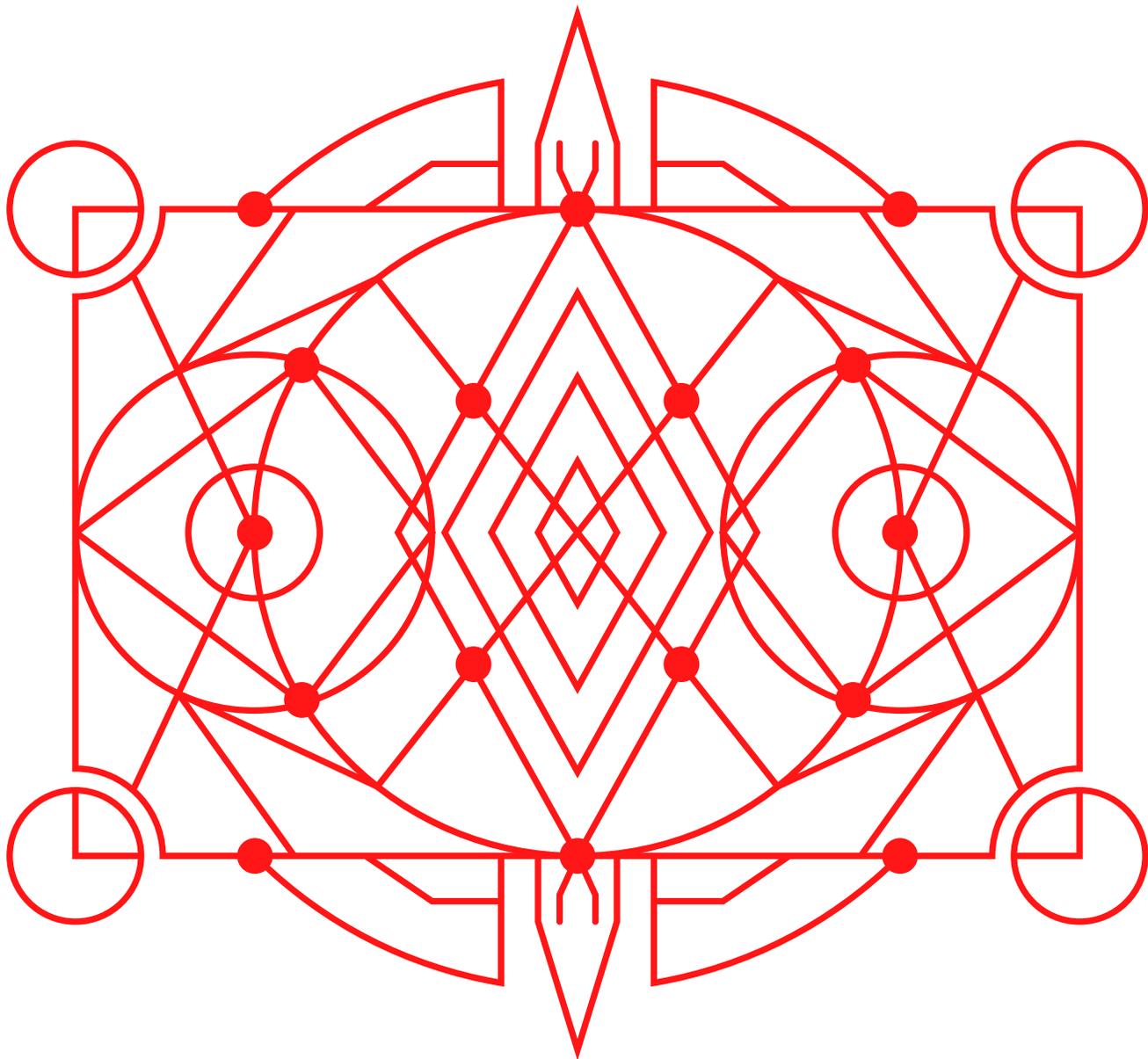


STRUCTURE
& OTHER
GEOMETRIC
PROCLIVITIES

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your stories have a certain shape,
geometric platitudes that coil and recoil
and invisible lines that tie us all together.

don't mistake me a single narrative
i weave carefully, and my hands are delicate.

like a potter, your hands give shape to earth
smoothing out the rough edges
the spaces where our stories all meet.

there is a poetry to the architecture of your body
the way your shape reflects your personality.

i stubbed my toe on the bed today, and
instead of telling it to fuck off i learned
to appreciate what geometry can teach me.

we sleep on squares the shape of beds and pillows
and in cubes we take refuge the shape of bedrooms.

you told me a story once, about an albertan farmer
i forget what it was about but it reminded me that
in those open prairies, what little shapes we had

seemed much more important,
much more prominent.

little squares with triangle tops called home
long lines where sky meets horizon, and
golden circular rolls plump in farmer's field.

square

You told me to wipe those capricious circles from under my eyes
broken ensos, you said, belong on the tip of a horse hair brush.

optic oligarchs keep their circles small—dilated peoples
and the teachers who put their pupils to sleep, we wait
around too often not knowing that we are waiting.

such cyclical sympathy doesn't look so good on you
so don't say i didn't say so when i said i said so.

