



# novel forms

km.rowe

novel  
forms  
book  
three

under the grapefruit sun—  
bitter skin or  
bittered tongues—where  
the silent proceed to speak—  
lazy children—workless  
and shirtless lying beside  
a pool—palms float in the  
invisible breeze—one could  
only imagine as the colour of  
blue—and purple jacaranda  
scuttle across the grey cement  
and the lazy children feed off  
the fat of the day—full on the  
emptiness of emotions that  
appear only where  
o n e is drunk.

novel forms and some  
    shall float—buoyant  
ideas but we'd hate to  
be the ones who  
    gloat.

many medallions  
of jacaranda fruit all  
clattering in their tree—  
cicadas buzz brightly and  
the donkey brays—  
hillside insects picking at  
fruit on porcelain plate—  
fuck, she says—i love these—  
love these salad days.

we are staring  
d  
o  
w  
n  
the barrel of the  
fisheye evening  
turtle-shell clouds drifting  
several shades of green  
if this place is life-worthy—  
she says—proxy me  
another lover and  
between sky  
and earth—we  
will become percussive  
beings.

great grandfather  
tanner  
or tanned—picking colours  
the colour of apple  
or whatever colour  
that is—and it  
don't matter to the  
foggy-eyed soothsayer  
no such thing as luck  
—he says—so  
no point in pointless  
prayer.

we ain't  
never getting  
out of here—she says—we  
ain't got the resources—  
but valley gives as valley does  
and she might be dry now—  
    he says—but rain—she  
is a coming  
    wash me down  
    with water or mezcal  
    wash me down  
    with collateral love  
    wash me down  
    with valley wind  
    and stuff me full  
    of sin and grub.

poke me  
    pochote  
or dress  
me celibate  
    in green leaf of ceiba  
celebrating with  
    me mamey  
seeding or seedling  
    singing—something  
like a guanabana—until  
    the day fades toward  
the purple camote  
    evening.

tilly me tile—she says—all  
ornate and ornery  
i had a shape once—it was  
oblong and disorderly.

fish tail or tale

scale or scale

all sorts

of lures

that flail

or fail

metamorphic woman—i am—

she says

not a fish, but a rock

not a rockfish or

soon hock—but—i am

lullaby oyster

tucked into bed—

patiently guppy—

I'll wait till you dead.

panela mold me outta here  
proudly pyramiddle i  
and i don't give a fuck—she  
says—if i findanotherguy.

wrinkly cringe  
on wooden docks  
or wooden corral pins  
    a door is just a thing  
    to hide behind  
    when you are  
    running out of space  
slow jawed and  
outlawed we carve  
out time for peace—yet—i  
feel i've fallen to pieces—  
she says— perhaps  
this is our  
last feast.

nah is no and  
i know you know  
i mean it dear—so listen to  
me this once:

we red  
we green  
and everything  
all in between  
we are the  
colour of love  
we colour ourselves  
the colour of walls  
whatever colour  
that might be  
no house of doors we singing  
on the doorless chorus.

cannot elaborate  
when mouth remains  
shut and in the vortex  
of thoughts swirling up  
together i dream of  
a fish jumping  
out from her pond.

no voice for the dead  
the dead  
except in pages  
in books  
we forget to read  
or leave lifeless under  
the bed.

history—she says—no  
novel forms—just whatever  
has been said—tomorrow  
cubic novel form from  
the tip of a youngling's  
head—we  
    dance  
    we  
    cry  
    we  
    write  
    tomorrow  
    wrestling sheets  
    all sexy in the bed.

art deco me  
el frontón méxico  
and hi jai alai  
the jumping men—  
weave me canasta or cesta  
hand where hands are  
just for throwing or throwing  
fits and loves are love— or dos  
paredes— tanto my titular role.

toma mi tortilla and other  
pillow talk not just for night—  
novel forms arranged  
in quadratic storms—or the  
circles beneath my eyes as  
foresight—break me down—  
she says—into stanzas—or  
tighten me up with quoins—  
trace me onto paper  
windowsills and fold me into  
the shape of light—i  
remember all those little lines  
and those creases on  
your face—i remember to  
remember so i don't forget  
just because in case.

novel forms when we  
take to flight just seeds  
drifting in endless skies.

spit & splurge  
on words  
and words  
and those we  
try to define ourselves.

novel forms take  
you and me and—whatever  
that might be—puzzling  
the inquisitive—or  
questioning religion's  
eulogy.

novel forms when we  
are just at the end—  
the place where we  
should meet—i got about  
the gist of you now—she says—  
i started at your feet—drew you  
something younger  
                  or taller—  
something you can keep—  
but novel forms take novel  
forms and they ain't the one's  
we always seek.

invisible city press