

PARSE

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Black
Lawrence
Press

*for lil Luz, who brought some light at the end of much dark discovery
(look how that always happens)*

&

for the heart's endless capacity to regenerate

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i.

GIRL

A body must reach an equilibrium regardless of its passions toward splintering.

Continue.

Imagine survival as a kind of farming.

Continue.

Are you sure?

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

I.

The sun a spasm. Delirious with too much perspective. The girl moves forward. Sweat of course. Forward subjective of course. *Engulfed: verb: state of being, state of impossibility.* She's thinking of what she misses except she can't think. One thought crosses another like a car t-boning the future. Nesting dolls omnipotent. Gravel sticks to her toes, pinpricks little as a god memory. Something nags. *Here is a body put yourself in it & stay there & stay there & stay.*

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

II.

After a while the girl turns. To herself but outwardly. At her hands. Are these runaway hands? Runaway bones? A white bird overhead, *no* she instructs *no associations to surrender*. Visualizing a network of escape routes, hollow roads. A skeleton spread across the flatlands. Can it dance? What steps? Nothing but. She sighs. Onward. Like a whistle that brings the dark.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

III.

On the road a wildflower. Purple as poison. Remember a vase on a table. Flowers. Nothing cracked, no morning light poured on red-edged pieces. Shatter a taught command. What is carved is not followed. Daylight daylight daylight. Her wrists movement factories. Memory unmanufactured. No bottle matters. Brightness like a bruise. A bottle though. How typical. *Go* she does *go further*. The narrative here known. Except for its thumbprint. She holds a lighter to her fingertips. Hail Mary to the temporary. Full of pain.

They say a delayed reaction to an alarming stimulus is a symptom of the body always in emergency mode.

She's weaving a basket.

Inside she'll place something borrowed something breathing something eating.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

IV.

Hands laid on the body lay still in the body. Ghost leeches parasites of rotten wanting. Ecosystem of the underworld. Closing her eyes a desolate landscape. This for comfort. Imagine an expanse mud-gray. Paled & drought-shrunk cacti like gravestones. In her head she skips. This is where she cannot be hurt. Nothing foreign drags her from herself. No hunt no hunt no sides. It has been a long time. So time no longer matters. Head up now she walks.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

V.

Motion a waltz bereft of fear. No, saturated & bereft. She walks like an acoustic solo. Without instrument. Just wind. The mind of wind. Dreaming of not dreaming of the night the sky broke. Its hands robotic, grasping. A human cleaned like a mealbone. Once she was picked. In some cultures in some circles of hell, an honor. She wishes now on a full moon. Plucks the hours from her life like petals, terrified there may be no stem.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

VI.

Wishbones in the head a vortex. Clouds gathered at the nape. Storm
a cheap medium. Dissolution, call it progress. Her sleep a glass wall
against. Her body collected against an underpass. Rain watches. Keeps
score, makes it up. When his eyes were big they were so. Glassy want-
mongers million-tongued stupid pseudo-beast. Give a man dominoes
& he will fish forever. She shivers. The gutting wasn't so bad. As was the
living gutted. Emptiness the loudest papercut. But energy does not die.
The raw blankness it feasts.

Do you want to keep going?

Do you feel guilty for being given the choice?

Red rover red rover
send hell on over.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

VII.

Cart pulled to market creates the market. Dirt accumulating now, days tallied. A toenail breaks off like a mile marker. Destination thirst. Shadow long, shadow needy. Within her mouth many screams no mechanism. A car slows she does not. Supplies a game liquor plays with the flesh. *Curse?* Certain fires have an odor. Is she even visible. *When did you first know?* A hawk overhead. Circling nothing, starving itself. *If everyone dies who wins?* Death scholar. Maybe she's still pretty.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

VIII.

If a web is cognizant. The poor spiders, all fucked. *Justification:*
nounverb: uninhabitable sphere. The girl is not available. A lightbulb flickers in a passing truck. Fog today, like walking into a meditation of last breaths. Tornadoes shrunken & poised, in her for her. Give her this power. Destruction so wide though. A plain becomes a continent. The morphology of chaos. A hand emerging from quicksand her own she steps on it.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

IX.

Aftermath one plus a hundred minuses equals. There are
turnarounds. The girl doesn't. Red in the sky like crying baby skin.
Pluck veins like a harp. Some sound. *Earthly pursuits* she thinks. Furious
as a top spinning around itself its own sun. All planets demoted. Sailors
pirates scoundrels delight. Sunset spawning, plummet plummet. When
she unrolls dough. When she leaves by her side a rolling pin transformer.
No stars just a cough in the fabric. The universe nodding, a shark
bobbing in the swimming pool. *If you can't swim, kill.*

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

X.

A snail on the back of a switchblade. Sing a song of disconnect. Devastation a reclaiming. One way of the world fear. A fence burgundy. How it impales landscape. Faster now, flight feet on. Sweet morphine of sleep, its feathers spread wide. A glance is enough. Asterisk *not*. Risk factor *a bow & arrow in outer space*. Risk factor *how cold the planets*. The girl asks for a little place to lay her head. She will keep walking after.