

ALREADY AN ARCHAEOBOTANY

by

Sydney Britsch



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DEFENSE COMMITTEE AND FINAL READING APPROVALS

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Sydney Britsch

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The following individuals read and discussed the thesis submitted by student Sydney Britsch and they evaluated the student's presentation and response to questions during the final oral examination. They found that the student passed the final oral examination.

Kerri Webster, M.F.A. Chair, Supervisory Committee

Martin Corless-Smith, Ph.D. Member, Supervisory Committee

Rebecca Wolff, M.F.A. Member, Supervisory Committee

The final reading approval of the thesis was granted by Kerri Webster, M.F.A., Chair of the Supervisory Committee. The thesis was approved by the Graduate College.

for dovah

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ABSTRACT

Steven Universe once sang, “I learned to stay true to myself/ by watching myself die.” This is precisely the natural journey we must all embark upon in this life; our self continually returning, remembering that which we can trust our bodies have known all along: we are not actually separate from this thing we’ve called nature. This ever-opening landscape necessitates fluidity and the recognition of other modes of knowledge and connection, sometimes only sound or space as our guide. A place where self-healing and self-sacrifice is simultaneously enacted. Each of these moments reverberates and affects the universal voice. The earth always already knows my pain and still welcomes me every time, us now—every time.

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“now having given all, let us leave all”

—H.D., *Trilogy*



slow down, there's tea on the table

shower off your aphasia let it drain to some other sea scavengers

a family of spider crabs

collects what's left around the pipes they'll help break this all down for us

but is this broken enough already

we're almost there

the word climbing slowly off your tongue

down this cliffside your chin water cascading

now almost effortless

after the drop

body cropped by feathering light

built up consonants and other miscellaneous debris

stuck to your cheek

staggered rock

come here

just let me—

—mounds of petrified watermelon all around us

choose one slice it open

see how far you can spit the seeds

do you think they'll be able to germinate

in this dust

or probably just fumble around

for a while

looking for any opening

stare directly into desert heat

watch

land grow

disfigure

anything can here

if it wants enough

basalt bluffs

congeal and

cool off

rest in

snake river

wipe off

this graveyard

but we're all bones and pain's always shown as light

muddied

rhythms

rarefaction

song

nervous

tissue

dim

this

dread

this—

i thought i already told you she's already burning

fire escapes

down to the third floor

volcanic vents

displace

dead

air i cling staggered rock

mountain side

scales

turtle shell

broken-bodied ocean

disconnected synapses

mycelium

longitudinal lines

drawn

cross-body

navigate us

where we could have

done more

and we dangle in our devouring

this greyed-in pain

danced around

—the witch— i forgot

i wanted needed

held down

peeled away

coated tree paint

always such a fragile dry-down

and crumble—

fungal spores

spread across memory

—whispered traces of fractured disc—

water stops all-body:

punctured supposed

spinal reflex

mist remembrance

skeletal remains

coral crushed

exposed garden

the vaginal birthing of this

slow constrictions

suffocate me if i let them get close

enough to my breathing

claustrophobia pulls one last wish out from me

to feel fully these fears as they feed

volcanic hyper-ventilations

molten reactions superheating

ceasing this place

we can no longer fit this in this same space this

taking me

up and out this way—



this pain is evolutionary progression

grown sharp simple

towards yet another hysteria

by the age of eight

this bark has sounds of thickness and

my brain must learn which signals sent

are supposed to be ignored

they either don't exist or exaggerated

crab shells surround

this inner cell

a pulpy mass

pleased to keep reducing

substance into softness

sound as form of measurement

punishment

how much am i comfortable covering up myself

i say only the essentials this time

even though we don't have enough

why these fleshy productions always so overripe

when we try to talk about this

selling out

we play these scenes on repeat

forest floor

mushroom highlights

we take these in

as if food portions

or potent memories of a childhood friend

bringing, banging /we wrap ourselves in

sock me in the stomach to stop this trance

if you're going to do it right stab through every layer of skin
 reach in grab squeeze even anything to feel myself's
 last pained pulses your aching palms

widen fingers
 slip me ground

lay fresh sod

hide dead weight

embrace dirt-loving worm body

—suncatcher dangles on the front porch—

no wind needed knot
 loosened bone cries bloodlines
 we've tied keep ourselves intact

unwound strings of flesh
 tightly swaddled spine

now some old spindle
so slender and capable
of snapping in your hand

the way you wish into
pools of my blood now frozen

shaven collapsed ice body
floating just above the surface

when warmed beneath geyser breath
all calloused rock accepts sinking

spite spreads out of sight

somewhere my mouth-scatter

the ground thawing 'round reflected
dew you wade through

plastic

inevitably pours out

down wound

slow wait for metallic sheen to show my face
 encountered cold slate the pavement might make this appear healed or that
 this soil consented to their use of space something about necessary
 loss still the granite continues etching names i won't ever be able to
 hold reflections of pain we've polished in promise of moving on risen scar surface
 my collecting of the dead a place where only stone can see us

