

Mary Kasimor

(untitled)

because of wheat growing in the flat
Universal's engine the novel remains
unfinished in the metaphor I speak
clearly of drinking wine of what color
is a transparent taste
while I dance
in the street about death because death
is today and tomorrow the street is filled
with 30 empty pages fulfilling the body
and the mind's thick tongue struggles
against Minute dementia
in the rain
the wine tastes of Diesel and poignancy
bread tastes of a distinct friday
Morning when the flowers never
blossomed and shit still smelled ordinary
Earth to the dogs the clouds play as cymbals
as a memory of the movie's ending and it lives
before with mirrors the streets end on
page 659 of the forest

(untitled)

without a spoon
but with a sequence of china
plates the body extends itself and doesn't move
until it begins
the song that plays jazz is
self/the voice in the hall enters the picture
of a horizon
a red space
with water something that sounds like
a bell
the finger holds the voice that laughs
in its own shape and duplicates it is
light is sleep and pursues its own
method cracking eggs
pulling in shadows
empties the movement
into something else
a kinetic smile
dumps out its heart needing to be warmed up

Mary Kasimor writes: "Although I have attempted many things in my life and have given them up, I have always written poetry. I was just reading that true spirituality is like poetry, and I agree with the analogy. In my life now, I write poetry, teach literature and writing in a small technical/community college, live in the American Midwest where I tend to my garden, love our four seasons and look forward to my life always changing."