the geometry of the ego should be soft and green,
or at least it should be silent—the sort of silence
we pretend takes the shape of a library.

limit your lethargy and take pause from that glowing rectangle
and we can roll around like little balls or forest animals.

i lack the structure that you want of me—an old house
cracked foundation and windows that might as well not be there,
but you love that about me, or so you once said.

make me an oracle or better be beastly better be broken
a cursed dreamer dutifully dreaming better futures.

round me up as i am rudderless—we sit under a cobalt-curving sky
and you tell me exactly what to do, but i am a cloud circling the valley
circling the city not yet fat enough to cry.

often orphan i probe for your hand and we make little circles
all the time standing and staring deeply obviously ocular ostensibly occult

but it isn't always magic although we reason it should be.

circle

i can no
longer
put shapes
to words
or make
shapes with
words—no
more than
you can
imagine
the shape
of my mouth
when i say
the word
orange or
whatever
shape that
might be
and as we
make simple
geometries
with the
pull and tug
of our love
we might
find awe
in our
symmetry

but always
we find
ourselves
impressed
by the
invisible lines
we draw
and simply
call our
gravity but
we aren't
one but
two but
three and
we consist of
these points
that connect
lines that are
intersecting
or meeting
or colluding
all softened and
smoothed
and jazz cut
a trio, yet we
are more
than our
vertices

more than
the clumsy
thud of
love and
drama and
friendship and
admiration
and help
health we weather
the
storm in the
season of
the witch
bare breasted
and bright children
among
others where
saffron jealous
lovers chide
the boredom
of the polished
and bevelled
frames that
we cut
triangles off of
like the corners of
our saddest
memories.

triangle

now, i must somehow need this poem
it woke me up at 4 am.

i'll need two stomachs or more to digest it
and at least a pair of mouths to taste or sing or say it.

it was just me, the poem, the gentle buzz of the coming dawn, and
grace kelly on the corner of my bed all curled.

no, not a ghost but a dreaming dog—eyes a flutter
somewhere deep inside her own head another world.

i ain't bitter to be woken up by this here poem
but i ain't not bitter either. i lie here, two-dimensional, flat as the sheets—probably
polygon—just thinking this poem trying to speak before it may wither. sometimes
thoughts come in shapes and not just words
and sometimes they ruminate deep inside the dirt.

polygon

when you suddenly wake up hungry and all you've to
chew on is the fat of this poem but really, it is consuming you.

this poem was in the earth once, it dug itself out of a grave and
aside from waking me up, it has gentler qualities than the typical zombie.

sure, it is somehow eating away at my brain as it courts me comically cortical and
although the poem and i speak different languages:

if i let it consume a bit of me, vampiric in the night, we might share my
blood and thought and this poem might come to shape my sight.

polygon and i'll be gone it says—don't give me shape but light
no shape—no shade—just courtesy you've kept me through the night.

shapes can't know their reputation
becoming cubic and the boxes we live within
or order me structure and give me shape
the way this city's walls do
cubic measurements and the floors we walk barefoot upon
and the kitchen has her own dimensions
curiously cubic or cuboid six faces and all
and one must appreciate the sink, the stove, the fridge, the walls
things that give and occupy space
like my busy little body bustling to make breakfast
I occupy this space-defining and redefining her shape
without her knowing, and i take her for granted all too often
the meanings i give to space and the way in which it shapes me.

cube

tie yourself to the horizon
and we will float up

way on yonder
like a weather balloon
we are a science

the shape of temperature
the roundness of the curve

of a sphere
of a ball bouncing
out of childhood

from far enough away
we are the shape of earth

we are the shape of time
in a universe that isn't counting
not indifferent, just incapable

of sharing her emotions
except the red temperament

of the mortal sun, we are
rarely reminded how far away we are
stuck in the cycles we invent

but sooner or later
all bubbles pop.

sphere

we are
shapes
 taking shapes
occupying space

shapes that fit together
or take the brunt of our size

immaculate tetrahedron
 you know me
 from the ground
 and up
i am shape of barrel cactus
thorny side of
pyramid

i protect you
as you protect me

adobe wall
lost in meadow

someone lived here once
now all that is left
is this ruin
being shaped by
the rain

we were built from
the ground up

grumblings of the
universal laws
of attraction.

tetrahedron

persistent polyhedron
we aren't permanent, but
we thrive here.

we stretch and
we breathe, we
beat our skinny chests.

rattle me a little, i
will gift you my world
spectacular we shine.

we are a quiet peopled forest
the shape of poplar and pine
oak we figure—possibly polyhedron.

but as time permits
we become rounded and soft
we explore one another.

touch
scent and
sight.

but we taste of salty sea
metamorphosis we take
the shape of you and me.

polyhedron

we are fragments of a poem of a poem
we tessellate we expand.

we are pink thought
hibiscus dream stuff.

we are makeready
folded paper things.

we are delicate beings
being ourselves being the world.

of things and ontology
no need, she says, for apology.

we move we fold we pixelate
we bright we hum and vibrate.

we are enmeshed
we are entangled.

we are silky things
things we like to touch.

we are pyrotechnics
we are warm slow explosions.

we are blue water moving
the shape of a creek.

meandering the cosmos
together, a tessellated hive collective.

tessellations

invisible city press