(unfolds) these swaddled insects spider's web strung along only part of
 the pane reflections sticky pale memories wrung until only carcass
 remains glass and screen

this truth slowly slides down rests on the sill

watches from window another time
 the scream always hollow stays behind inside this room
 fallen waits again

(branches)

isn't this lovely

all skin and bones and superficial wounds sent somewhere else for now
 i'm lost in my old sleep again
 always summoning me

absorbed in this orbit

this grave contract

this pain shimmers
 impulses struck to the body like muck or molasses
 we wade through our own violence and sing:

these debris these selves

these survival of the things we always let oversaturate

i must repeat this part of the story for others later something about validation

and yet there are some i still won't speak outside of myself

retaken

faces of disheveled women i know

are strangers we watch each other in our sleep strip our belongings:

cold cement scraps of skin and still we know

without saying what has happened here

molten, my womb

site this pain

clotting magnetic

systems of sutures

clinging

squeezing

this place now

nulling to sleep

hands pull melts of

satin off

our burning

and we carry on in a semicolon

i can feel my body-flabs folding in

on arrested intentions

this flat

delicate smoothness of a

pebble's bellyside

whites of waters' eyes cut open

one hand raised over head

what

have i done with these teeth

this mouth

now coated-

blue throat

a horned owl

asks the moon how to fly

hmmm

something in the way

my wings hum

a mobile-swung lullaby

spider webs cling

my arms

wrap themselves up

in little balls to keep

warm we interweave

our limbs

mountain growl tremble cold

cavern glow remnant green plant almost

stained glass

my hand cupped around like this—



my secret this:

i was choking

on ingested plastic bottle cap he saw

my need now this sea this study of intimacy

between two bodies wishing to float all the way to the top

pockets turned inside out stones all over her living room floor

ripples reflect sun spores reproducing sweet gloss

re-covering everything

now this blanket warm around me this time a child

curled up serenity-scratched wool on the couch

stuck between two cushions

these fusions scorch our skin crack crystalline

somehow always screaming when we're not enough

this glass only resists so much pull my guts

high enough staining tidal cool his reaching hand

always praising this single act of protection

look at allthese different greens

alwayss surrounding her

this digging	gown loosely wrapped
is a static soul	around full waste
scraping	
the lyrics from this page	–still spilling
marks leak	my guts bend
directly beneath	and pull all the way out
pressure from inked instrument	reaching this deepness
pieces full of adhesive	forces too far
finally pull–	down to have
	fallen
melt me	open
in ruin	sea floor
my womb	pushing plastics
we are all	wholly
deserving of decay	shattering quartz
decorating	unfurl
this heaping	sands
placed in pain	entire body
pilling medical	conspiring to–
	till dawn

the carcasses flowers should've left behind

inscribed with sutures
 hardened pain
 used witch-hazel
 scarred
 always
 flawed
 bark barrier
 gift my kin
 plastic water bottle
 to play with maybe
 help
 break down
 out
 sore and pulsing
 remind
 when its time to go back inside
 the ink keeps

forceful
 misguided mouth-mutter
 ran out
 held
 harder till
 body gave
 this memory first swarming
 storming
 rock reverberations come back to
 anxious body
 retraced what i need to say
 for this to say i can only reach
 some parts of cellular mound
 swatching genes
 to see which best fits
 remurmuring fills this
 this will this
 answer this cave

