

c:ode by nina jane drystek

teeth remain

i bleach the spine of a rabbit
coccyx to skull

in a blue plastic wash basin
liquid eats away fur and flesh

leftovers silt the bottom
cling to the sides

snap of sudden movement
vulnerable space

connection between pelvis and lumbar
hips crack in my hands

once there were eyes
in the sides of its head

the only blind spot
right below its nose

laid out flat on the table
pieces that hold us together

picked clean

biting the dirt from under my nails
to taste it
is a habit from childhood
bunch and bite cuticle
roll bits of flesh around my mouth

tongue tooth spit

 sit in the driveway and pull weeds
 dig fingers into stones to grasp roots
 a good job means nothing
 remains

once my father nearly cut
his finger off with an axe
the sight of it hanging on
blood trail of circles on the hardwood
asymmetrical splotches seeping into patio

spit tires gravel

 blood pools in the cracks
 cap an acorn hat on my thumb
 pick my knuckles
 cracked from cold

all our skinned drunk knees
broken nails nylons cut
dirt driven into palm of hand
who picks it clean?

gravel tweezer teeth

 press body through grass to taste
 moisture and sediment
 life wriggling out and in
 between folds of flesh

a stray sliver of glass embeds
in my heel and i wait
for fresh skin to push it out

abstract

home is home is

mine not mine

knotted

strings across time

redefined by

redefined for

unknown catalogue

identity

title title title

put on put upon

inherent inherited

stones picked up

breadcrumbs

again again again

about how this day does not look like the rest and you can plan plan plan plan, but that doesn't mean it goes as planned. do you have a plan? you say, do not plan. you say, i am not planned. but i am trying to plan beyond the plan. let me be candid, only to use the word. frankly i am too frequently candid and it gets me in trouble. no, i did not plan, and no, i will not lie. would i rather be candied? tied up with chewing gum or set in a foil with a crinkly flat façade. you are trying to knock me off-kilter. i am dimensional. trans-dimensional. bite off my head, i will show you. if i stop focusing on fuckups, i will feel better about things. i will see them in a new way. it is a thinking way of feeling. forget faking it. refocus feelings to fuel foresight.

and yet the pervading fear that i am wrong, that this is all wrong

this is a kind of thinking that surfaces inward. under the tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tomorrow comes.

scribbles

a l l w e a r e i s s p a c e

bseptawceesn

distance alters

perception terraces

scape

p h l o a r t i e z a o u n

lay
margins

along
lines

what did you inherit

what sits between

palms
three of cups

unintentional
a tussle
spills

a fourth cup wanders in

a face is a face is a face is a face
facing a face facing a face facing a face

do you know what yours looks like?
describe mine.

ripples

unpick the gun
unpick the day
unpick the thought

replant it in the soil

let it blossom into
something else
 a trip to the grocery store
 a hug with a stranger who invites you
 an afternoon on the floor listening to music

any other moment but this
 inside the mosque, the church, the school
 on its steps, the road
 the journey here
 this court date

replant the lives
the families, friends
regrow community
grow back faith

a seed sprouts
unfurls as it grows

conditions
 soil
 water
 temperature
 sunlight

 conditions we share
 climate
 speech
 geography
 air

 how we share conditions
 interpretation
 consequence
 absorption
 leaching

sound makes thought made action
forever chosen

 not like this light fixture that imitates a flower
 exactly like this light fixture that imitates a flower
 staring down from the ceiling

who bought the fixture?
who set the moulding?
who changes the bulb when it goes out?
when does that change?

every object in this room
on this street

who puts it?
what brought you