

Jennifer Firestone

I'm a member to you if you remember me clearly I'd like to be cast in that screen if not limited to its border. I'll take it like bees coming until they startle die on dead flight downwards the words in lucid wings webbed, the words clamoring tell me the secret looked so unlike a book.

Downtime. Others detect red pink shadows. Time of new government, suits with badges somehow being intrinsically connected to new foundation. Proudly, pinkly on the sidelines watching tin mice running ground.

Yes I'd like ice stuffed down my dress all various stars twinkle, red fingers trace outlines how to position among dots. The large screens competing with small, the small reports from worn living room and large are blazing pink responding. Rocket shoots pink. Wipe red from heads see wings disappear a grass patch disappear. Horses ride by, switch, switch. We're on a roller rink, screen is our feet. Helicopters lower yellow ladders. There is a reason to leave this fire, shark-infested waters.

Eerie puppets on stilts in ocean water. Elastic and newborn.
The first crew, rulers, creators innovators.

New government live and kicking merits appointed to marching that one does. The man, the III really three I's. We haunt city never mind we let some take their jewels.

Identify flag on chest flag on door flag on pupil. Identify with thumb xeroxed. Shock: pictures smiling mouths thumbs up. Pictures as look ma they shiver. The marchers the lonely hearts tight in tight green. The marchers like genitals, raw fruit. To do as being photographed to witness become witnessed.

Awe:

with word mouth gapes foolishly something awful happening. Axis anointed
turns. Efficiently we document perspiring our heat.

Bits of papers sparkled city, bits of skin tissue sidewalk, it was a sunny day trees indicate so.

They come asking want your haunts. The bug went light, field sparking,
bring 'em on and they were brought, young ones lined to go,
ones without education first to beeline carry burden.

The artists bleat and bleeding yet more line up for jobs there is something terribly wrong
terror there is not one sky there is no flight fight.

The map so clear, natives harnessed. Country pockets bulge. Dead call rattles.

White world hisses slow burn flickers.
Though few do business all included in outcome.

Tumble out faster quicker say it ain't. Seashores vanish, birds claw ground.

First pluck blueberries then raspberries fingers marked. First drivers land on land
spread map see fruit stains prosper. Each time those welcomed, felled bones. Bones as weapons bones to
scratch eyes. Whose book are you reading? I'm a bony character trying to size you up trying to pick a bone.

Ghosts murmur impaled concrete, shot out top floor windows. This is our land your land.

Jennifer Firestone lives in Brooklyn and is the Poet In Residence at Eugene Lang College (The New School for Liberal Arts). Her work has recently appeared in *Can We Have Our Ball Back*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Dusie*, *moria*, *MIPoesias Magazine* and others. Her chapbook *snapshot* was published by Sona Books. She is co-editing an anthology called *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community*, which includes writers such as Anne Waldman, Leslie Scalapino, Kathleen Fraser, Victor Hernandez Cruz, Eileen Myles and Wanda Coleman.