once miami drowns, we'll finally have an excuse to move

she's the weighted-warm blanket

i need to be grounded earth—

without which i would float away

foaming celestial ash—

later forming swan and horseshoe and i'm sure

some other nebula made from sand sun—

my privileges pour over *cement*

blue

bend swung

high enough to reach bough

flowered webs

grab use

them to switch

position around

body spun thread

western black widow

silken drapes body deceit

cover where the wasting ends

flatten this curve this back

properly this always catching but not

releasing please reform resign

all this paperwork

without first consenting

throw the net out to see

what nerves we

can sell in our free time applauding

our leading lady-star bowing

though we don't truly notice

navigation as necessary

reflection of compasses

never have

known north

without wandering

magnetic

fields bright

pulled up by the shoulder straps

don't acknowledge any pain until artifact

neatly identified

put away with the rest

personal

belongings

sitting stale

climate-controlled

storage room

an extension of my mapping my

various prospects for empathy

show the moment others recognize

this body sway

always in relation to you

even when not conscious

an ode to the intimacy, or immediacy, of band aids

wet tire spine left on cement:

an imprint waning to express the importance of this attempt at a staying

i show you how to solder music to the skin

instead of playing fake ghost stories

that never quite stick right

to the tongue

always intensifies

so far so fast

this all of a sudden

sharp climax

this loving the heated moment

bending glass

this glass blending

with this other glass

you'll glow in

the dark later thanks to our infused mass:

we recycle old crumbs of song

into our new form

ancient scars of once-covered skin:

an insidious marking in silence

ignorance of any other

perspectives around this monument

led

astray

dehydrate this rock

this sagging melody

loosen this ledge

let

cracks open

upwards:

sings

trees swing open with rusted hinges before ever becoming a door

pour phosphorescent

collect radiation

rustling breath

every

swell

a new alarm sounds

another apology

won't turn off

this fastening

this blur

swarmed

curl closer to chest

keep trying—

there's a

black and white ash

branch speaking

words in asl to someone

downwind:

how long can you hold onto this clasped howl

eelgrass brush between feet

find the perfect place to bite

anchor ankle

grasped

thorned

blackberry vine

pricked ethically from the right

distance

hover

just out of reach

even the tallest rung from our tallest ladder

can't—

when i stop singing

these vocal cords are still

vibrating

are never going to—

these now strayed

i'm afraid to ask if i'm sick again plateaus' soft imprint fog folds over

my shoulders and into spinal canyon

gargoyle geckos line the tops of buildings living in rain

cloud-space accompanies

forest

landscapes not too far from our names

sewn lines of sky together clouded thread mourns

needled touch

sleeping pollutants pelvic floor constellations broke

into sinkholes

collecting ancient light artifacts like tree bane

covered in cold

embracing other only

in order to defrost own sides

lights dim

overhead

shakes

take this hand

whisper your cry into it

runaway into sky-blinded

turbulence

white—



instead *i turn this away*

now molten pools

sulfuric steam

stuck in these drafts

my revising of windstream unfollow

the storm so you don't have to think of this

again later

lost inside dissonance kept

—the destined waning

part of our eyes—

body and mind now some distant

memory down the drain

some we where i'm dead already and there's cacti along the slit

something appears from the water body no longer cold left

frozen as a means of coping with survival there are others falling into shape

upstream

smoothened not to be confused with softened current's

pressure

sometimes there must wait to be thawed for the sick to finally

sink

in fully this nausea rivets to the entire

body not only the head but

hands

stomach slips this memory

further up

in mind's grip and the same fingertips are burning again a shared stinging

thick

and gooey through the skin pressed silt like sleep into bed lay back and

down again—

thoracic cavity

navel crater

obsidian center

release

needle through palm again

rephrase refrain

into a way anyone could apprehend

so disturbed this skin concaved this queer

until mine to sell to museum

floating

wish

this

softly distracts silhouettes

even when no light

this far down no pain

this far dark

fringing

these arms

capable of holding

so much warmth

maximum capacity flaring

this ache

my elbow

stinging at first

but tends

to dry down

cool

stainless-steel finish

can't ignore

this scar picking

lifts anxiety

falls

the beating of this beating of that

same outstretched hide

all worn and bare and shed

remnant whistle

sounding

when reached

highest threshold

treeline

mist

and the importance of projection onto a public screen

recognize swabs soaked with some of the other

notes slipped

open evidence read later

wait for recall

years of time setting now told too dry from then

to spill there

truth

prayers loosen 'round waists like magnolia all pure and pulsing

no need to

mend this

mother knows alleged offense this omitting

or altering where's perspective

renewed rendition of this account

not all labels are guaranteed

ethical sourcing passed by

antiquing chairs

collect carnal

never admit blame

casualties scraped simple

aside disorientated appearance shifting speech

smoked out searching

left behind bits

side effects include numbing— and instructed to scrap heap

before impaling

something about my wounds' ability to sterilize

as a means of freedom

somewhere else: we see

survival

wait and wonder where this

practice is parasitic or fertile

habitually screening why these persist

mishandled dangerous

contaminant violations

sinks

down

memory

and as always—

modifies the roots



in these resilient feminine forms

strained from devouring
nuclear reactors

linger like murky

heather dusk

worn-white satin dressing

aged skin bark

cultivating up most mountains

why are there so many mirrors in this forest

or is it just the one

camouflaging

voice coiled

fragmented degradation

until just mulch

we rot faster in the ground

you know

we can collect more later

“stop stressing the figs out”

