

Dark Green
Emily Hunt

The Song Cave

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FIRST EDITION

for Laura

To the faithful Absence is condensed presence.

EMILY DICKINSON

Table of Contents

FIGURE THE COLOR OF THE WAVE SHE WATCHED	1
AMERICA	3
BEGINNER	4
I WAS THE GIANT FACTORY	6
HOLIDAY INN	7
ORIGINAL	10
SYMBOLS	11
WHIPPED BY NATURE	12
SAY IT IS SUMMER	13
FOR FLOWERS	14
A CONVERSATION	15
SUNDAY	16
ANOTHER TIME STOPPED	18
ROUGH BELIEF	19
REFLECTION NOT YET LINKED TO ANOTHER	20
LOVE IS A GOOD THING RUNNING	21
WHAT STUNNING PRIVILEGE	23
YOU MUST BE SO TIRED	25
A FAVORITE STORY	27
THE CROSSING OVER	28
SPRING	30
PARADISE LOST	31

NO TITLE	33
MOVIE	34
IT'S GOOD TO BE IN YOUR PAINTINGS	35
BUMPING INTO HER	36
FOREST	37
MUSEUM	38
14	39
BLUE TAKES OVER	40
ARRIVAL	43
SONG	44
IN THE TRUNKS OF CERTAIN TREES, DELICATE PEOPLE	45
WINTER	46
RESEARCH	47
I WAS VERY ANGRY	48
AFTERNOON	50
EVENING	53
COMPUTER	54
YOUR SPINNING WHEEL	55
2013	56
THE PLACE I SAT BESIDE	57
TOWN FAIR	58
LAST TOOL ON EARTH	59
TV	62
VIEW FROM A REGULAR FANTASY	65
ENGLISH	66

FIGURE THE COLOR OF THE WAVE SHE WATCHED

goodbye gone kin like water
gone half, first self,
where is that friend
who happened to smoke
the first beautiful sky
where are the hours
she filled to see sink
those hollow shapes made
by wind, goodbye
cleared history, swept steps,
goodbye what's left
the weather, which leaves
slap and fret to explain
if only the weather
were how it was, the weather
has nothing to do, goodbye
lies I meant deeply
goodbye to each
flowering shock
ahead in the garden
the garden was paper
a plan
stabbed by trees and then
a stripped plot, goodbye
little war after war

a cold goodnight to
both ends of silence
did it begin, did I skate
past the omen, exquisite
caution my armor
I pretended to shed, dear
blank reply, radical portrait
hung on a cloud
girl with big shovel
inventing the flurry
oh lose me my snow

AMERICA

No one's around,
their respect for me has been receding
since my last vision where I was
on a ship and I could feel
the motion of the journey.
The frozen shards of rain
hit the sea so beautiful
the first slow hundred days.
I could see them through a little hole.
I tried to go to sleep
standing I imagined
going very far.
The fourth or fifth place might be
a kind of climbing over
the feeling of the group.
They didn't make the land
they just walked across it
rearranging, so I was there.

BEGINNER

And if the sky was round
and being filled
in November, the dark month appeared
smaller, and later
a kind of gray.
My arm was out the window.
Fall bled forward.
The upper edge of the whole sun
shifted something higher.
You were there, with me in the yards,
sometimes blue
in your clothes.
We spoke of the morbid.
Sparks seemed to spread from it.
Often a spawn of frogs
the impression of which
weakened as it lasted.
We appeared
to see nature, the sky
rose and all that should be green
appeared to us in autumn.
And these plain faces existed,
passing underneath.
In red light, we acted alone.
Two prisms, one upon the other.

Little kids played soccer
by the twisted corn.
The sun slid in the grooves.
The border spread
while we were eating dinner.

I WAS THE GIANT FACTORY

I went there every day

I did care about my job, its feeling wrong and endless,
the smooth machines, their heavy curves,
the rows of windows, revolving doors,
what filled the air, a thousand locks,
one looming cage, I'd only watch

Others there said little

and in the space they left

I slid invisibly, measuring, testing, slowing
what they saw in me and one of them

I decided I could hate

or love like I admired