

number one earth  
jasper avery

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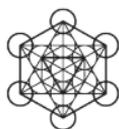
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# NUMBER ONE EARTH

JASPER AVERY





## number one earth

i ... 11	#1 earth ... 31	sun aa ... 61
ii ... 13	#2 earth ... 32	sun ab ... 63
iii ... 14	#3 earth ... 34	sun ef ... 65
iv ... 15	#14 earth ... 35	sun qqqqq ... 67
v ... 17	#0 earth ... 36	sun jb ... 71
vi ... 18	#21 earth ... 38	sun bd ... 73
vii ... 19	#17 earth ... 40	sun oo ... 74
viii ... 20	#111 earth ... 41	sun ff ... 77
ix ... 21	#40 earth ... 43	sun mn_3 ... 80
x ... 23	#120 earth ... 44	sun gb ... 82
xi ... 25	#88 earth ... 46	sun sx ... 84
xii ... 27	#267 earth ... 47	the hole ... 85
xiii ... 29	#203 earth ... 49	
xiv ... 30	#134 earth ... 51	
	#160 earth ... 53	
	#371 earth ... 55	
	#372 earth ... 60	



number one earth



*i hope this helps*



*i.*

this is my last day on this earth  
but don't worry  
i will be back on monday  
i go to my other earth on the weekends  
my earths have been split up  
for a long time  
since i was little  
too little

i wish often to spend more time  
at my other earth  
it is an earth of softness  
of greenness of earthworms  
and sad  
and soil  
fallen leaves  
and smooth smooth stones

my other earth just got back  
from spending some time  
on the east coast  
it seems different now  
colder  
a chill like autumn

before it got back  
i would imagine  
greyness and the mists  
of the cold cold ocean  
around my earth like sheets  
just after waking

i keep memory  
of my other earth with me  
at all times  
it helps me  
like a small piece of bark in my pocket  
to keep me the soil  
keep me the image of soil  
of turning over a clod of soil  
with my kindest shovel

and the earthworms  
of soil  
who want to go home  
smell of the earth  
of my earth  
of my other earth  
weekend earth  
where there is only kindness and quietness  
a fondness for nostalgia  
for the past that will not return

*ii.*

i am ripe of a fruit  
for missing you  
earth

i am the gay of ripe of a fruit  
and am sinking my shovel  
into kind earth again and again  
for missing you  
you are a sick space between ribs and cartilage  
i am twig of a nest for missing you  
a twig who is trying to be  
the ghost of a small beetle  
for missing you  
crawling over bark to treetop

i am kepted in back pocket of my earth  
away from my other earth  
the kind one  
i am told of all manner of scares  
in this unkind earth  
i am taught to feel these ways of unkind earthness  
i am unkind earth for missing you

i remember ocean and cry  
how can there be such softness  
i remember the unkind earth  
and how can there be such hardness  
i remember mossy  
i remember underfoot and smell of

*iii.*

i am birdsnest in an atlas bone  
for missing you  
the birdsnest of the petiole of spine  
any spine  
any way to support a body  
any frame to hang  
to drape  
from missing you

my other earth got this new apartment  
in boulder colorado  
in sky snowmelt and strawberry vine  
an apartment that hangs  
from strawberry vine of snowmelt  
i am going to visit this spring  
i promise this, a whole week maybe  
when the strawberries ripen just right  
you can smell from  
a ways away  
i will know how to come by the smelling  
this horizon upon which  
my other earth orbits  
and i am horizon of strawberry  
snowmelted vine of apartment for missing you

*iv.*

it is truth that no apartments hang  
from strawberry vines  
in boulder colorado

it is truth that apartments  
are small and poorly lit  
that the neighbor is hiding  
a large dog from you  
you are pretty sure

it is truth that sometimes  
earth needs to go to work  
no matter the status  
of the snow and melting  
that earth will sometimes leave you  
alone  
on friday morning  
in an apartment that does not hang  
from strawberry vine  
with only one cup of too sweet peaches  
and old soymilk  
in the cupboard

it is truth that under the pillows of couch  
you cannot tell whether or not this is strawberry  
or boulder colorado  
or where is other earth

you wait to fall through couch  
but that is forbidden in boulder colorado

has it been a week already

**v.**

this feeling that is suspended  
on the tenter of sky  
feeling of a placefullness  
this shadow of a bird of prey  
is that of regret

for  
missing you