our strangling palms

a trap set

with all the things we aren't

ready to hear

you have to outsource

to supply the most

or did you want the best

who can split difference

when it's all compost and geode sediment

stalling until we're finally—

there are things in this world that just aren't visible from here /

and we can't stop making this same old thing

they spirals between gripped guides prepare us for what isn't here
gently our palms as if were waterfall hide behind
echoing wither torches dim breeze the way holes in grass can deform
spacetime we gravitate to the ones we get
lost within without a trace escaping turn the color of
pulling
our limbs further apart quit scratching now the
name we all have
left behind

we can't risk dropping these again

smooth droplets of haiku glaze over this room sweat-silked skin soon a soft

yellowing light until a molasses-like substance we slow my sides

discuss thinning boundaries

over breakfast this single-flip waffle maker we bought

yesterday still providing some warmth

i wish i could

fossilize this moment into amber before burning

too much was ever a possibility

this connection lagging or lacking or folding back into ourself

bodied shrines

so easily giving to candle wax fake flavoring sprinkled

throughout this communal drought we flicker only when we think

we've figured the solution out paints with same black ashes

favoring the spread of blow flies until we feel something sticking

the roof our mouth:

wearing the same body howl as before

i begin to harvest

fibrous

trauma roots crops so small fragile in my sturdy

shaken cupped hands—

a digestion of sorts

shaking

from a cold

kind of

panic pressed again

my skin tightens

around stomach

cover

these thoughts

with shells

like hermits

hide

when life preserver

too slick

to grasp

desperate

splashing

turns

embrace

slipped

into currents

refining me

sun veins

spread and

i am part

seabed

also, the sociology of sage

sixteen screws hold onto this chandelier
of bone sometimes other times wood
 but mostly metal

the whole basement's overstory is
 sagebrush steppe
 close to desert
 not quite can't

 ward off all
invasive species
storing fuel for another
later fire:

h

ill

lig

ht

s

l

ow

dow

n

wa

ter

still

dis

quiet

—even the view from this glass

dry seizing sky

fills:

i can still see still her burning from space still somehow still she still can't get us to see still
her sensation still

spines separate before being remade
slowly into some others' twine

and decorate this life
with place

frozen coral

flecks flaking—

i flung her floral parts found at a festival
strung so she could be adorned in death-dried rose petals drowned down by
this red

bright hung deep below the skin

holds one hell of a heavy shield

paths of microbiome

go ahead

look down

on through your surface

then it's just spun-spectral aches

kept dancing so not to feel

heart sanding

too light to celebrate—

now

stand here

salivate until stung

a single flame spreads back and forth along my saking plain:

marks the skin

like the shadows of clouds right before it rains

except these scars aren't

as temporary

these legs

no more

restless

than a cat's kneading:

the actualization of comfort

warm and weighted

toxins drain

through the frayed edges of my malleable gasps

signifying this séance with anxiety

met with bittered taste

and the cooling sense of disembodied language

only grasps—

rope left

and all i can do is watch

i speak before they collect

ant-embraced plastic-covered

skulls much deeper

than this stirring

stomach acid can't dissolve

me all the way— i can't

feel how much of this is me—

any more?



dear meadow of western red lily and lady's glove,

remind me how bad the fires were this past summer

where i passed reflective

signs

cautioned body through

warned

where this wouldn't stop

so we kept

testing absorption capacity

saturated so wide compared compact

dense figure collecting

reforested recombined

substance replayed like compost

such an economical compound

so soft slender our vertebra

burrows into moth-speak

no longer a burning

an unwanted this pull running water

so nauseated

soldiered foliage becomes

architectural design

read record sentences strung

across arms rough outdated references

this stratified

over-processed surface of care contaminants continue pour behind

redismember body over

sketched portrait for your looking at from the wrong

museum

now asking for donations to keep these once-

belonged views

i recline or refine all the way back

recall directions exit

is this smoke or fog

sssseeedddddda dad da dddd daaa aadsss

sasddd ssssss

m a a ma ma moe

mor moer mre anada dss nsssdn

heathered

hymns

between pews

/\/\

seeeeeeddddd d d d dd

d ddd d d

ddd sans a a a asa a sand assad

palpitations

plunged electric

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

: : : : : : : : : :

