

Julie Carr

Knot

In crayon drawings

Some persons lie buried in fire and some have been suspended in a wave

Rain withdraws its praise

If the red truck and the blue truck and the hose

I'm unable to rest dreaming her hunger crying through a vent

I wanted to unzip her coat, to slide a hand

Under the body of a car

But I was never one to fix a machine. Elsewhere the nest of the wasp

Other, the birch-bark and lichen

The townhouses stunned by foreclosure

The bubbling well in the mall

Now are we wanting plaster surrogates

To gather nightly in our halls?

“Like a maelstrom with a notch”

This world can dizzy even a womb

And mine is just a bit of breathing a bit of breathing through a line

Not because I'm humble, because I'm made

Made to be humiliated and to be adored
I've never until now sensed two terms
To stand closer together than these
To gather nightly in our erosions
Our data bases our platforms our diagrams
If that's how you want to think about it
In the blue dusted dawn of a feast day
In the blue dusted dawn of a feast day
I'm certain to dissolve in the origin
Of what pours from your face and your hands O
Clarion

