

Stacy Szymaszek

from HART ISLAND

"A sense of purchase guides the human bone."

-Dale Smith

Hart Island is a potter's field for New York City, located in the Long Island Sound. It is the largest tax-funded cemetery in the world. Prison labor is used to perform the burials that now number close to one million. The island is a restricted area controlled by The Department of Corrections.

‡

a cavern hill-

side hazel

eye carnation

face nasal call

a drake

messianic chemical

reaction scourge

marks of the lot

lit infra-

red winding

paper napkin

Turin

‡

scout in December when

DNA is frozen box

of letters a poorly
insulated mid-life
apartment empty
condo views bake
a pie to test
the oven drape
moves dare-
devilry

‡

the F

Financial advisor

by itinerant limbs
I mean free of circulation

plots and plods

I confess I lie

rate of interest

in disease is not hypo-

chondria hypo-

thyroid feet

are cold plugs

I grip my portfolio
expound
line item

no 401(k)

no Ponzi

‡

a woman applied
for a disinterment Hart
Island chaperone leads
her to “he calleth his
own by name”
manifest with a
number she chews
the mouth has to
go dry a rose
a day a congenital
day

‡

small pine
grid crown sky-
line
this form where
I feel love
for babies
Catholic and “regular”
then SC-B1 1985
separate and deeper
than yellow fevers

‡

the polity
around visitation

through Riker's –
inmates inter
dead matter
“easy duty”
brought back
to community

‡

the avenues
of New York
quality of leg
pain predictor
of blood clot
church clock still
broke

will work for poets

‡

beware there is nothing
to fear! scan of
the thorax indicates
possession the dog
buries her treasure
in meatspace

‡

insolvent

malfeasant

debate in summer

08 it costs more

than a penny

to mint a penny

now activated

charcoal stomachs

‡

Madonna and child

a citrus offering

a Captain's cross

fresh trench anchored

by mussel shells

no exhumation record

of the bodies beneath

the Waldorf-Astoria

‡

citizens freeze

on the avenues

film crew warms

in a row of trucks

a church

lives off artists
frozen citizens
arrive with numbers
in trucks

‡

Hart Crane agora
his frosted eyes lift
altars along the Eastern
Seaboard and Melville's
in the Bronx
parts of Dawn
Powell Science
didn't use
her executrix
refused
the field claims

‡

coffee and kasha
coffee light and kasha
with gravy or borscht
hot or cold smiles
at me everyone
who works here
on the avenue