: : : : :

turned

yellow means jump

these

holes in the smoke

\:\

\;

if you're going to start

burn

now

✓ //

\ \

see

the sand

:: : :: ::

hha aha hhha aaa

ahahahahhhhhh hh het

hehaha hat

thhhhht tht aht thehe

athat htatt tththttaa

sssssꝑat tthea

ssttꝑꝑtha sthta sthhh h

h hhh shh

eheshehshhhh

kaleidoscopic

magenta

melts

hands as if shards

:: :: :: ::

sun throbs

mmmmm maa

amaaad dd md amab amma badssss bababab bddb

abddb dga bg gad ba ga dbasd ds gagadb ds

ssss abadssags adbd bd bdbd

dadba dbdegs

agdbbbd

bbbegs

climax now then

bhhhb

////

pause

b bh h

\

\

uuh u

pixels after

pixels

h h hh

buhhh

and atoms

after

h hh h hhhhh h

headlights

hsss

reverberate

hhh hh h hh h h

//

hush

golden

;;

h hhhh s hs hhh

picked red

hsssshshshssushshs

but also

hhhhhsss

stomped

pulse

hshshhuhs

butte amplifies

ssshshshshss

pond

quaking

suuhhsusss

bogs where bodies

staying

ssuuuuuu u

ushhh suhhhs

stained

by tannins

uuhhh hu uhs ss us

u u uu

uuuuuu

we drink dry and

pucker

sssusmmmmssuhmm

acidic drains

shhhh

oak root

summmm hhhhu u

leathered ground

*uu u**shhhuu shus shshuu*

textured astringent tan

uuuuu hh uummmm

infect subtle

*ssss s s s**s s u*

barrels

color aging

*uhhhhhh**u u u u u*

tightening

lining

pat stagnate

before peel

*ssmmm**hhumm*

so smooth

uuuummmm

garden

mumms msssuhh h

back

shh

m mmmmm m mm m m

soothe

;;; : ;;; ;:

slaks dsksd d d fta a fa tkasls

sat s

dsksl dd s s ad

bd s sasdb s s

s at a

t a

ft

a dsdas a sa

sdd ass daslks dd ds

s s s s s s a e

flsss sisl s filss f uaslf filf f le s fl

hr

f ls fl f s

l

o

s

always blurring

covered

encoding

sometimes freezing

never remains

open balanced

face upwards

could endlessly

ingest sky

rigid stretch

marks of incident

only the outside

included here

familiar encased homebody

anatomical this ancestry

nature is this

rememory

dismembers my me when i was not

only me

mostly though this moss sticky

like dna

our membrane

only punctured embrace

reminds my rot

away like this

waist that once took up so much space

this wrapping with ties so tight

they kept my insides

from so easily falling out

they

just for now wait

wonder if i'm the one that would change

for this frame



please direct all questions to my archaeobotanist

out shaped chest so swollen needs sliced open
like casaba

or some other musk-kept form

slowly pulled apart

could you have numbed before using dullest scalpel archiving most precise pain

no it's fine if you take

your time

once you've forced your way inside you might as well listen

the acoustics in this thoracic cavity bone snap clean crisp
vertebral disk

while away aloe jelly rot

drains from the plant in the pot on top of my dresser
in the bedroom upstairs on the righthand side of this once forethought

fragrant stains

mahogany under ceramic tray soon strips thick flesh away
wait for me

to need

these sonnets stuffed into my side when gauze stopped working

this room has air pockets on the roof tiny dew droplets risen into bloom
 waterlily-drift between toes cold water cradles jaw wound and nose
 swollen light itches at the surrounding dark walls grown calm
 i ask will this place feel safe again before i brim velvet
 whale tongue lapping up particles plastic bodies
 similar to my old silt silhouette pressed
 forehead wish each ear bone

 dampened joints

 concaved outlined

 soaked safe word in hands listen

 mollusk shell encasing my crying eye

 melancholy glows lightly

slips

the gasps

what's left

my teeth

dawn saturates

traced

truss chords pumice stones

stiff back adorns

mouth froth

gagging

visceral

almost white

this moth suede

this tale

they—

why am i waiting for someone else / i'll permit this release

softly refined alabaster

finally carve themselves

this jar:

test how long layers

anxious shakes

my malleable

body vibrato

ruptured

butterfly lining

punched at insides

extract exactly enough

wait

your request for me to leave

my own limbs dissonant

secretions darkened wildernesses

these infections dispersed sky

usually flicker

first in the lungs or the skin

we may never recover

our nature—

this

leaving floral—

knots no longer

linen weaving like bone marrow

we bind together before we break

bine slowly untwined like nebulas

sculpted stellar winds radiate closer

leftover plant basts or animal blasts in used bone

to date later remnants of activities woven

into the ashes around fire pits

are supposed to last

only parts of us dry molten body tunnels

for more before we cool

thicken

let in

all this violence to tread

we peel these bees back

so suddenly

pressed against

bare skin

petal flakes dry

sun-shaken

pollen-shimmer

a concoction of the faintest of forms

and i am also frightened

claim this here home

this plot soon-to-be taken

still

we place

ourselves

now-to-be emptied

unconsolidate this soil to promote growth / softly

voice shovels stolen clay and again my nerves fill

this hole slow extracting endless dug deeply before stone hits steel frame

this matter actually conducts my whole body into demands first lean

back before shoving

high-pitched right

where shoulder would—

make sure to excavate this prying pride with crowbar-sized

attention pulsing check if they've been pouring cement

or not even trying to cover this crying smudges grip

wet

newspaper mulch for how long a time have i been a measure behind

please rest

this dug this deep this plenty

this entire song essentially sung now seen slips back from a

stunning steep—

i drape myself in painkillers

repeat

click [here](#) for certified plastic

enter through the throat

climb and conquer entire body

leaving nothing to be left

imagination

desires now

riming fragile

trace fingers along spine

count how many times

i hesitate

let you in

can you

see coral splinters

once cushioned with kelp

ready to fall—

cave's palate

diamond drill

chained to calcified lime

rust connects

salt and bone

set on fire create

intrusive light

i need to cover all this humming

stunning my body into peace

full like paralysis

here to hold

artificial bone

still resorbing—

my amphibian, incantate this bodily shape

cold rib water

aligns back to back

and back—

her jaw a rip tide biting down

my love for her a glacial pool

cool only enough to bare in late summer

white breath mixes

fertile only after cracked open

fleshy water close enough to swallow

uterine lining foams fills this cave

what color would you call this place

my memoried body wants to say sage or seaweed

or some kind of pine but all are almost indistinguishable

from here

these lungs know better than taking such deep breaths

so i begin to sway

somewhere a child looks up—

summer sun

grief no longer steeping in my celestial seasonings sleepytime tea

retraced

self-scattered

shrines

metal

cold

pressed

body

sigh

release

admittance, that is why i'm here

the way scabs start

the outside rings

shaping up

all it was supposed to

let me forget

now enters

somewhere that reminds:

root harvest / there are things we can't help but cling

haystacks and cold fog my grandfather's barn

the difference between my breath

between floorboards morning light rasps

rusted dance dusted guitar walls

give in slowly to these dampened years

emerald jewels adorn ash trees outside

no longer my time to hide under this belly

bark strips from the rest turns to sad wind chime

broken bodies tied together with cotton twine

we lay burden waiting to petrify

i didn't know how to recreate vibration until my body trembled dread

i wonder what my dirt will be

an ancestor to or what

discomposure gave to me

the price of disarrayed matter

after selah saterstrom

stream disorient tribute to ruptures and revelations collapsed like feral star

 saturate struggle with water swallow feet kept pointing

 downstream in order to alleviate any potential damage from debris

 rapids breaking white willing open to sea

 this blossoming crossfire speaks—

humidity hums between these roots gathered mulled remnants forming gregorian-like

 chants hung dense against raw hide

 there are holes in this voice chamber

 i'm tired of reminding are ribs a sternum someone's clavicles

 contour and attune recollections of memories steeped in black

 amber before clamping down and claiming truth ask convoluted howls

if they scraped the insides

of cages before escaping before oxidizing into aura

before there is shape there has

to be surrender—

soil slow

i've been embroidered

this film

stagnant pond

i will still

tell self

let mouth fall

dropped frog

engulfed rapid

carvings

basalt or serpentine

body collapsed

the swells

but we trust in their continuance to give

erode

lose track of where we started

recasted burial mold

slipped into remembrance refocus

or come undone

shreds of mulch

pat press flatten

as much as you can

water down for more stability

and then—

there are eyes where our limbs used to be

as slow as you can smooth

trauma spreads witches hat turns to wingless

moth i wrap around this rock maybe then

this staying will last

hornbills balance berries

along aerial roots thicken eventually form

tree trunks and again you plead to these

unhinged ecologies

similarly to swamp oak, i resist my shape

the bitten thing

marks left on body screen

salivation and cinema-smudged skin

(swell)

when mosquito circles

swat or spray or you'll always stay

inviting

again in other scenes

if i'm saying anything other than "fuck off"

they won't think this *not wanting* is enough

so please know *stop*

(swell)

please no

(swell)

(swell)

branch-bark

spine collapse no longer all pollutants were properly disclosed of in

accordance with this

here's law you signed the waiver after we consulted company attorneys for counsel the
courts will

certainly come to similar conclusions regarding your complaint these

scaled and scaling inflammatory accusations usually get dismissed anyways

tree becomes now

a moment of place etched inside

fire-frame earth-bind

(swell)

foundation

body sand

opens

upwards dances

(swell)

keeps digging

these rocks

(swell)

warming even where dark

icicles outside

stretch too thin

to stay

must

(swell)

hints of cypress

entangled

(swell)

(swell)



after swallowed moth

grown dust i can't see

past popcorn ceiling

cave igneous

bite early

swallow

plastic bodies

whisper

reminders of

name

knotted

inside new crochet

pattern

look what's left:

crumbled ocean

under couch

earthen body, come (back) home

after ana mendieta

sometimes i become a volcano

steam cultivates intensity inside me

after enduring a series

of masculine insecurities

filling my mold with bullshit and gunpowder

press down nice and hard

pack tight create the best

no the biggest explosion we can

turn everything inside

my handmade hollow burnt-

black tar

will dry stiffen keep

my fragile shape for me

maybe even replace

me after the toxic shock

sets in

it's okay though

because i want

to return

this womb

join transubstantiated vaginal material

until i am a myriad of benign neolithic weapons

hiding in your backyard

give me a chance to erode on my own

before digging holes

don't deny you are always destroying

even as you excavate this body for the sake of your

irreversible sacraments

know

you're allowed because you are able

to get away

comforting yourself

however you please—

know how now only

this spine is

sure

lovely, beastly

rogue planet-drift

isn't a graveyard

digging to get

sun-sprained

connective tissue

dislocated

clearcut

banter with bones before burning

denial keeps stretching

warm violet

pollutants into a thin polyester suit we shape like silly putty for the sky to wear

when we watch the afterglow scatter we become a choir slipping odes under the

pews praising every natural beauty the gods granted us pretending our

fuel can't be full of awe while also destroying

chalk body desert flesh stone swung-low

wishbone pull

apart when dry

pause find your flowering

flesh can't escape formaldehyde and decay

even if identified as mine

cloudless blue

citrus-peeled

whispers

floods

slow

roots

fluid

crumbled cases soiled laws this place

knew potted plants wouldn't be enough to save

anyone

could grow self-gloaming in this garden of loam and legume

spine-stretch slumber-fold

familiar whistle-drift old and spoon

this body will wake

dissolved-sea floors mirroring

burnt-sky silences breathing

tempered-air slides molding

honey-like

weaving

these words

spun-dizzy

shaken

grasses left behind

last calls grow soon

dragging-dim

lantern-hung

concealed sore

and swollen

—escapes gently—

most things are made in the dark and we are no exception

signs of imploding star

blur

spider webs

entangled

skins

bloom-vanish

night-clouds

move through

canopy-unrest

this mourning heat

dissipates

how do i find you

softly unfolding?

this forest a phoenix

when we can no longer stand

ourselves here:

anticipation hung dry on aging branches

far away from wherever we are a forest is on fire

look outside all the smoke we willingly bring in

this hearth

there was a fire here almost two decades ago admittedly i've tried to glance

over the burns they purposefully burned

to protect the rest

and an anxious body feels alive again

still i'm never not only

lately i've been thrown from vocal layers

these folds of vibrating air dehydrates

when i have to live in this state

i finally see so closely:

cracks held up by this same face

